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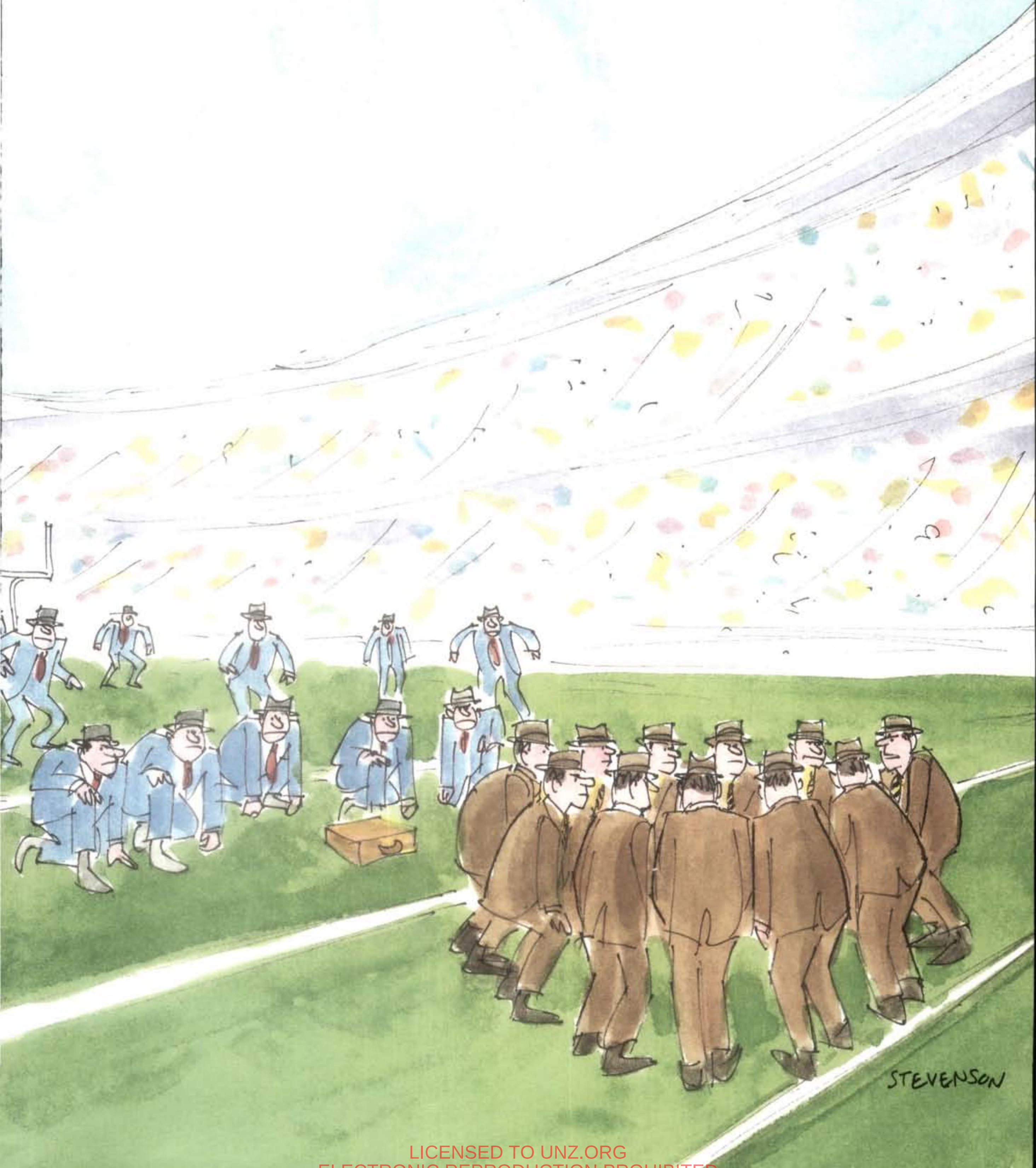
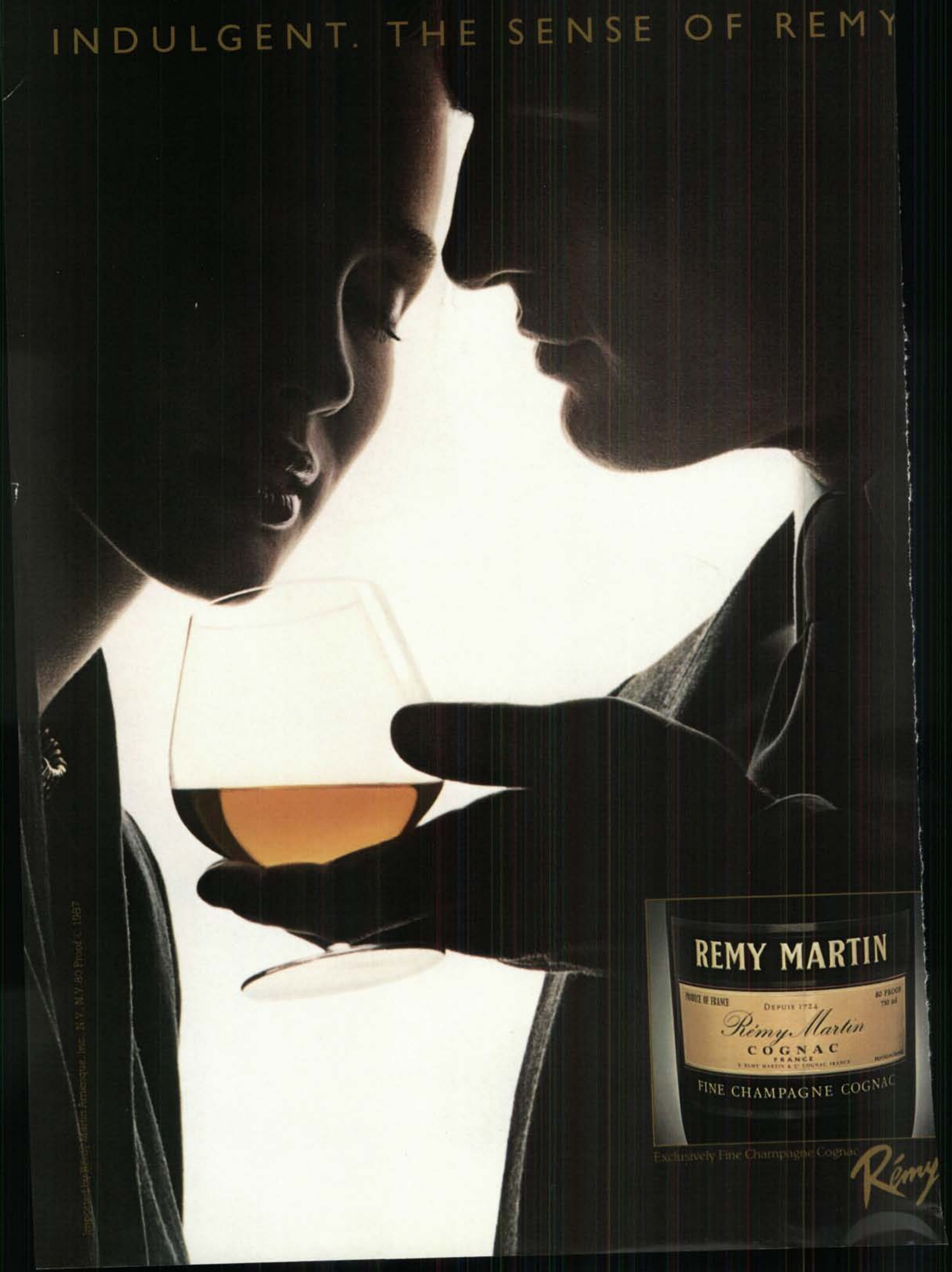
THE NEW YORKER

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A Moroccan tribesman labors r six to twelve months to make a g. Unfortunately, we were about learn, the task of acquiring one them can be nearly as difficult.

We had dispatched a yer to Marrakech, the art of Morocco's rug ade, to find some very ecial rugs. After seeing most 900, he had found ores of beautiful rugs. ut no extraordinary ones.

He had no choice ut to head straight for e source, across the sert by Land Rover to e tiny tribal villages in e High Atlas Mountains.

As it turned out, the gs came to him.

In front of the Land over there suddenly peared a mysterious oroccan tribesman on camel, his lap draped with what was perhaps the most remarkable rug our buyer had ever seen.

The tribesman had several more like it, but they were at his tent, which could only be reached by a bumpy three-hour camel ride into the Atlas foothills.

Fortunately, the rugs he found there were well worth the saddle sores. But, then again, going out of our way is nothing new to us at Bloomingdale's.

Because we believe that the only way to make our stores unique is to make our wares unique. Every buying trip we make is an adventure.

So you really shouldn't be surprised that after a dinner of lamb "mechoui" roasted over an open fire, and some rather heated haggling, those extraordinary rugs were finally ours.

However, we're sad to say, this story doesn't have a happy ending.

There was still a three-hour camel ride back to Marrakech ahead of him.

"This rug is beautiful. Where can I find more?" I said.
"Have you ever ridden a camel?" He replied.

bloomingdale's
No one goes as far as we do.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. The elegant settings and costumes were designed by Tony Walton and lighted by Paul Gallo; the witty choreography was by Michael Smuin and the witty orchestral arrangements by Michael Gibson. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Birds of Paradise—A warm, sweet, funny musical by Winnie Holzman and David Evans (she's words, he's music, they both wrote the book) about an amateur theatre group rehearsing a musical adaptation of Chekhov's "The Seagull." The show is dominated by the same spirit of zany, unpretentious innocence that made "The Foreigner" such a joy (it's produced by the same person, John A. McQuiggan). It sends you out on a high, humming the tunes and looking forward to the cast album. The superb company, led by Todd Graff, John Cunningham, and Mary Beth Peil, is faultlessly directed by Arthur Laurents. (11/9/87) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi in a play by Hugh Whitemore which is based on Andrew Hodges' 1983 book, "Alan Turing: The Enigma." A London import; directed by Clifford Williams. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 15. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it. The first is a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; the second is a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee; the third is a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Circumstances—A one-man show written and performed by Louis Mustillo. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 691-7641. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's dir tion. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Sat days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sat days at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Elektra—The première of a 1951 play by E. Pound. With Pamela Reed and Nancy M. chand. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-42 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matin Saturdays, except Nov. 14, and Sundays at Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—The second in this s son's series of eight productions is a revival the 1953 musical KISMET. Score and lyrics Robert Wright and George Forrest; book Charles Lederer and Luther Davis, who ha revised it for this production. (Equity brary Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées S urdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sund Nov. 22. For information about tickets, which contributions are requested, call 6 2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a bla garbageman, formerly a baseball player professional calibre, is as powerful as, a even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Bla Bottom." The triumphant performance, w James Earl Jones in the leading role, suppo ed by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Fran R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brow was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/ (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 24

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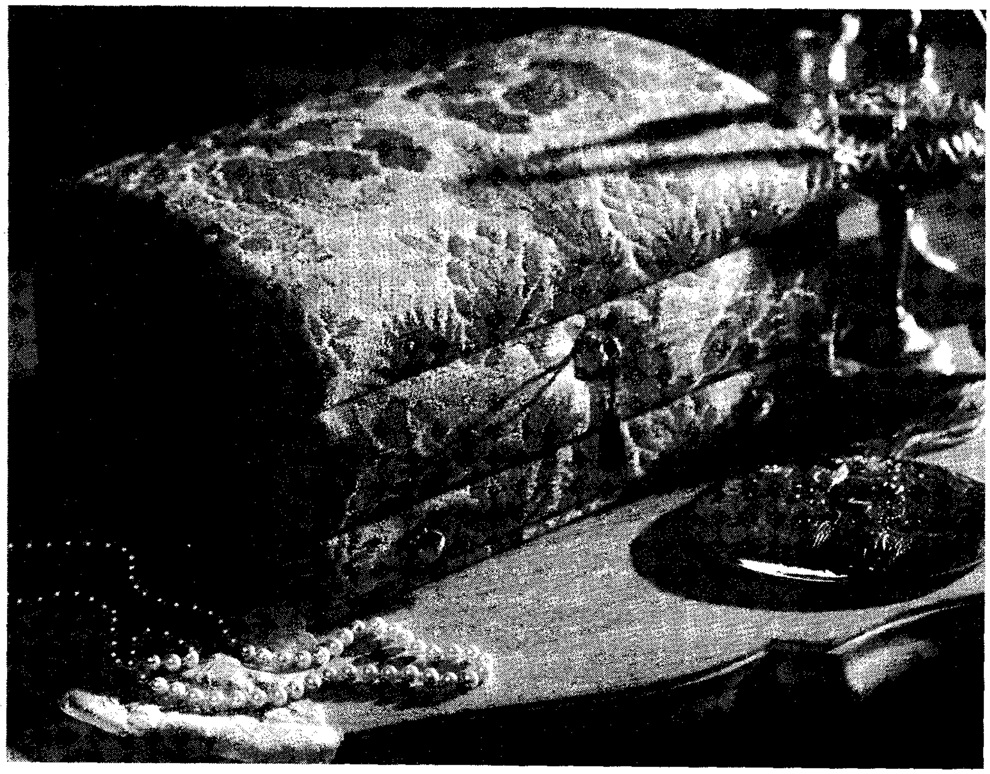

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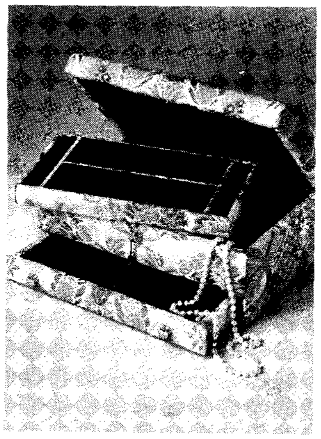

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh *give remarkable* performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty *second half degenerates into cheap philosophy*. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful (or funny—sometimes both). The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Laughing Wild—A new play by Christopher Durang, performed by E. Katherine Kerr and Mr. Durang and directed by Ron Lagomarsino. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

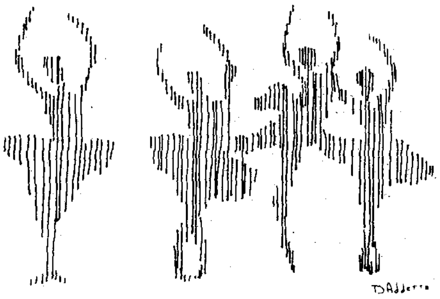
The Mahabharata—A *nine-hour adaptation* (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the *show runs.* (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Of Mice and Men—A dreary revival of John Steinbeck's dreary play about a pair of ranch hands—smart little George and big stupid Lennie. The supporting performances of Roger Robinson, Edward Seamon, and Mark Metcalf sporadically brighten things up. (11/2/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8. Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Business—Joe Silver and Michael Wikes in a two-character play written and directed by Joe Cacaci. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch (and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work), which uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scooncat—A play by Eve Ensler, with Dylan McDermott. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 7. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 13, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

A Shayna Maidel—Melissa Gilbert stars in a play by Barbara Lebow. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of
the proprietress, her assistant, and fo
steady customers. A rather pathetic story
told as well. The performances are goo
especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosema
Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressi
setting was designed by Edward T. Gia
francesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/8
(Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 92
8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satu
days at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Ma
nées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Er
Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornf
host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/8
(Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nigh
ly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Satu
days and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, No
29.)

Teddy and Alice—Len Cariou and Nancy Hun
star in a musical with lyrics by Hal Hacka
and a *book* by Jerome Alden. The score h
been adapted from John Philip Sousa tun
by Richard Kapp, who has also provid
some original music. Directed by Jo
Driver. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 11. Ope
officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Minsko
45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tue
days through Saturdays at 8; opening-nig
curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays a
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of **COMPAN**
Stephen Sondheim's 1970 musical about co
temporary upper-middle-class life and ma
riage. (*Reviewed in this issue.*) (Yo
Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Final pe
formances Friday, Nov. 13, at 8, and Satu
day, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A touching a
unexpectedly serious study of a family—p
sumably the playwright's—as it begins
fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forti
Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill
comedy but has wisely suppressed his wea
ness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directe
(Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-620
Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, a
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . .
CAGE AUX FOLLES: A big, handsomely design
and handsomely costumed musical. The boo
by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsens
but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasan
ly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th
757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at
Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2; a
Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 15.) .
CATS: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "O
Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score
Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by G
lian Lynne, and direction (and some lyric
by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, whi
may run for many more years and give ca
the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Ga
den, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nigh
ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:**
group of young dancers audition for a hand
of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehears
and by the time the evening is over we kno
everything about all of them. (Shubert, 22
W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Su
days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu
days at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Ti
Howe's funny and beautiful play about lo
is set on a private beach on Massachusett
North Shore. Carole Rothman was the dire
tor. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west
Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Sa
urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sa
urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **T**
FANTASTICKS: 11,464 performances so far. (Su
livan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St.,
Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throug
Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; a
Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) .
42ND STREET: Pleasantly old-fashioned chor
ography by the late Gower Champion and
few classic songs enliven an otherwise ine
pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie th
made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246
44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Satu
days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu
days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NO**
RAPPAPORT: Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little sta
in Herb Gardner's synthetic, though ofte
entertaining, comedy about two old men wh
share a bench in Central Park. (Booth, 22
W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays throug

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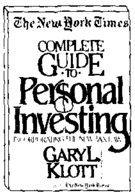
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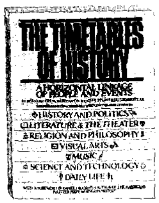
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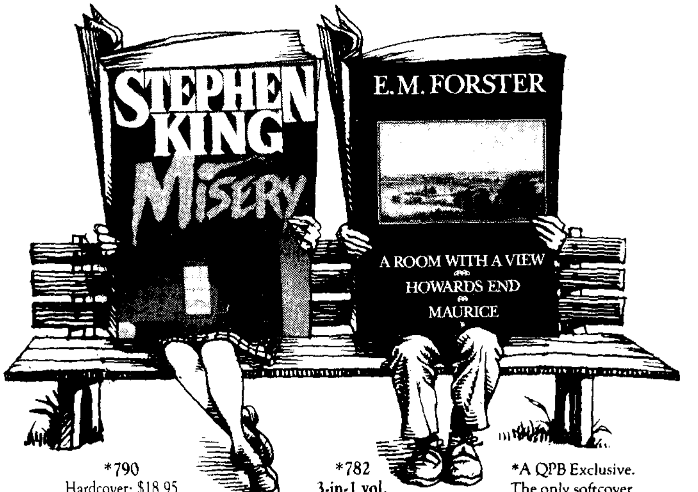
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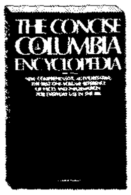
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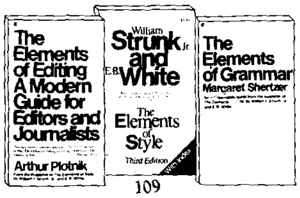
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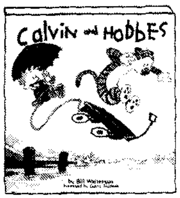
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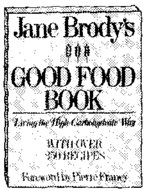
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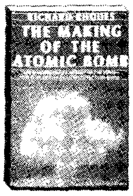
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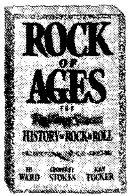
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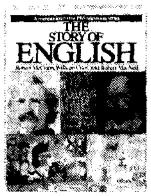
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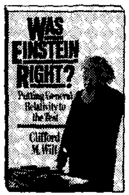
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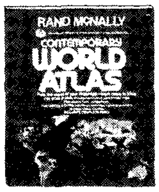
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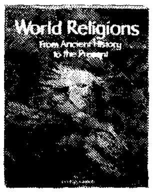
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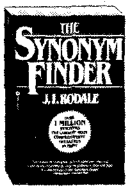
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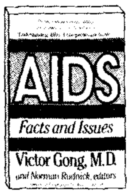
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Presenting **THE NINA WIENER DANCE COMPANY**—"Fierce Attachments" and "Transatlantic Light." Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 12-14, at 8. . . . **THE PETER ZUMMO ORCHESTRAS AND ELLIOTT SHARP AND CARBON**—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8. . . . **"ZANGEZI"**—Peter Sellars' staging of Velimir Khlebnikov's 1922 drama. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7 and 9:30; through Sunday, Dec. 6. . . . **THE ARMITAGE BALLET**—"The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler." Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, at 8. . . . **MUSIC BY MEREDITH MONK**—With Miss Monk, her vocal ensemble, Bobby McFerrin, and others. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. Opens Friday, Nov. 13, and will run through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, Nov. 13, at 7:30; Saturdays at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8; Sunday, Nov. 15, at 12:30 and 4; Monday, Nov. 16, at 2:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18, at 11 and 2:30; and Friday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Opening performances of the seventh season at Lincoln Center for this one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 4; Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 6:30; and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 11 and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting **THE MIKADO**, by Gilbert and Sullivan. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

MAKE-UP (KESHŌ)—A contemporary one-woman play in two acts by Hisashi Inoue, starring Misako Watanabe. Performed in Japanese, with English supertitles. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-3015.)

JULIE WILSON: FROM WEILL TO SONDHEIM (A CONCERT)—The singer, with accompanist William Roy. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

ON SECOND AVENUE—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 21—Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and "The Concert." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Agon," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Moves," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Nov. 11: "Arden Court," "Three Preludes," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Force Field." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 12: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 13: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 14: "Light Rain," "L'Air d'Esprit," "Round of Angels," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 15: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 15: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 17: "Parade," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Valentine," "Confetti," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: "Parade," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 22.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit performances of contemporary dance. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, and Monday, Nov. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—Opening performances by this company of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Singer **DAKOTA STATON** will be aboard Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14. First set at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, making a fine art out of her wee vo Jack Gilford has the floor at nine Wednes through Friday, Nov. 11-13, and at nine eleven on Saturday, Nov. 14.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (4 8592)—On the back wall of this club, th is a neon version of the Manhattan skyl with a crescent moon and two stars attend upon it—one of the best examples of in gas folk art we know of. A big-band jambo commences on Monday, Nov. 16: pian **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S** New York Jazz Orches will be in charge through Thursday, Nov. and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20- **GERRY MULLIGAN'S** Concert Jazz Band swings Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (2 6300)—Music for many kinds of people, cluding unreconstructed folkies, rock-and- fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and lowers of David Johansen, who, after so careers as a New York Doll and himself, striking it rich as **BUSTER POINDEXTER**, a wav haired R. & B. singer and funster in a t Buster Poindexter and his entourage will here on Wednesday, Nov. 11. The rest of t lineup: Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 1 15, the Oakland soul band **TOWER OF POW** Tuesday, Nov. 17, Peter Gordon (a N York avant-funk reedman) and Tower Power alumnus **LENNY PICKETT** and his Born Horns; and Friday, Nov. 20, **NRBQ.** Shows Su days through Thursdays at eight and eleve and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thir and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22 6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborho bar, where pianists and bassists compete your ear with professional conversationalis Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOAN BRACKEEN**, a pianist for whom beauty is many-noted thing, will be partnered by bas ist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, Nov. 1 **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** swing in action on Monday, Nov. 16. First set at nin forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (98 3260)—Everything about this club is nic the long rows of tables covered with pink li en, the bijou bandstand, the view from t bar of the bandstand, and the view out t window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victoria courthouse. **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings he through Sunday, Nov. 15; on Tuesday, No 17, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** moves in with h quintet. Mondays are in the swell hands seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOH PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night excep Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74 1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, a prince among ca singers, is presiding over the little principal ty known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERL PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his assis tants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesday through Saturdays. Mr. Short will be absen on Saturday, Nov. 14; Marti Stevens wi pinch-hit for him. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemel mans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays th piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays throug Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533 7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door through a green Plexiglas door, down a long narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors i which you can watch yourself multiply; cor rugated-metal siding that you can riffle), an down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **JOE HENDERSON**, a hard-edged, steely-toned tenor saxophonist directs a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 15 and on Tuesday, Nov. 17, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** arrives with his band. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 11, and Friday, Nov. 13, Nat Jones; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 17-19, **MIKE LONGO**; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays; Thursday, Nov. 12; and Saturday, Nov. 14.

:GORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily construct-d corner bar from which the human pageant upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. **BOB OROUGH,** the Arkansas-born singer and pian-st whose admirers and collaborators include)ave Frishberg (with whom he wrote "I'm Iip"), Blossom Dearie (with whom he has re-orded duets, including a contemporary call-nd-response number entitled "Answering Iachine"), and Miles Davis (for whom he vrote a Christmas blues), is here with bassist **ILL TAKAS** Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, ind Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK VAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten.

2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A oom where the tenth letter of the alphabet uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) urns up often: on doors, window shades, natchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of 3roadway) and with jazz (mostly of the nainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio plays n Thursdays; Fridays are reserved for singer-pianist Richard Rodney Bennett; clar-nettist Ken Peplowski heads up a threesome on Saturday, Nov. 14; and on Monday, Nov. 16, **DICK HYMAN** presides at the piano. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

N WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **BARBARA LEA** sings twice on Sundays—at six and eight—with support from pianist **WES MC AFEE. SYLVIA SYMS** begins a twelve-night run (she rests on Sundays) on Monday, Nov. 16. Her shows are at nine and eleven. Dining.

IICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **STEVE KUHN** works with bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Nov. 14, and on Tuesday, Nov. 17, Frank Ansallem and **JAY LEONHART** take over. New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

NITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Wednesday, Nov. 11, **WAYNE HORVITZ** and Phillip Johnston; Thursday, Nov. 12, string men **HANK ROBERTS, MARK DRESSER,** and Mark Feldman, and reed people **JOHN ZORN, GREG OSBY, STEVE COLEMAN,** and **NED ROTHENBERG;** Saturday, Nov. 14, Percy Jones; Sunday, Nov. 15, pianist **JOEL FORRESTER'S** quartet; Monday, Nov. 16, the **JEMEEL MOONDOC** quartet; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, drummer **BOBBY PREVITE'S** group. Music after nine.

ONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 11, **LIL ED & THE BLUES IMPERIALS;** Friday, Nov. 13, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS;** Saturday, Nov. 14, the **ORIGINAL CRICKETS** (two of whom were Buddy Holly's sidekicks); Sunday, Nov. 15, saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN'S** band; Monday, Nov. 16, **CAROLYNE MAS** and the **PERSUASIONS;** Tuesday, Nov. 17, Texas folkie Michelle Shocked and the Oyster Band; and Wednesday, Nov. 18, blues crooner **BOBBY BLUE BLAND.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their birds. The musical folk are the Mamas and the Papas (John Phillips and three surrogates), and they are recycling the gentle fluff and hippie corn that made the group famous twenty years ago. Watching them kid around and be "spontaneous" isn't easy. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Thursday, Nov. 12, the **RADIATORS;** Friday, Nov. 13, That Petrol Emotion and Salem 66; Saturday, Nov. 14, the Screaming Blue Messiahs; Friday, Nov. 20, Aztec Camera; and Saturday, Nov. 21, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS** and **ALEX CHILTON.** Shows

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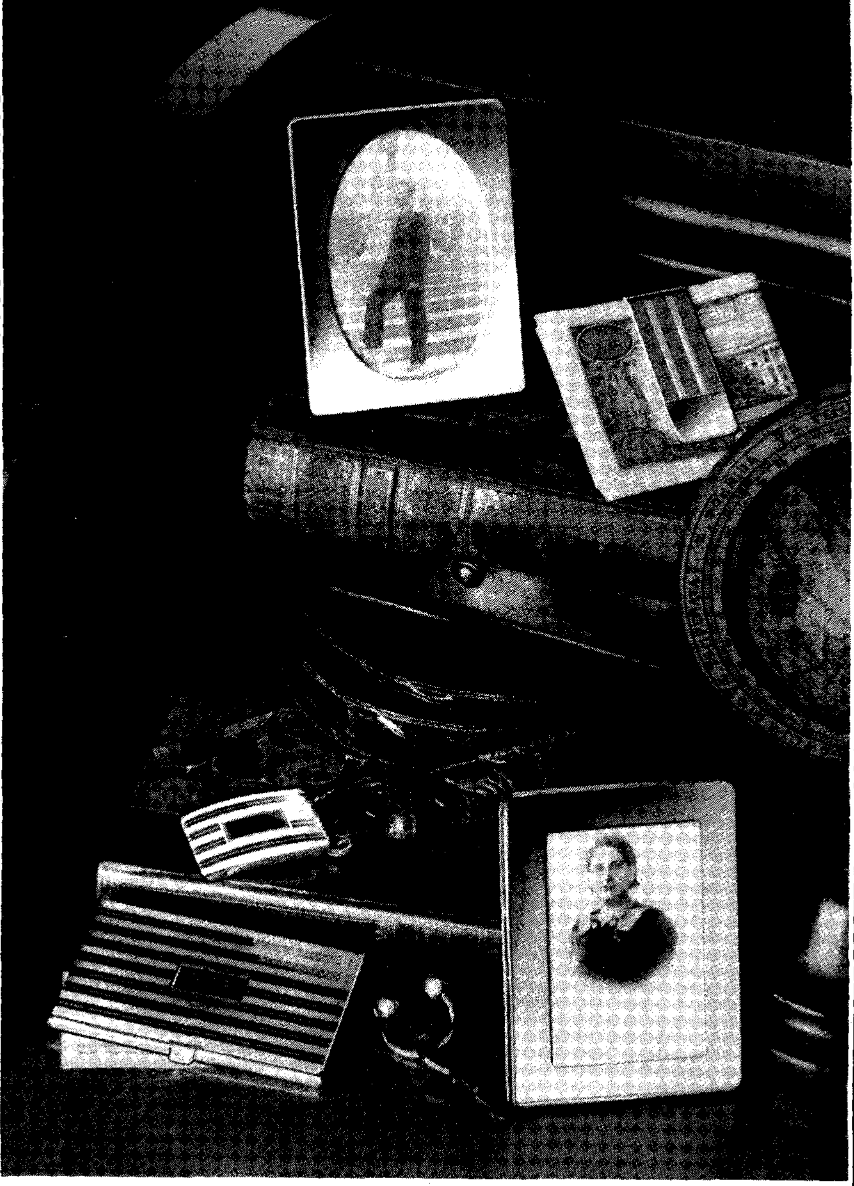

Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Thursday, Nov. 12, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** Friday, Nov. 13, the **MIGHTY SPARROW;** Saturday, Nov. 14, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Wednesday, Nov. 18, **PAPO LUCCA & LA SONORA PONCEÑA;** Thursday, Nov. 19, **HERBIE MANN;** and Saturday, Nov. 21, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness *until it goes out*). Thursday, Nov. 12, banjo ace **TONY TRISCHKA;** Friday, Nov. 13, Cliff Eberhardt; Saturday, Nov. 14, Jack Hardy; Sunday, Nov. 15, the Wretched Refuse String Band, a bluegrass outfit; and Saturday, Nov. 21, Rory Block. Mondays are open-mike nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **HENRY BUTLER,** a New Orleans-born pianist (Professor Longhair and Roland Hanna were among his teachers, but it's McCoy Tyner who seems to stir him most) and singer, leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 15; pianist and composer **GEORGE RUSSELL** brings in his sextet on Tuesday, Nov. 17. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, who roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Thursday, Nov. 12, a benefit for the legal-defense fund of Jello Biafra, featuring **CAROLYNE MAS, PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** and others; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, West Coast bluesmen **SONNY RHODES & FRANKIE LEE,** with Bobby (Mr. Goodfingers) Murray; Sunday, Nov. 15, the Ned Sublette band and the Greg Trooper band; Monday, Nov. 16, Persian Gulf; Tuesday, Nov. 17, the Special Guests; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands perform in the refectorylike downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Nov. 16, **EL GRAN COMBO** shares the stage with **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** the guest soloist. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **PATTI BOWN** roams the keyboard in her own adventurous, eccentric, and pleasurable way from six to nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays. **BILL MAYS** mans the piano from about ten every night but Monday. Bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** keeps him company through Sunday, Nov. 15, and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** joins him on Tuesday, Nov. 17.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **SPHERE,** a quartet that takes its name from Thelonious Sphere Monk and whose repertoire includes some of his jumping, angular music, will be around through Sunday, Nov. 15; **J. J. JOHNSON,** the trailblazing bebop trombonist, moves in with his quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 17. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Trumpeter Michael DeSibio leads a trio through Sunday, Nov. 15, and on Wednesday, Nov. 18, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** brings in his combo. Music from about nine. Dining.

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Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **RUBY BRAFF,** whose choice cornet work the English poet Philip Larkin called "peach-fed," will be in the company of guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** every night but Sunday, when they cool off and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jean-Luc Ponty—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 13, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Holly Near—With Ferron. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Squeeze—With Icehouse. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

David Bromberg Ensemble and Jorma Kaukonen—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Beausoleil—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.

Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 662-5944.

New York Strings—Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Public Image Ltd.—Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Pat Metheny Group—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.

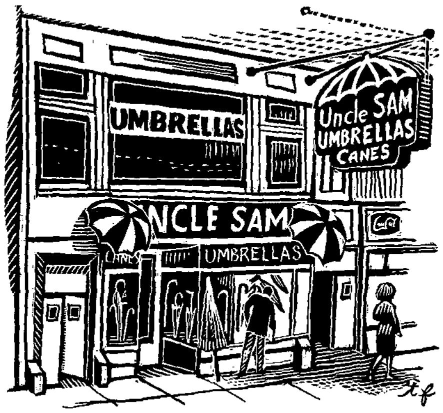
The Replacements—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open *Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or* 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jane B. Armstrong—Marble sculptures, ranging from an abstraction to a family of penguins. Through Nov. 28. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 61st St.)



Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Collages from last ten years of her life. Through Dec. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—New constructions us found objects. Through Dec. 12. (Cordier Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Trine Bumiller—Abstract paintings. Throu Dec. 5. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964) / **Arnold Friedm** (1874-1946)—Paintings from the ea twenties, when the artist first used ima (an eggbeater, for instance) that continued show up in later works. / Paintings another American modernist. Through D 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Op Mondays.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Recent works on pap most of them paintings in mixed mediu Through Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th S

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings, drawin and prints, including a portfolio entit "Der Krieg," in which there are grueso portrayals of First World War devastati Through Dec. 19. (Lafayette Park, 58 79th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Recent paintings of ind trial landscapes. Through Nov. 28. (Hirs & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70 St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941) **and Robe Phillip** (1895-1981)—Paintings and drawin from the first half of this century. Throu Nov. 30. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., 67th St. Opens at noon.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A benefit loan e hibition of fifty oils. Through Dec. 12. (A quavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Doug Maguire—Paintings of the Catskills a other areas of New York State. Through Sa urday, Nov. 21. (Perlow, 980 Madison Av at 76th St.)

Paul Manes—Thickly painted abstract canvas Through Dec. 5. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures, painting and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1 (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

Grégoire Müller—Oils. Through Nov. 2 (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—Pastel-an watercolor works never before exhibite Through Dec. 5. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd S Open Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer (1899-1987)—Paintings of Ne York City scenes from the twenties to t eighties, in what has become a memori show for the artist, who died last wee Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madiso Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Show—American modernist prints, in display that gives part of a wall to depiction of architecture by Lozowick, Sheeler, an Marin. Through Dec. 19. (Sheehan, 52 E 76th St.)

The Animal in Sculpture—A *big show of table* top-size bronzes of dogs, horses, birds, an animals of the wild by nineteenth- and early twentieth-century specialists in the genr Through Dec. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madiso Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Frederic Amat—Large-scale relief paintings Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Frumkin, 50 W 57th St.)

Karel Appel—Recent paintings and sculptures Through Nov. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57t St.)

Roger Boyce / Elaine Reichek—Trompe-l'œi paintings of multi-strand helices done o shaped plywood. / Large photocollages. Through Dec. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Realist paintings and drawings of neon signs, storefronts, and movie marquees. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Cast-metal sculptures resembling objects from a laboratory—test tubes, flasks, and a mortar and pestle, for instance. Through Dec. 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings and

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drawings. Through Nov. 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

illard Dixon—Large-scale realist paintings of the Western countryside. Through Dec. 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

aurice Freedman (1904-85)—Paintings of New England scenes. Through Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ilip Grausman—Six-foot-tall portraits in metal, as well as life-size heads, a peacock, and a goose. Through Nov. 25. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

jguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Abstract geometric paintings executed during the last twenty years of his career. Through Nov. 28. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ances Hynes—Paintings of simplified architectural shapes. Through Nov. 25. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

obert Jessup—A two-gallery exhibit of allegorical paintings and drawings relating to the four seasons. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Walls, 137 Greene St. Through Dec. 5. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

erome Kamrowski—Paintings and collages from the forties. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

lain Kirili—Abstract bronze and plaster sculptures. Through Nov. 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ary Kuehn—Wall-mounted strands of steel twisted in the center. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

lun Leach-Jones—Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Dec. 5. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

cques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Freestanding sculptures and wall reliefs from his Cubist period. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

a Lorentzen—Stylized paintings of sparse interiors. Through Nov. 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

harles Moser—Rural landscapes. Through Nov. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

el Perlman / John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Five welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. / Hard-edge paintings from the sixties. Through Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

casso (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

artin Puryear—Large freestanding abstract sculptures made of wood. Through Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

arry Roseman—Small bronze tableaux. Through Nov. 28. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Ruscha—New paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

aul Steinberg—Large drawings, plus wood tables adorned with, among other objects, miniature beds and buildings. Through Nov. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

onald Sultan—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

rome Witkin—A five-panel series of oils titled "A Jesus for Our Time," and other paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

culpture—Joseph Beuys, Yves Klein, Louise Bourgeois, Robert Morris, and six other artists are each represented by an abstract piece. Through Dec. 5. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

a Applebroog—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

iah Armajani / Buckminster Fuller (1895-1983)—Freestanding constructions built with industrial materials. Through Dec. 5. / Drawings, many for his Dymaxion car and house and for the geodesic dome. Through Dec. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Charles Arnoldi—New versions of his "Chainsaw" paintings (zigzag compositions made with sawed plywood), plus other works. Through Nov. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

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Robert Beauchamp—Recent expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Beckett—Wall constructions, including one entitled "Sliced Green," which is made from the synthetic turf used for putting greens. Through Nov. 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gretna Campbell (1923-87)—A memorial exhibition of her landscape paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Bernard Chaet—Nature still-lifes and plein-air landscapes of Rockport, Massachusetts. Through Nov. 28. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Porfirio Di Donna (1942-86)—A number of the artist's first and last paintings—from figurative to abstract. Through Nov. 28. (112 Greene Street.)

George Dudding—Copper wall sculptures lighted to cast shadows that sometimes seem to wrap right around the sculptures themselves. Through Nov. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Biff Elrod / Don Eddy—Large-scale figurative paintings. / Color photographs with fruits, toys, and Disney characters added in colored pencil. Through Nov. 28. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Helmut Federle—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract geometric paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. . . . ¶ Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

April Gornik—Paintings and drawings of dramatic sweeping landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Joseph Haske—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Patricia Johanson—Drawings of flower patterns and wildlife which the artist used as a basis for outdoor sculptures. Through Dec. 5. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Martin Kippenberger—A sculptural installation consisting of rough wood constructions that incorporate, for instance, a bronze broom handle or an abstract painting. Through Nov. 28. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Joseph Kosuth—Five new works. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Gorney, in a new location, at 100 Greene St.)

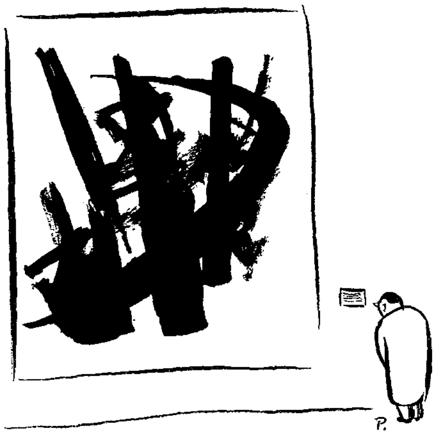
Susan Laufer—New abstract mixed-medium paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Recent diptychs on irregularly shaped canvases. Through Nov. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Guido Molinari—Abstract paintings, including his most recent canvases, in various hues of red. Through Dec. 19. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

James Nares—Abstract oil paintings on paper. Through Dec. 5. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Joseph Nechvatal—A new series of paintings, whose execution involved the use of a computer. Through Nov. 28. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)



Joshua Neustein—Fourteen cartographic paintings, including "Eastern Seaboard U.S.A.," a sort of map of the East Coast with part of an orange-mesh New York City trash can jutting out from the surface. Through Nov. 28. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Susan Rothenberg—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Peter Schuyff—Large-scale acrylic paintings of geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors. Through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Abstract paintings inspired by Indian petroglyphs near her home, in Albuquerque. Through Dec. 8. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Leon Polk Smith—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Ted Stamm (1945-84)—Paintings on shaped canvases, and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Sharon E. Sutton—Very precisely made mixed-medium collages incorporating grids, circles, and enlarged fragments of music scores, by an architect who once played the French horn professionally. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Elena Urbaitis—Sculptures with expansive painted planes, some textured and some smooth. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Meyer Vaisman—Very large mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Nov. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Anneke van Brussel—Meticulously detailed watercolors by a Dutch artist, in her first one-woman show in New York. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

William Willis—Large reductivist oil paintings of simple shapes, with rich colors and textured surfaces. Through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Esman, 70 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Roxanne Blanchard—Glass sculptures on which the artist has etched anamorphic images. Through Nov. 29. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings done between 1955 and 1963. Through Dec. 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

General Idea—Canvases from several of this group's series, including "The Trinitron Paintings," "Copyright Paintings," and "AIDS Paintings." Through Nov. 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard—A mural of figures that were cut out of canvas. Through Nov. 29. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

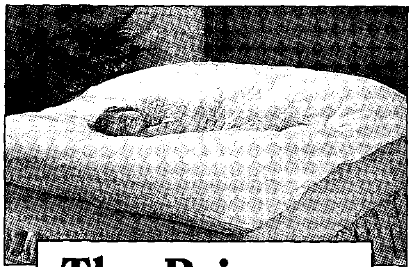
Joel Otterson—Sculptures, including a large table the artist built from parts of other tables. Through Nov. 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Stephanie Rose—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Yolanda Shashaty—Landscapes. Through Dec. 20. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Tracy—A twenty-year survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

The Arts at Black Mountain College—Part of the history of this experimental North Carolina college, a magnet for artists and scholars between 1933 and 1957 (the year it closed), is recorded with paintings, sculptures, music scores, textiles, memorabilia,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and other material by Josef and Anni Albers, Harry Callahan, John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, Ruth Asawa, Arthur Penn, and others. Through Dec. 19. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Baldessari—Conceptual photographic works. Through Nov. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Harry Callahan—Photographs. Through Nov. 28. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hamish Fulton—Photographs with texts which document his walks. Through Nov. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Charles Harbutt—A retrospective of works by a photojournalist. Through Nov. 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Ethan Hoffman—Photographs of Japanese Butoh dancers. Through Dec. 5. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of the Southwest. Through Dec. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Ralph Steiner (1899-1986)—A retrospective of his lesser-known photographs. Through Dec. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Wallace Wilson / Robert R. Rodeck—Mural-size black-and-white prints. / Acrylic-emulsion prints, hand-colored with pastels, of path *markers in the state of Quintana Roo, Mexico.* Through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. . . . **Photography:** Prints from the thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum will re-open Friday, Nov. 13, with an exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Guggenheim Foundation, which administers the museum and the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, in Venice. Late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century works from the permanent collections of both institutions will fill all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar painting in three installments; the first will concentrate on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of thirty-eight paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. *Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the* paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935): Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work i cluded narrative paintings about such figui as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, a John Brown. Through Nov. 30. (Open dai except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The trac tion of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustra ed in a show (on loan from the Shanghai M seum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artis Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphe nalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wr rests, some seen in a furnished studio typic of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open dai except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays throu Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.- The popularization of decoratively print fabric is the subject of a display of eig teenth- and nineteenth-century textile *original designs for them on paper, and su* artifacts as copper printing plates and salesman's sample card showing thirty-s different block- and roller-printed fabric (Open daily except Mondays and Vetera Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no a mission charge after 5; Wednesdays, exce Veterans Day, through Saturdays, 10 to Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Mariann Moore: Vision Into Verse," a show th groups thirty-three of her poems with objec that inspired them—a toy crow alongsi "To Victor Hugo of My Crow Pluto," for i stance. Notebooks, working manuscripts, le ters, books, and other materials on loan fro the Rosenbach Museum and Library, Philadelphia. Through Nov. 28. (Open dail except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An e traordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyf Affair, seen as a public event (courtroo sketches, newspapers, commercial product and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's glass and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Islan personal letters of support written to Émi Zola by Claude Monet, a photograph of Zol by Nadar). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily e cept Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mo days, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admissio charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show drawings by Raphael and his circle. Throug Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty or so first editions an manuscripts, including Sir Philip Sidney "Arcadia" and Herman Melville's letter t Nathaniel Hawthorne's wife in which he de nies the presence of any symbolism in "Mob Dick." From the collection of Jacqueline an Henry Bradley Martin. Through Feb. 21 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues days through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sunday 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42n St.—An exhibit that surveys the age of En glish Romanticism with paintings, drawing manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. A autograph copy of William Wordsworth' poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Abov Tintern Abbey," J. M. W. Turner's paintin "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley' annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein,' and Wordsworth's inkstand are included Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Sunday and Veterans Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Two one-man shows. Emilio Cruz's recen symbolic paintings and drawings; new Abstract Expressionist paintings by Bill Hutson Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Monday and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 t 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Marty Pottenger (performance), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Alison Rooney (performance), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Michèle Anne De Mey (dance), Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Belgium's Wissel Theatre presenting "Où Est La Bête?" Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Wim Vandekeybus (dance), Thursday nd Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Das ynthetische Mischgewebe (music), Saturday, Nov. 21, at 9.

122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Danny Mydlack (performance), Friday hrough Sunday, Nov. 13-15, at 9. . . . ¶ Kaylynn Sullivan and Rebecca Perrin (performance), Fridays at 10 and Saturdays and undays at 8. Through Nov. 29.

TE—Alvin Lucier will perform his new musical works with the accompaniment of the New World Consort of Wesleyan University and others. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8, at the Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444.

MUSIC

he box-office number for the Metropolitan era House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 2-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for erkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-19; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington e. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office mbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

ETROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Sabine Hass, Timothy Jenkins, and Hans Sotin; conducted by Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 7: A new production of "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "La Bohème" (a nonsubscription performance), with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Vladimir Popov, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Sabine Hass, Timothy Jenkins, and Hans Sotin; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Priscilla Baskerville, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 1:30: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Priscilla Baskerville, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge.

EW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12-13, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 1 and 7: "L'Oca del Cairo," with Gail Dobish, Claudette Peterson, Mark Beudert, and Robert Orth; and "Where the Wild Things Are," with Karen Beardsley. Hal France conducting both. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

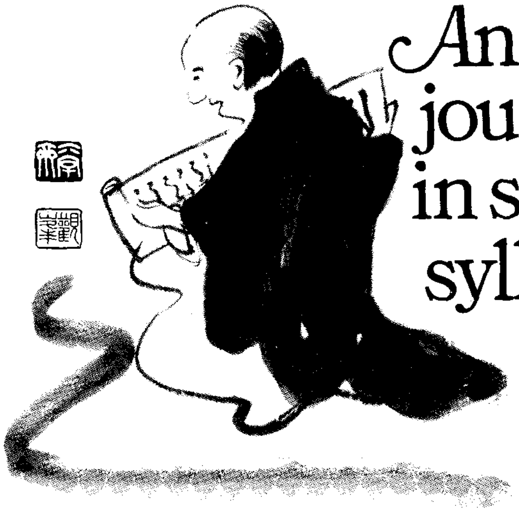
PERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Amy Kaiser conducting Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Nov. 11 and 18, and Fridays, Nov. 13 and 20, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 15 and 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

EW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8; Friday, Nov. 13, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: Kent Nagano conducting a program of music by George Benjamin, Chopin, and Bartók, with Bella Davidovich, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting Schubert and Mahler symphonies. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

RESDEN STAATSKAPELLE—Hans Vonk conducting a Haydn-Bruckner program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

OSLO PHILHARMONIC—Mariss Jansons conducting a Verdi-Grieg-Shostakovich program, with



An epic journey in seventeen syllables; a haiku contest.

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If your haiku is judged the best of all entries, you'll receive, with our compliments, two First Class round trip tickets to Tokyo from any JAL U.S. or Canadian gateway along with US$1000 in spending money.

Honorable mention and a small gift will be extended to 200 other entrants. And all winning haiku will be published in a pamphlet as well as displayed around the world.

To enter, simply submit an English-language haiku of 17 or fewer syllables on a 3" x 5" file card or facsimile. On the back of the card, write your name, address, phone number, age and profession.

Entries must be original, previously unpublished and not under consideration for publication or entered in another contest. Your entry will not be returned.

All entries must be received by midnight, March 31, 1988. JAL is not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. Winners will be selected on the basis of originality, creativity and literary excellence by a panel of judges headed and chosen by Cor van den Heuvel, editor of *The Haiku Anthology* (Simon & Schuster). Winners will be chosen by April 30, 1988 and notified thereafter. You may obtain a list of the winners by writing "Winners' List" at the address below.

Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release. If the Grand Prize winner is a minor, the prize will be presented to the minor's parent or legal guardian. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner.

Entry is open to all except employees of Japan Air Lines, their family members, its agencies or any persons involved with the creation of this contest. Contest is void where prohibited by law.

Send your entry to:
JAL HAIKU CONTEST, P.O. BOX 7734, WOODSIDE, N.Y. 11377.

JAL

JAPAN AIR LINES

We give you more of the Orient.

Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Orpheus—The first concert in a three-part chamber-music series. With Valery Afanassiev, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of music that includes the première of George Perle's cello concerto, with André Emelianoff as soloist. Alicia de Larrocha, piano, will accompany the orchestra in Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25 in C Major. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducting. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Two performances of a Schubert-Mozart-Hindemith program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—The New England Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus in an all-Beethoven program, with Russell Sherman, piano. Pascal Verrot and Lorna Cooke deVaron will take turns conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Pomerium Musices and the New York Consort of Viols—Alexander Blachly directing the chorus and the viols in full anthems, verse anthems, madrigals, and instrumental fantasies by William Byrd. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2. Admission by contribution.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing the hundred-member chorus in an all-Vaughan Williams program, with soloists and orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Feltsman—Piano, in his first solo appearance in New York. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano, in a program of works by Copland, Beethoven, and Chopin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Martin Best Medieval Ensemble—Playing the music of Guiraut Riquier and his contemporaries. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Paul Meyer—Clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program devoted to the music of Jean-Baptiste Lully, court musician to Louis XIV, and his contemporaries. With seven guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—An informal concert, at which Charles Wadsworth, director of the society, will introduce the program of music. With Eliot Fisk, classical guitarist; Laurie Smukler, violin; and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 6. Tickets at the gallery an hour before the concert.) . . . ¶ The same program in a more formal setting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing an eight-member ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 7:30.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Ursula Oppens, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

New School Concerts—Presenting an all-Haydn concert. With Lee Luvisi, piano, and the Ridge String Quartet. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin, playing, among other works, several of his own transcriptions. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble and the Boston Shawm and Sackbut Ensemble performing Renaissance band music. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

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Anthony Newman—Playing a brand-new tracker organ. With the Columbus Brass. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of mostly contemporary music, in which Pierre Boulez's "Dérives" will be played twice. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Morton Estrin—Piano, playing Tchaikovsky's Sonata in G Major; the première of "I Too Speak of the Rose," by his son, Robert Estrin; and other works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute. With assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Ridge String Quartet—Performing a Haydn-Grieg-Cage program. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in premières by John Harbison and Ronald Perera; a piece by Ned Rorem, in honor of his sixty-fifth birthday; and other works. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano, in a Mozart-Bartók-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Twentieth-century chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Parnassus—Chamber music, in a program of three premières, including Jonathan Harvey's "Bhakti." (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Contemporary chamber music from the Americas. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Ax/Stern/Ma Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Classical guitarist. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Robert DeGaetano—Piano, in a program featuring the première of his own composition "The Challenger," which was commissioned Alice Tully as a tribute to the sev astronauts who died aboard the space shut Members of the astronauts' families will present. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, N 21, at 8.)

d. ehrenberg

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madis Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meado lands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau C seum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Kni vs. Atlanta Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 11, 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, S urday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks Golden State Warriors, Saturday, Nov. 21, 8:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets Chicago Bulls, Wednesday, Nov. 11. . ¶ Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Sunday, N 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston Rockets, Tuesd Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Thursd Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston Celtics, Sat day, Nov. 21. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Nov. 12, at 7: . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, S urday, Nov. 14, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 18, 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Haw Friday, Nov. 20, at 7:45. . . . **nassau colise** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Saturday, N 14, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Ange Kings, Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:05. . . . **madis square garden:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Je Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:35.

Squash Racquets—Rolex United States Op Quarter-finals Wednesday, Nov. 11, at no and 5:30; semifinals Thursday, Nov. 12, 5:30; finals Friday, Nov. 13, at 5:30. (P ladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tickets at the d on the days of the matches.)

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Marti Navratilova, Steffi Graf, Chris Evert, Pa Shriver, and others. (Madison Square G den. Monday through Friday, Nov. 16-20, 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubl match Saturday, Nov. 21, at noon; final si gles match Sunday, Nov. 22, at 1.)

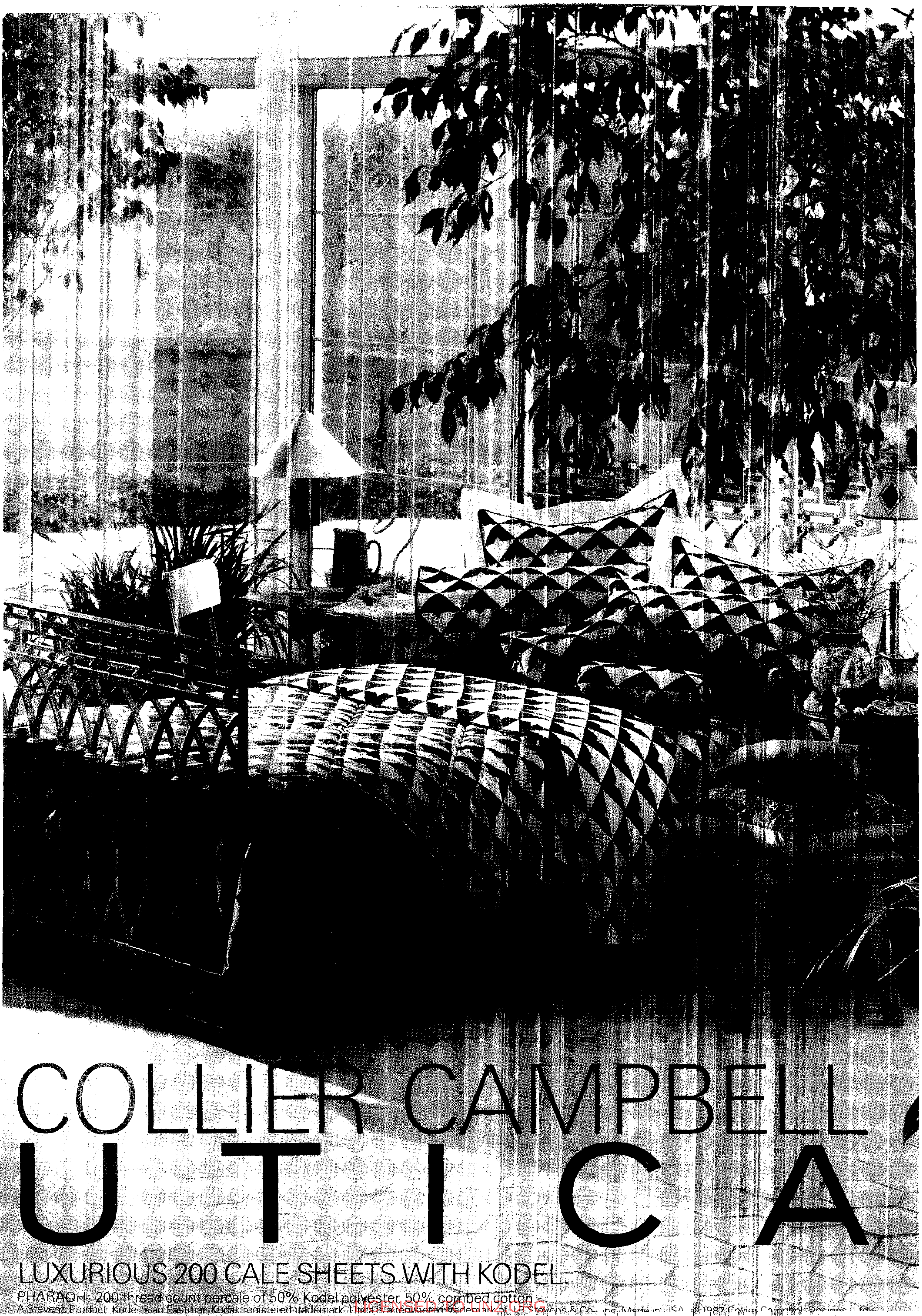
ET ALIA

The Centennial of Marianne Moore—On Su day, Nov. 15, at 1, a conducted walking to sponsored by the Greensward Foundati will meet at City Hall and walk across t Brooklyn Bridge to Fort Greene Park (Mi Moore's neighborhood park) and then on the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Chur 85 South Oxford Street, where she was a p rishioner. Appropriate festivities will ensu (There is a one-dollar contribution for t walk; for information about the celebrati at the church, call 1-718 625-7515.) . . . ¶ C Monday, Nov. 16, at 8, at the 92nd Street a selection of Miss Moore's works will be re by John Ashbery, James Merrill, Grace Schu man, May Swenson, and Mona Van Duy (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Poetry Readings—Donald Hall reading from h own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Thi Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8. N tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Louise Glück readi from her own works. (Dia Art Foundatio 155 Mercer St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at Tickets at the door on the night of the rea ing.)

Lectures—Isaac Bashevis Singer speaki about his professional life and reading fro both published and unpublished storie (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 4 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Mo day, Nov. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on th night of the event.) . . . ¶ Arthur Ashe w give the first in a series of talks about sport in America. (Celeste Bartos Forum, Ne York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd S Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 6. For informatio about tickets, call 930-0855.)

"Modernism"—The second annual sale and exhibit of objects produced between 1860 an 1960. Seventy-five dealers from here an abroad will offer decorative arts, furniture and jewelry. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 19-21, from noon to 9:30; Sunday, Nov. 22, from 11 to 6.)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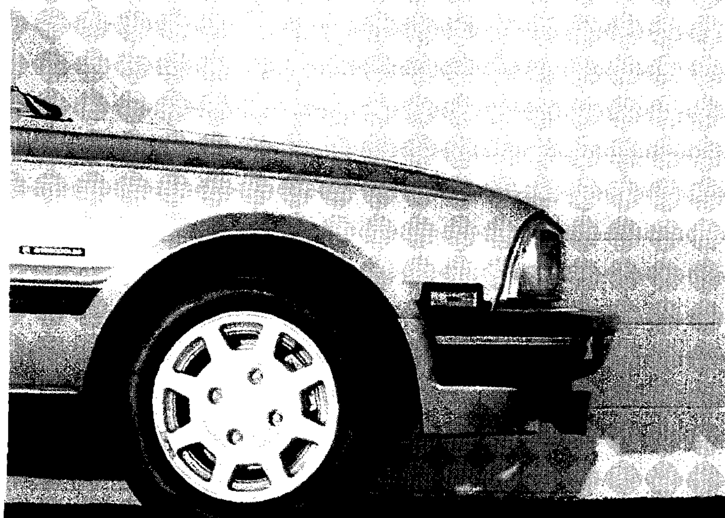
– Automobile Magazine / Aug. '86



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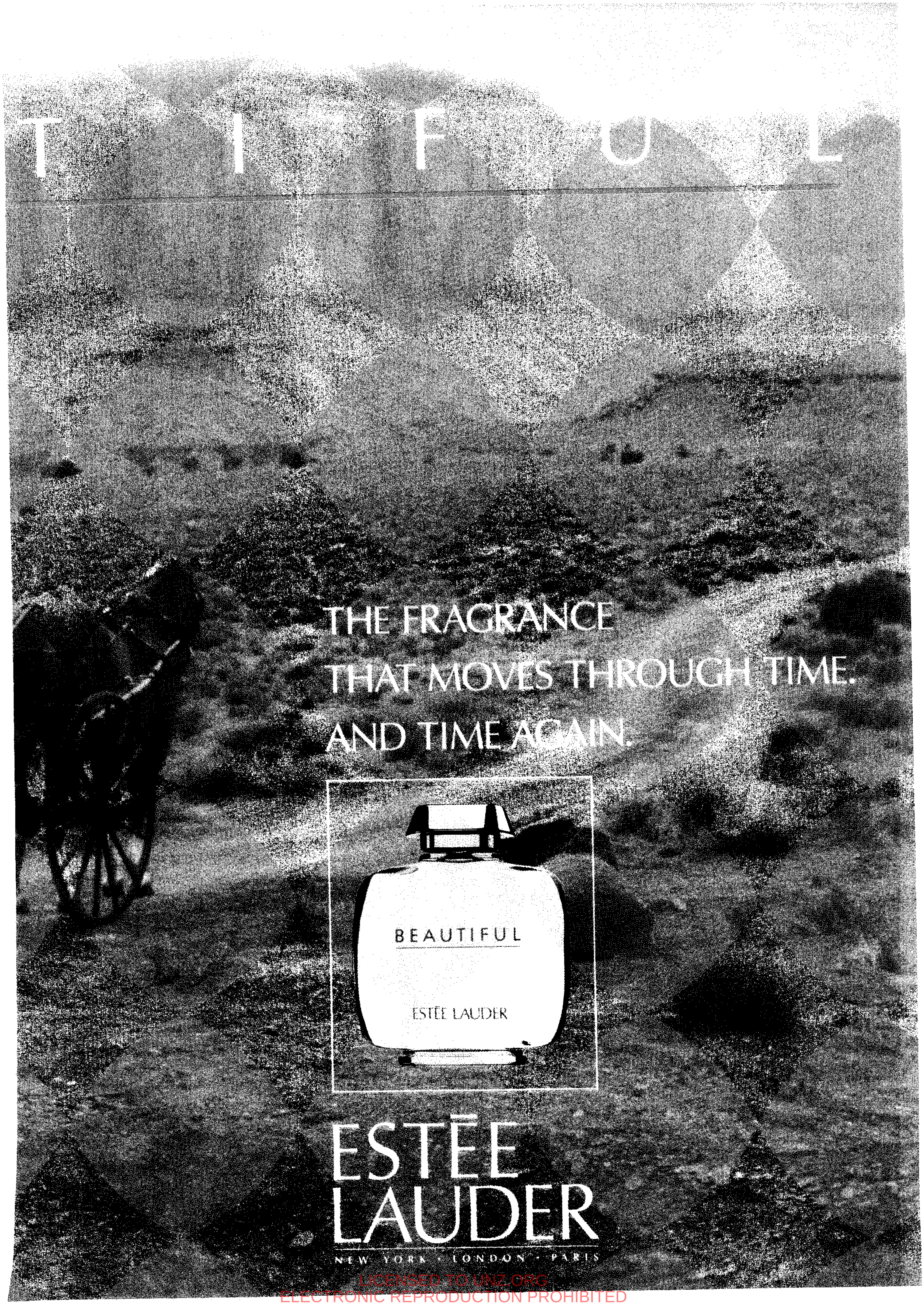
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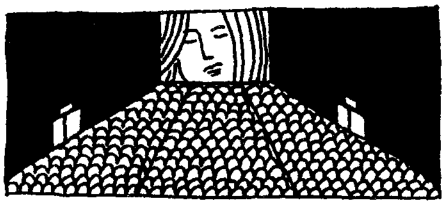
Heidi

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

'ublic Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 11: At 5:30, "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; directed by Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 7:30, "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla; and, at 9:15, "Cousin Angelica" (1974; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with José Luis López Vázquez and María Clara Fernández.
Nov. 12: At 6:15, "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt; and, at 8:30, "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier.
Nov. 13: At 5:45, "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; at 7:30, "Katzelmacher" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Fassbinder himself; and, at 9:15, "An Actor's Revenge" (1963; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
Nov. 14-15: At 4, "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1967; Jean-Marie Straub; in German); at 5:45, "The Lovers;" at 7:30, "Katzelmacher;" and, at 9:15, "An Actor's Revenge."
Nov. 17-18: At 5:30, "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German); at 7:15, "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and, at 9:30, "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker).
Nov. 19: At 5:45, "French Provincial" (1975; André Téchiné; in French), with Jeanne Moreau and Marie-France Pisier; at 7:30, "Portrait of Teresa" (1981; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados; and, at 9:45, "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German).
From Nov. 20: At 6, "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; at 8:30, "Faces of Women" (1987; Désiré Ecaré; in French); at 10:30, "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" (1985; Werner Herzog) and "Ballad of the Little Soldier" (1985; Werner Herzog), both documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 3: "Less Than Zero" (Marek Kanievska), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Baby Boom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 12: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades. From Nov. 13: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 12: "Fire and Ice" (Willy Bogner), with Suzy Chaffee and John Eaves.
From Nov. 13: "Baby Boom" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 12: "The Sicilian" (†).
From Nov. 13: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Russkies" (Rick Rosenthal), with Whip Hubley, Leaf Phoenix, and Peter Billingsley. From Nov. 13: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.
Theatre 2: "Made in Heaven" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "Barfly" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, Ann Sothern, and Vincent Price.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Less Than Zero" (Marek Kanievska), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Baby Boom" (†). From Nov. 13: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Anna" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer. From Nov. 13: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan. From Nov. 13: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.
Theatre 2: "Less Than Zero" (Marek Kanievska), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Broken Noses" (directed by Bruce Weber), with Andy Minsker. From Nov. 18: "La Vie Est Belle" (Benoit Lamy and Ngangura Mweze; in French), with Papa Wemba.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry. From Nov. 13: (Separate admissions) "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll;" and "Hypothesis of the Stolen Painting" (Raoul Ruiz; in French).
Theatre 2: The 20th International Tournée of Animation.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Slamdance" (Wayne Wang), with Tom Hulce and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.
Theatre 2: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).
Theatre 2: "Made in Heaven" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).
Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blind Trust" (Yves Simoneau; a Canadian film, in French).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "Russkies" (Rick Rosenthal), with Whip Hubley, Leaf Phoenix, and Peter Billingsley. From Nov. 13: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.
Theatre 3: "Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 19: "The Princess Bride" (†).
From Nov. 20: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gaby: A True Story" (Luis Mandoki), with Liv Ullmann, Norma Aleandro, and Robert Loggia.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Long Live the Lady" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 12: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (†).
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

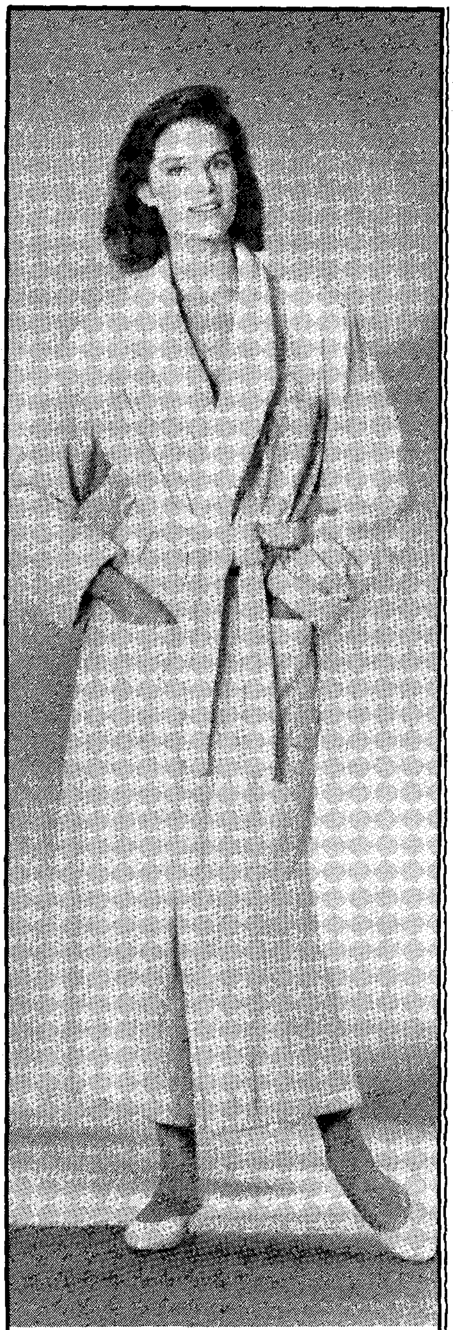
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Funeral" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Theme" (Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Barfly" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).

Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Theatre 5: "Cry Freedom" (Richard Attenborough), with Kevin Kline, Penelope Wilton, and Denzel Washington.

Theatre 6: Through Nov. 12: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna. From Nov. 13: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Russkies" (Rick Rosenthal), with Whip Hubley, Leaf Phoenix, and Peter Billingsley. From Nov. 13: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 2: "Made in Heaven" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

Through Nov. 12: "Slamdance" (Wayne Wang), with Tom Hulce and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

From Nov. 13: "Cross My Heart" (Armyan Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annette O'Toole.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Less Than Zero" (Marek Kanievska), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 2: "Hope and Glory" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Made in Heaven" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hiding Out" (directed by Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer.

Theatre 3: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

Theatre 4: "Weeds" (†).

Theatre 5: "Suspect" (†).

Theatre 6: "Less Than Zero" (Marek Kanievska), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Nov. 12: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.

From Nov. 13: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Nov. 11: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan. Nov. 12: Theatre closed. From Nov. 13: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Theatre 3: Nov. 11: "The Hidden." Nov. 12: Theatre closed. Nov. 13-19: "The Running Man." From Nov. 20: "Teen Wolf Too" (Chris Leitch), with Jason Bateman.

Theatre 4: Nov. 11: "Baby Boom" (†). Nov. 12: "The Hidden." Nov. 13-19: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen. From Nov. 20: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Fatal Beauty" (Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Nov. 12: "Prince of Darkness" (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasenc and Jameson Parker.

From Nov. 13: "Cross My Heart" (Armya Bernstein), with Martin Short and Annett O'Toole.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Sicilian" (†).

Theatre 2: "Steel Dawn" (Lance Hool), wit Patrick Swayze and Lisa Niemi.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Death Wish 4: The Crackdown" (J. Le Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 12: "Metropolis" (1926; directed by Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "M" (1932 Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

Nov. 13-14: "Amadeus" (1984; Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce; and "Song of Summer" (1968; Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Max Adrian and Christopher Gable.

Nov. 15: "Rouge Baiser" (1986; Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey; and "A Nos Amours" (1984; Maurice Pialat; in French).

Nov. 16-17: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.

Nov. 18-19: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Nov. 20-21: "Honeymoon" (1985; Patrick Jamain), with Nathalie Baye and John Shea; and "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Nov. 11: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Susan Harrison, and Sam Levene; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

Nov. 12: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, and Cecil Kellaway; and "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, and Coleen Gray.

Nov. 13-15: "Ossessione" (1942; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti.

Nov. 16: "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); "Mother" (1926; V. I. Pudovkin; a Russian silent film); and "Earth" (1930; Alexander Dovzhenko; a Russian silent film).

Nov. 17: "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

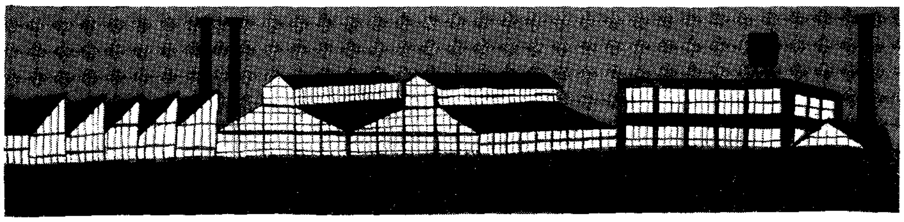
Nov. 18-19: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

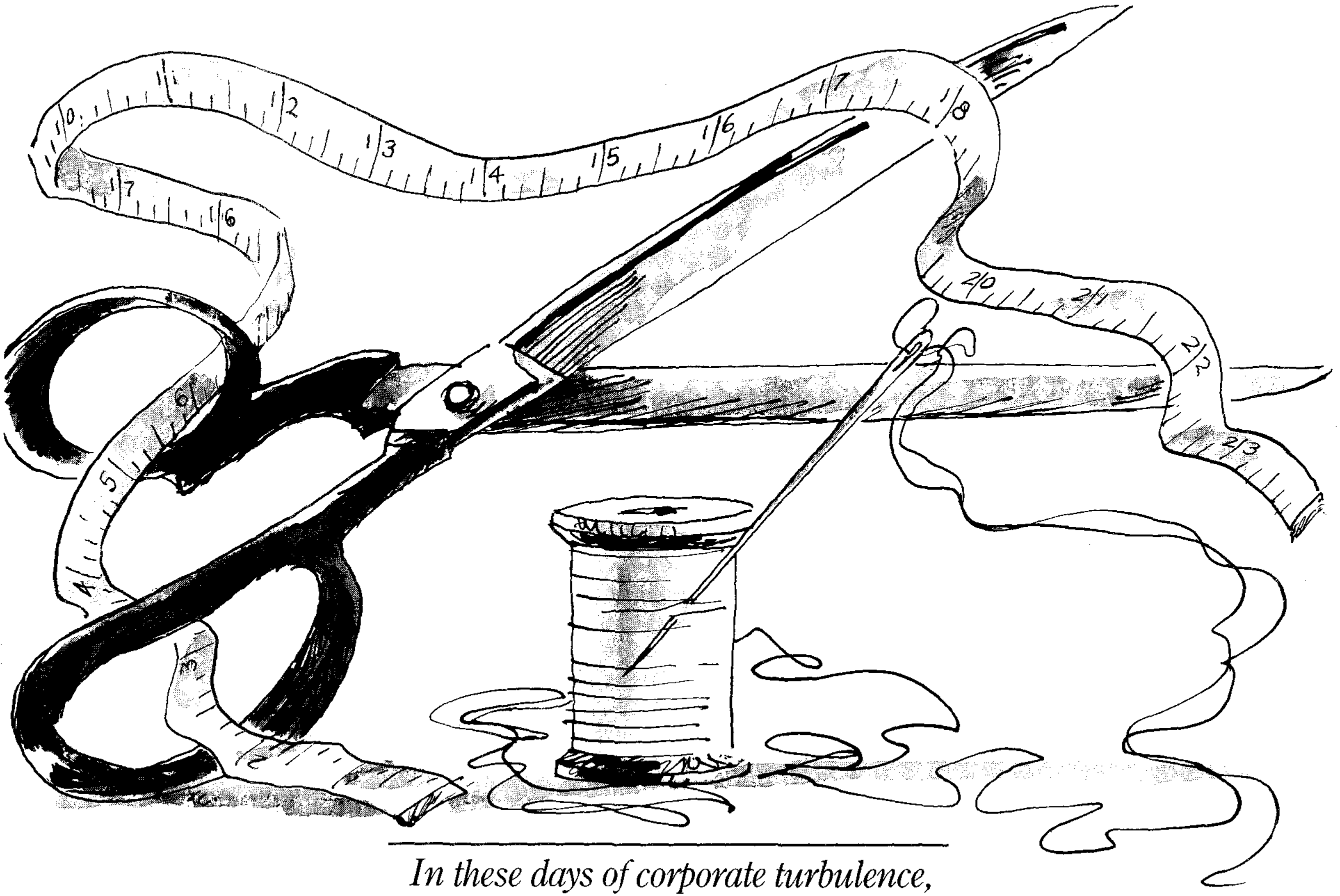
From Nov. 20: "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Pierre Chenal; in French), with Harry Baur; and "The Man from Nowhere" (1937; Pierre Chenal; in French).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Nov. 11: "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, and Leo Genn; and "Moulin Rouge" (1953; John Huston), with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Nov. 12: "American Hot Wax" (1978; Floyd





In these days of corporate turbulence,
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Mutrux), with Tim McIntire; "Go, Johnny, Go!" (1959), with Alan Freed as host; and "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll" (1957), with Alan Freed.

Nov. 13-14: "Stavisky" (1974; Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.

Nov. 15: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Nov. 16: "Entre Nous" (1984; Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou, Guy Marchand, and Jean-Pierre Bacri; and "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti.

Nov. 17: "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, and Coleen Gray; and "No Way Out" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, and Sidney Poitier.

Nov. 18: "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "We Were Strangers" (1949; John Huston), with John Garfield, Jennifer Jones, and Pedro Armendariz.

Nov. 19: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 20-21: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 11: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

Nov. 12: "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen, and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Mademoiselle" (1966; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau.

Nov. 13-14: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Nov. 15: "Pandora's Box" (1928; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

Nov. 16: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French); and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

Nov. 17: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, and Cecil Kellaway.

Nov. 18: "No Man of Her Own" (1932; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Our Blushing Brides" (1930; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery.

Nov. 19: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Joseph von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

Nov. 20-21: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Modern of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Journey to Sopot" (1981; directed by Nana Djordjadze; in Georgian, with English subtitles) and "Robinsonada; or, My English Grandfather" (1986; Nana Djordjadze; in Georgian, with English subtitles). Nana Djordjadze will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6: "The Night Is Short" (1981; Mikhail Belikov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "The Burglar" (1987; Viktor Ogorodnikov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6: "Is It Easy to Be Young?" (1986; Yuri Podniek; a Russian film, with English voice-over), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: "Believe It or Not" (1983; Sergej Ovtscharov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5: "Adonis XIV" (1977; B. Vadikov; in Russian, with English subtitles), "A Visit to a Son" (1986; V. Tumaev; in Russian, with English subtitles), and "Neptune's Holiday" (1986; Yuri Mamin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2: "Is It Easy to Be Young?" . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5: "Believe It or Not." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Adonis XIV," "A Visit to a Son," and "Neptune's Holiday." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6 and Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Lonely Man's Voice" (1978; Aleksandr Sokurov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "The Burglar." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 3 and 6:30: "Islands" (1986; Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zweri and David Maysles), a documentar . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Whither Ge many?" (1932; Slatan Dudow; in Germa with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 a 6: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924; D. W Griffith; a silent film), with Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and Helen Lowell. . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Just Waiting" (1975; St phen Dwoskin) and "Berlin: The Symphon of a Great City" (1927; Walter Ruttman a German silent film, with German inte titles). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5: "The Berliner (1949; Robert A. Stemmle; in Germa with English subtitles), with Gert Fröbe.

THEATRE 2: Nov. 12 at 3, 4, 6:30, and 7:30: Tw different programs of Superman cartoon 1941-42. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 3: "The Te Commandments" (1923; Cecil B. De Mill a silent film), with Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6:30 and No 14 at 2:30: "The Covered Wagon" (192 James Cruze; a silent film), with Lois Wi son, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5:30: "The Vanishing American" (1925; George B. Seitz; silent film), with Richard Dix and Loi Wilson. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "The Te Commandments." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5:3 and Nov. 16 at 3: "Hotel Imperial" (1927 Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Pol Negri and James Hall. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 3 "The Vanishing American." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6:30: "Redskin" (1929; Victor Schertzinger; a silent film), with Richard Dix an Jane Novak. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30 "Wings" (1928; William A. Wellman; silent film), with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 a 5:30: "The Sorrows of Satan" (1926 D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, and Ly de Putti.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752 7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective o the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)— Nov. 13 at 6:30: "Typhoon Club" (1985 Shinji Somai; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

Reel Pieces: Film as Collaborative Art—A serie of films and lectures. Nov. 12 at 8:15: "Le Compères" (1983; Francis Véber; in French with English subtitles), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. Mr. Véber wil speak on his role as screenwriter. . . . ¶ Nov 19 at 8:15: "Never Cry Wolf" (1983; Carrol Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith. Marl Isham, composer, will be present. (92n Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996 1100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of. The performance is a tour de force, but the movie doesn't add up to much. Bogayevicz, whose background is in theatre, does best in a handful of backstage scenes and a funny audition sequence; outside the theatre, he seems to have some very peculiar ideas about where to put the camera. Also with Robert Fields and Stefan Schnabel. Music by Greg Hawkes, of the Cars.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Baby Boom—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. She, her child, her lover, and her business are all booming, and the picture rattles along cheerily, cutting to the child for clever reactions, the way movies used to cut to the family dog. But Keaton is smashing: the Tiger Lady's having all this drive is played for farce and Keaton keeps you alert to every shade of pride and panic the character feels. She's an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." With Sam Wanamaker as Fritz, Harold Ramis as the heroine's apartment mate, James Spader as her baby-faced assistant, Britt Leach as her Vermont plumber, and the twins Kristina and Michelle Kennedy as the baby. Also with Pat Hingle, Mary Gross, and, in quick flashes Victoria Jackson, Dori Brenner, Robin Bartlett, Constance Forslund, Margaret Whitton and many other wasted talents. Cinematography by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Nov. 13.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid to late twenties—a budding writer who was beginning to be published. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The hero isn't afraid to lose a fight or to hit bottom. And he isn't tempted by security. Offered the guesthouse on the publisher's estate, he snubs her; he calls her world "a cage with golden bars." (Of course, she's infatuated with his integrity.) Waking in her bed, he gets up saying, "I belong on the streets. I don't feel right here. It's like I can't *breathe!*" He goes back to his grimy haunts, where—we're supposed to believe—the real people are. This might be a film about the leader of a religious cult which was made by an altar boy. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. With Frank Stallone, J. C. Quinn, Jack Nance, and Fritz Feld. Cinematography by Robby Müller. (11/2/87) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie.)

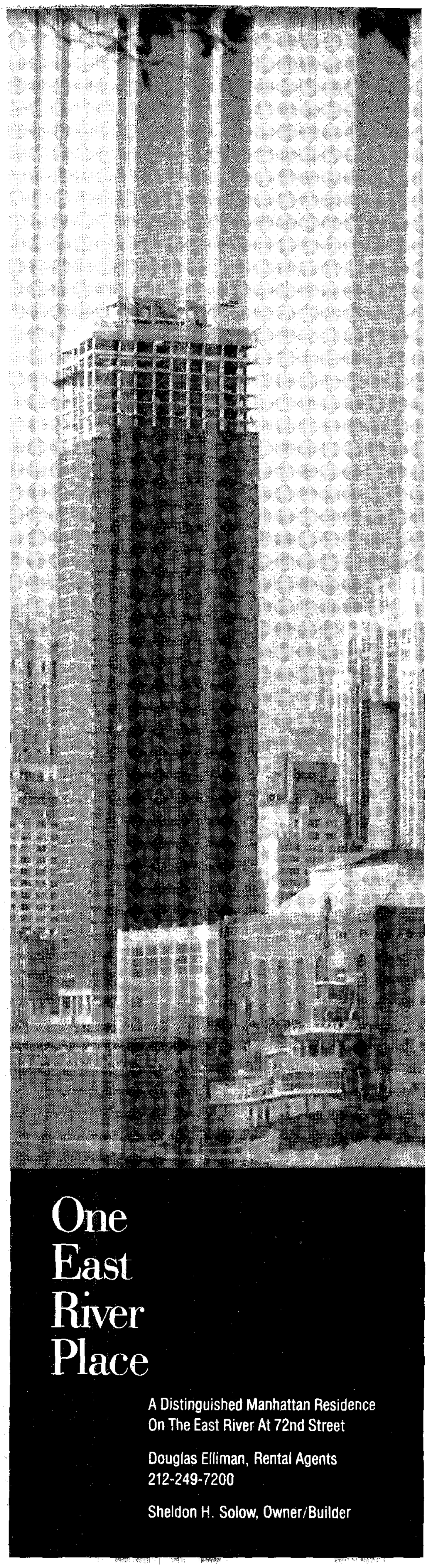
Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. The film is about men seeing feminists as witches, and, the way the facts are presented here, the woman *is* a witch. Brandishing a kitchen knife, she terrorizes the lawyer and his family. Basically this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format. It's made with swank and precision, yet it's gripping in an unpleasant, mechanical way. The violence that breaks loose doesn't have anything to do with the characters who have been set up; it has to do with the formula they're shoved into. The picture enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (Dearden's script is an expansion of the forty-two-minute film "Diversion," which he wrote and directed in England in 1979.) (10/19/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Funeral—This 1984 comedy was the first film written and directed by Juzo Itami; the second was "Tampopo." "The Funeral" isn't as exuberant and recklessly imaginative as the movie that followed it, but it's a funny and intelligent work in its own, more deliberate way. An Altman-like take on an Ozu theme, the film follows a large, extremely modern Japanese family through the ordeal of arranging a traditional religious funeral. Crowded together for several days in the country house of the deceased, the bewildered relatives seem to be living in a severe formal structure that wasn't designed for them. They're like actors in a poorly rehearsed classical play, on an unfamiliar stage—bumping into each other, blowing their lines, looking anxious and miserable. Itami orchestrates their discomfort with real visual wit, and the genuine grief that lies beneath his characters' farcical panic emerges clearly and unsentimentally. Perhaps the movie works because we feel Itami's empathy for the characters: like them, he's trying to find his way in a form that's a bit too controlled and elegant to accommodate his wilder impulses. With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (the stars of "Tampopo"), and Ozu veteran Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet, and Olympia.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Long Live the Lady!—The hero of Ermanno Olmi's latest film is a teen-age hotel-staff trainee who wears incredibly thick glasses—through which, in the course of waiting on a large, grotesquely formal dinner party, he sees intimations of the petty dangers and sorrowful corruptions of the adult world. This is not the usual coming-of-age movie. Olmi, who's gifted enough to be (perhaps) a little restless, seems to have challenged himself to tell a psychological story in a purely concrete, almost nonverbal style. The bizarre sights and sounds of the banquet, made stranger by the boy's half-comprehending reactions to them, are pretty much the whole movie: the structure is clearly meant to be musical rather than dramatic. (Telemann plays in the background of virtually every scene.) It's all hints and suggestions, incongruous details, glints of possible meanings in otherwise opaque relationships, and teasing moments at which stories seem about to be told, then aren't. Despite the many ingenious passages and delicately funny bits of business, Olmi's experiment doesn't really succeed. It's not a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common problem in movies these days, but there *is* such a thing as an excess of subtlety. With Marco Esposito as the boy and Marisa Abbate as "The Lady," the party's alarming hostess—a mummified old woman who stares at her guests through opera glasses and never says a word. In Italian.—T.R. (Carnegie Screening Room.)

Made in Heaven—With Timothy Hutton and Kelly McGillis, directed by Alan Rudolph. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette": changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. Ten years after the hunchback's death, his daughter, Manon—whose fierce gaze at the end of the first film seemed to promise an icy, satisfying revenge—has grown up to become a ravishing, dewy-eyed blond nymph, played by Emmanuelle Béart. She looks as if she's modelling a line of designer goatherdswear for *Elle* or *Marie-Claire*, and her very contemporary sexiness might make us a little suspicious of the ostentatious purity of this big-budget period drama. Also with Hippolyte Girardot and Margarita Lozano. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but

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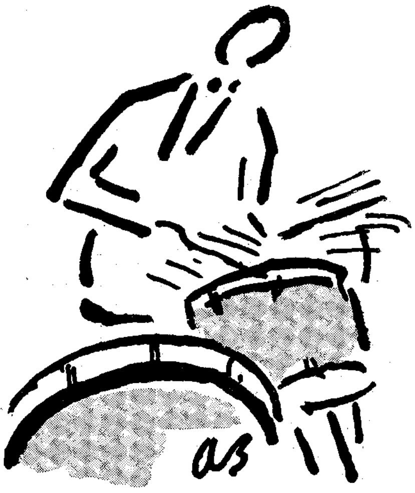
sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). Westley is captured by pirates, and Buttercup, selected by Crown Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon) to be his bride, is abducted by a trio of ruffians: Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, and all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant. The cast includes Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, Mel Smith as the Albino, Margery Mason as the ancient woman who boos the royal family, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing make-up that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. Photographed partly on locations in England and Ireland; Florin Castle is actually Haddon Hall, parts of which date back to the twelfth century. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 19.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—Directed by Stephen Frears. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

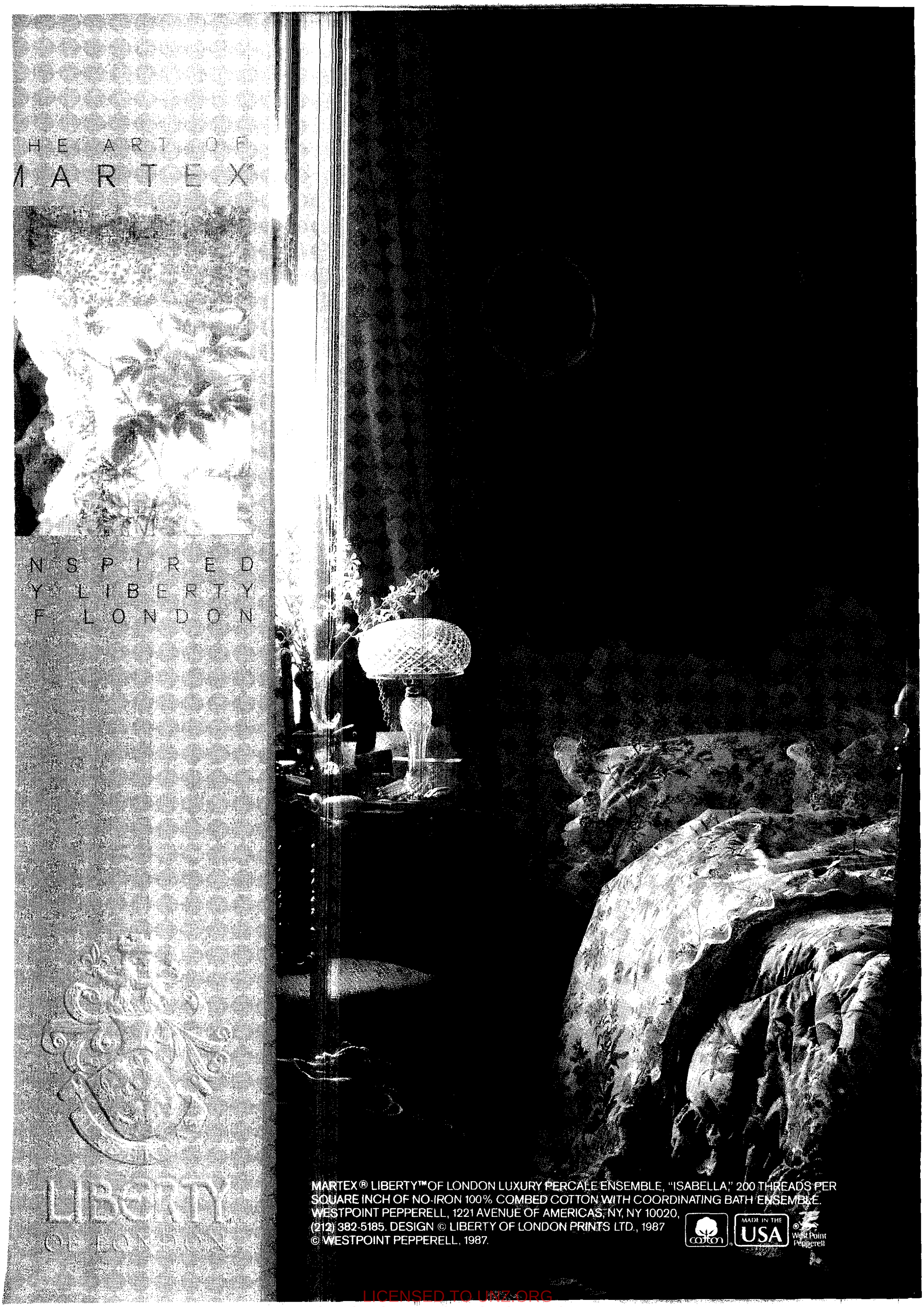
The Sicilian—Michael Cimino's film of Mario Puzo's fat best-seller is solemn, incoherent, and aggressively inauthentic—a worthy successor to "Heaven's Gate" and "Year o the Dragon." Here Cimino casts the pale-eyed Frenchman Christopher Lambert as the legendary Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano and surrounds him with such convincing Mediterranean types as Joss Ackland, Terence Stamp, Richard Bauer, Ray McAnally and Barry Miller. (John Turturro, an Italian-American, looks jarringly plausible in this company.) Barbara Sukowa, hilariously dubbed, plays an American. None of it makes a bit of sense, and the direction isn't even energetically bad. Cimino seems to have decided that the making of a movie is only a cumbersome pretext for his real art—squabbling with the studio over the final cut. This is the studio's version; Cimino's version will reportedly, be shown in Europe, where he's been very successful at portraying himself as a victim of Hollywood, a misunderstood and persecuted American genius. The most appropriate way to see this insane international co-production, though, would be on a 747: the airlines' editors will surely give "The Sicilian" its true, definitive form. Script by Steve Shagan. (Gore Vidal, who's uncredited also worked on it.) The story was the basis of Francesco Rosi's classic "Salvatore Giuliano," filmed in 1961.—T.R. (National Twin . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Nov. 12.)



Someone to Watch Over Me—A Manhattan socialite (Mimi Rogers), who writes about art and looks expensively asymmetrical, witnesses a murder; a police detective (Tom Berenger), a warmhearted, decent, uncultivated fellow who lives in Queens with his wife and child, is assigned to protect her. He falls for her, and she for him, and the murderer tries to get at her. That's essentially all there is, except for the high-class hauntedness supplied by Ridley Scott, who directed. He draws you into a dull, sensual daydreaminess, but after watching Tom Berenger and Mimi Rogers for a while, you look around for the stars. With so much buildup—so much terror-tinged atmosphere—you expect actors with some verve, and you wonder why the script (credited to Howard Franklin) doesn't sneak in a few jokes. (Has a good thriller ever been this solemn? Or this simple?) Daniel Hugh Kelly brings some kick to the small role of a cop who has split up with his wife; the only performer who really stands out, though, is Lorraine Bracco, as the detective's wife—her line readings have a hardheaded urban earthiness, and her comedy timing sparks the movie. With Jerry Orbach, Andreas Katsulas, and John Rubinstein. Cinematography by Steven Poster. (11/2/87) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Nov. 12.)

Suspect—With Cher and Dennis Quaid, directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Weeds—Nick Nolte plays a holdup man serving "life without possibility"—that is, without possibility of parole. After flunking a couple of suicide attempts, he begins to write plays about imprisonment and then to stage them, and his activities win him his release. He organizes an acting troupe made up of former cons he worked with—a shoplifter (William Forsythe), a murderer (Ernie Hudson), an embezzler (Lane Smith), a pimp (John Toles-Bey), a flasher (Mark Rolston)—and they go on tour in a camper, with no money. The movie is about the men's impulses to revert to their former crime patterns, and about their efforts to become professional men of the theatre. It encompasses way too much, and it never goes very far into the issues it raises, but the messy collision of energies keeps a viewer feeling alive. The picture grew out of the director John Hancock's contacts with the convict Rick Cluchey and his San Quentin Drama Group (whose late-sixties show "The Cage" toured the U.S. and Europe); Hancock and his wife, Dorothy Tristan, who collaborated with him on the script, also did research into other prison theatre groups, and the movie gives the impression that they piled together the stories and anecdotes they liked best, and left the job of unifying them to Nolte. (He does it.) With Joe Mantegna, Rita Taggart, J. J. Johnson, and Anne Ramsey. (11/2/87) (Criterion Center.)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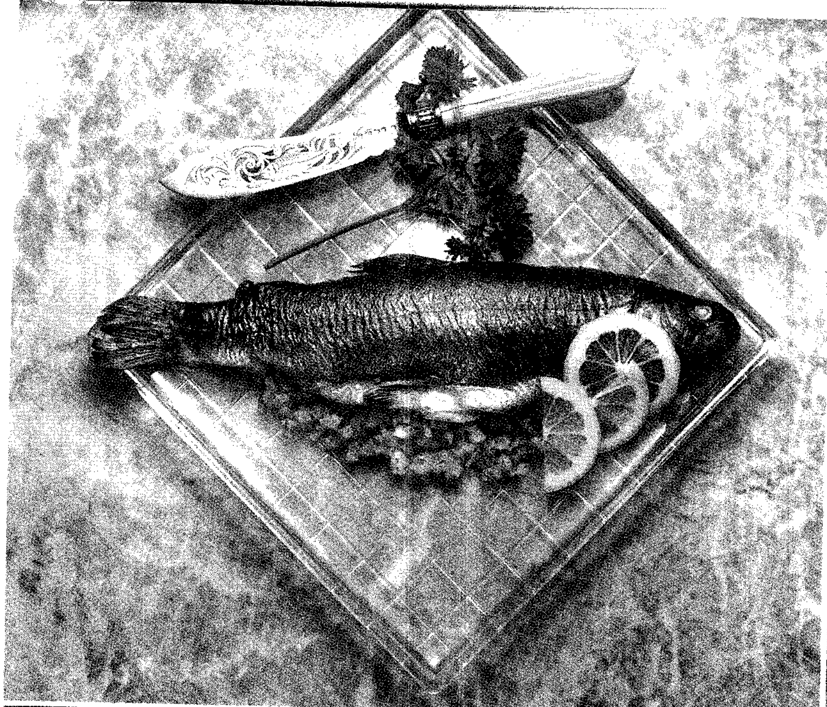

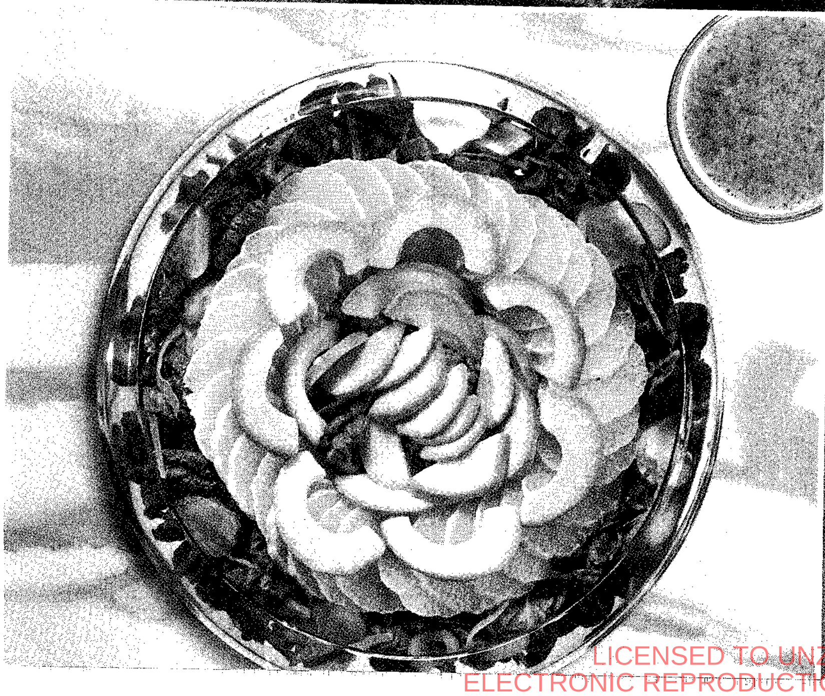

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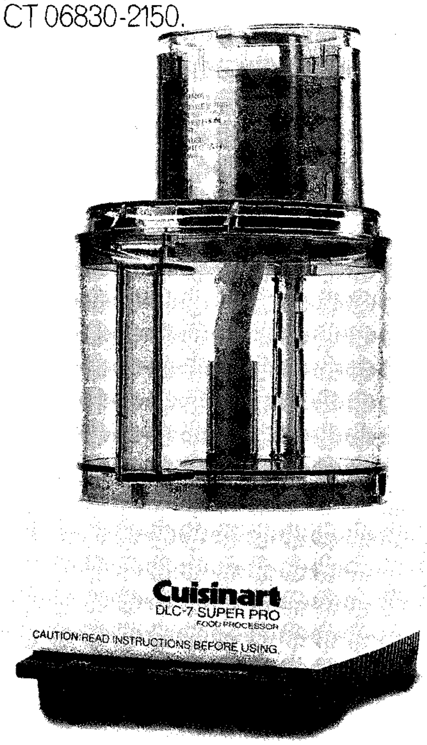

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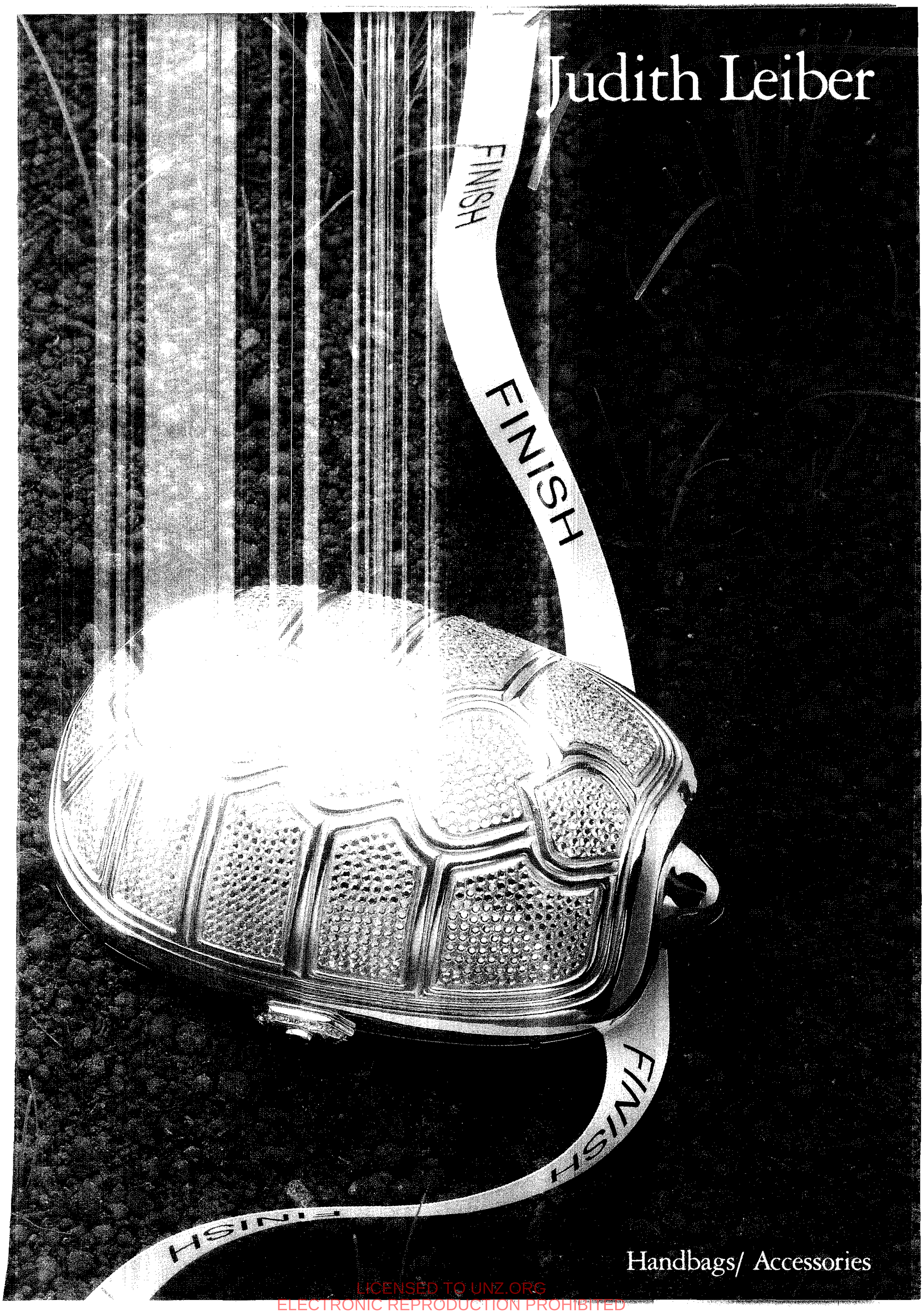
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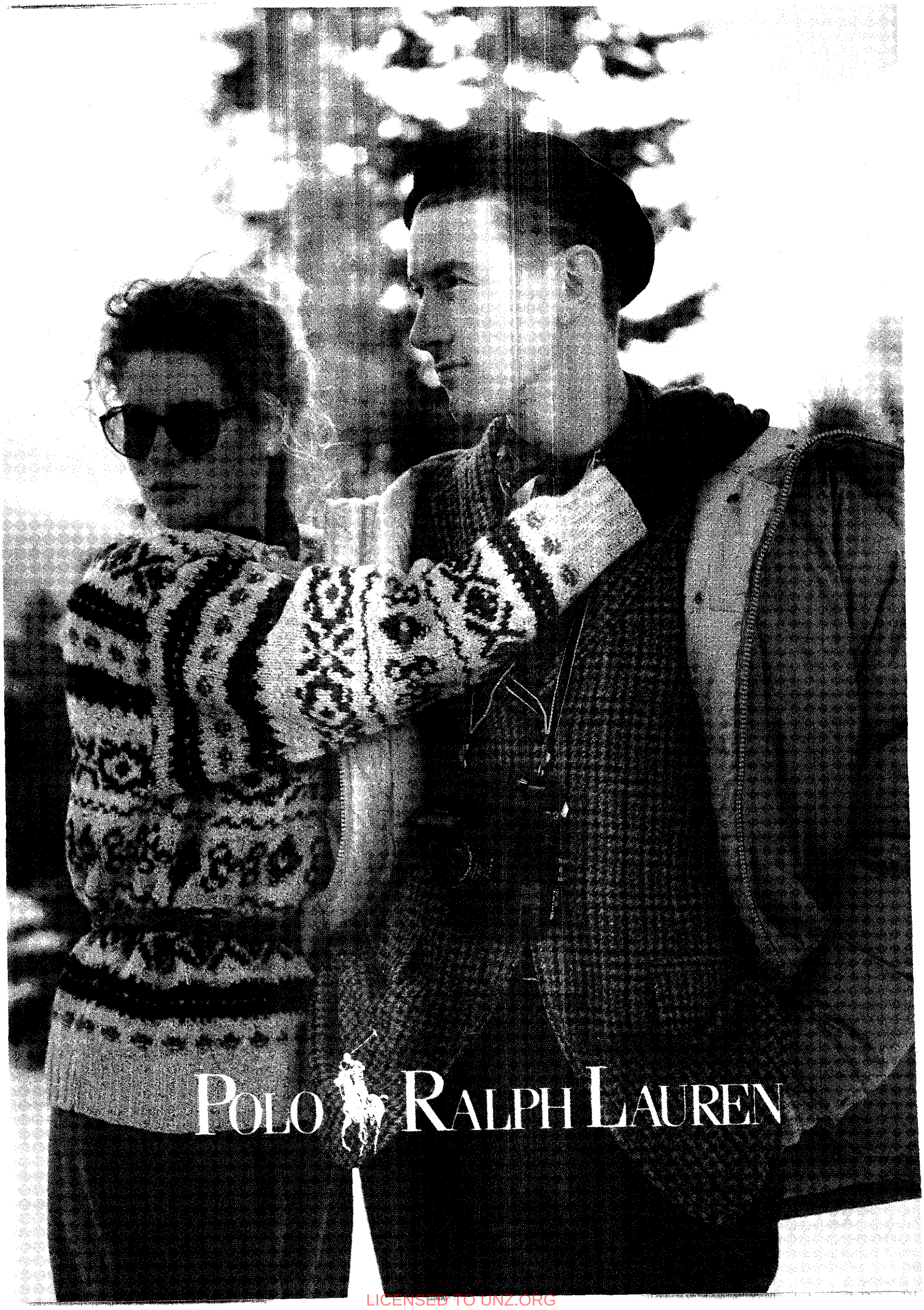
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MOZAMBIQUE might be an African California. It has a long, beautiful coastline, a fertile hinterland, and excellent harbors. It contains immense mineral wealth—coal, copper, diamonds—which, if exploited, could make it one of the richest countries in Africa. Mozambique even compares favorably with California in area (it's larger) and population (it's smaller). Of course, the two places have had very different historical fortunes. When the Portuguese, who ruled Mozambique with great brutality and even greater neglect for almost five hundred years, finally departed, in 1975, they left behind them a country mauled by ten years of guerrilla war and burdened with one of the lowest literacy rates in the world. The inexperienced revolutionary government made some initial progress against illiteracy and disease, but things as a whole have got worse—much worse—since independence. Ill-advised economic policies and five years of drought have been partly to blame. Mostly, though, it has been the unending war there.

Remnants of the Portuguese security forces fled into what was then Rhodesia, and Rhodesian military intelligence assembled them into a rebel army. The Rhodesians hoped to use this murderous crowd, which became known as Renamo (an acronym for Resistência Nacional Moçambicana), to discourage Mozambique from aiding the guerrillas who were fighting to overthrow white-minority rule in Rhodesia. In 1980, when Rhodesia became Zimbabwe, South African military intelligence assumed control of Renamo. Now the idea was to discourage Mozambique from aiding black guerrillas fighting to overthrow white-minority rule in South Africa. The main consequence of Renamo's activities under South Africa's sponsorship, however, has been the utter devastation of Mozambique. Cities have been turned into ghost towns. Most of the country's transportation routes have been cut. Half of its schools and a quarter of its medical clinics have been destroyed. A hundred thousand people have been killed; at least another hundred thousand have starved to death; there are estimated to be one and a half million refugees. Renamo's primary targets are civilians, usually peasants; its strategy is "maximum destruction" and mass terror. Reports of gruesome mutilations and executions—by disembowelling, by the crushing of skulls, by the nailing of victims to trees—stream in from relief agencies. (Relief convoys, too, are frequently attacked and destroyed.) In an "international index of human suffering" published by the Population Crisis Committee, in Washington, Mozambique is now ranked highest in the world. This is not a calamity that can be attributed to "civil war." According to Melissa Wells, the United States Ambassador to Mozambique, Renamo is not a nationalist movement; indeed, she says, it has "no political program." The organization's ideology is plunder, its raison d'être South Africa's backing. The new nation of Mozambique has simply had the atrocious luck to be situated next to South Africa as the apartheid state enters its death agonies.

R. MacMillan

Although Renamo has no real political identity—its "leader" is a young Army officer who was cashiered from the Mozambican military for corruption—it has surprisingly powerful friends in Washington. It maintains offices at the Heritage Foundation and enjoys the support of numerous conservative groups and politicians. Renamo's appeal to the American right is frighteningly simple: since in the eyes of these Americans the Mozambican government is "Communist," Renamo is, by definition, "anti-Communist" and therefore a friend and ally. (Never mind Mozambique's membership in the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund; never mind that the Mozambican Army receives training from Margaret Thatcher's Britain; Mozambique's lengthy—though cooling—relationship with the Soviet Union is all that matters.) Melissa Wells' deflating assessment of Renamo was enough to make Senators Jesse Helms and Robert Dole, among others, delay her confirmation as Ambassador for many months. It was apparently a host of news reports of a major new Renamo atrocity—three hundred and eighty-six civilians massacred, including most of the patients in a hospital—in July of this year that finally embarrassed Senator Dole and others enough to make them withdraw their opposition to Mrs. Wells. Still, there continues to be a dogged campaign to obtain diplomatic recognition of—and Administration support for—Renamo.

This campaign carries high the banner of the so-called Reagan Doctrine, which proclaims American support for anti-Communist “freedom fighters” throughout the world. Strangely, though, President Reagan himself seems impervious to the campaigners’ arguments. Before a recent visit to Washington by Mozambique’s President, Joaquim Chissano, one lobbyist briefed the President on Mozambique’s relationship with Moscow and on “Renamo’s political and economic program,” and reported afterward that Reagan had told him, “You have certainly changed my agenda for when I meet Chissano.” But at their meeting Reagan assured Chissano of continuing American support; and the Administration’s policy toward Mozambique, which includes economic aid and food assistance (and does not include recognition of Renamo), remains unchanged. There are limits to the Administration’s benevolence toward Mozambique—in May, the United States rejected a proposed joint humanitarian relief operation with the Soviet Union—but in a world in which American support for “contra” forces (including those fighting in Angola, another former Portuguese colony where the rebels are backed on a vast scale by South Africa) so often seems automatic, Administration policy toward Mozambique is a shining, humane exception.

To what does prostrate Mozambique owe this clemency? One explanation, popular in Washington, is that the Administration’s “constructive engagement” policy toward South Africa has been such a failure that its architects at the State Department are extraordinarily protective of their one achievement in the region: a “non-aggression pact” that was brokered by the United States and signed by Mozambique and South Africa in 1984. (The total destruction of one of the two signers might be seen as a blow to the agreement.) But this explanation obscures the fact that the “non-aggression pact” was actually the result of years of punishment of Mozambique by South Africa—it was a diplomatic and military triumph for Pretoria, not the United States—and also the fact that it has been violated repeatedly by South Africa, which continues to supply Renamo. Is President Reagan swayed, perhaps, by Mozambique’s claims to non-alignment? In a recent interview in the *Times*, Mozambique’s Prime Minister pleaded, “What we say is that we are Mozambican, and we don’t want to be a tool in the East-West confrontation.” Sad to say, there are a sheaf of reasons to make us doubt that non-alignment exists as a category in the President’s mind. Could it be simply that the former Governor of California once glanced at a map of Africa and felt an impulse of kindness toward the long, familiarly shaped state of Mozambique?

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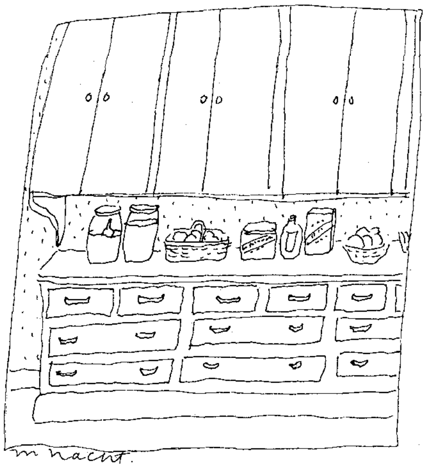
The House of Zaitsev

WE confess that we expected Soviet fashion to be of the same calibre as American caviar, German perfume, and Swiss rock and roll, and we were not entirely wrong, we discovered when we went to the showing of Viyacheslav Zaitsev’s spring collection at the Waldorf-Astoria one recent evening. Paris has nothing to fear from Moscow. Nevertheless, we were caught up in the jubilant spirit of the event, and captivated by Mr. Zaitsev, who is the leading designer for Moscow’s Dom Mody, or Fashion House, and is reputedly Raisa Gorbachev’s favorite couturier.

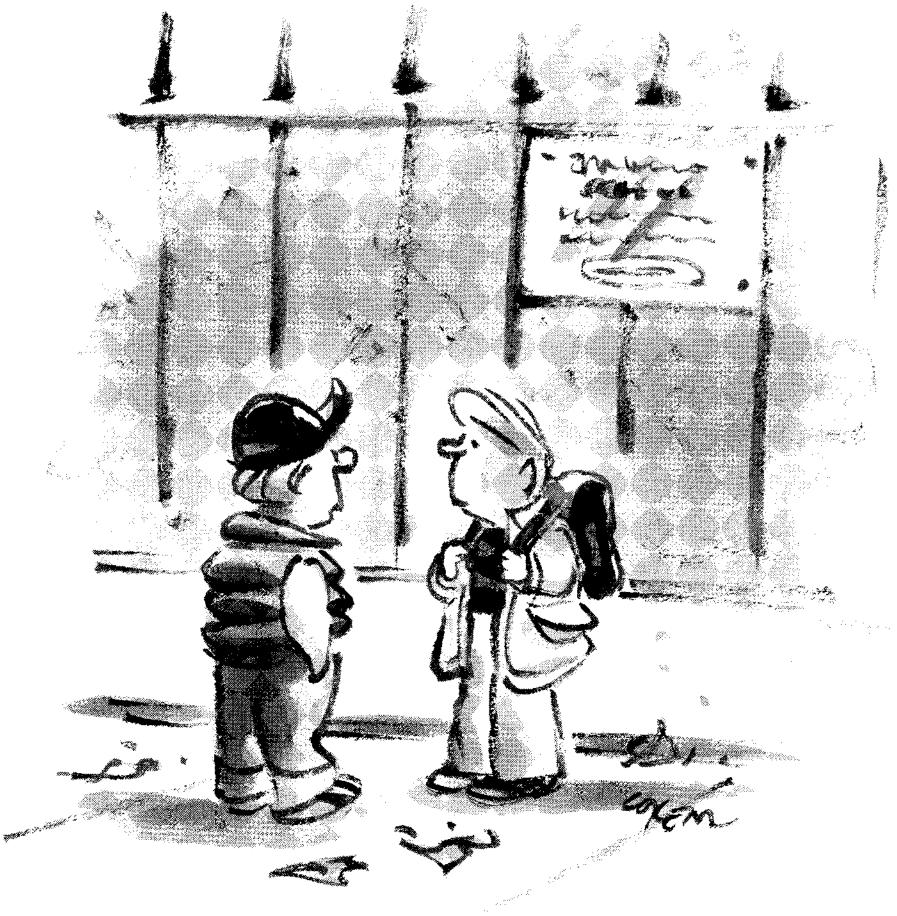
The audience for the collection, the House of Zaitsev’s first in the United States, was made up of buyers (under a new agreement, Mr. Zaitsev’s designs are going to be manufactured here and sold in stores across the country) and members of the press, most of them just back from the *prêt-à-porter* showings in Paris, where, in the words of V. Bolshakov, *Pravda’s* Paris correspondent, “the connoisseurs of fashion, knowing no peace, raced from one house of fashion to another.” The connoisseurs, a little weary and jaded, settled into their seats for yet another collection, but when the show began they sat up in amazement. Compared with the clothes that had just paraded down the runways of Europe, the House of Zaitsev’s looked like fashion from another planet. There were, for example, no miniskirts. No trousers. No bathing suits. Nor was there anything that even vaguely resembled Yves Saint Laurent’s much beloved “Russian” collection in the fall of 1976—a czarist extravaganza of silk brocades, dark velvets, challis, and furs. Instead, Mr. Zaitsev showed clothes that were fluid and graceful, were not very fitted, and had flaring skirts and multiple panels and layers. Our lasting impression was of a lot of fabric and a lot of bows. The evening clothes, in particular, were remarkable for their modesty (a minimum of bare skin) and for their ethnic inspirations—transformed, according to the Dom Mody catalogue, “to match the achievements of modern civilization.” The catalogue goes on, “We have borrowed from the aesthetics of folk clothes three colours which are now the colour symbols of our House: black, white and red, symbolizing wisdom, purity of human relations and joy of life.”



The models, who had been hired in New York, couldn’t seem to muster the expression of smug insouciance they usually wear. All but one looked blank; the one who didn’t looked perplexed. The music, selected by Mr. Zaitsev himself, was a *glasnost* medley, including Ella Fitzgerald’s rendition of “A Fine Romance,” Rimsky-Korsakov’s “Scheherazade,” and “You Are the Girl,” by the Cars. At the finale, Mr. Zaitsev, a sturdy-looking man in a Kelly-green silk waistcoat and jacket, skipped down and back up the runway, basking in a warm ovation. The audience, filing out, debated whether or not a market exists for his clothes in America. One woman remarked to a friend, “That’s how I would dress if my relatives in Scranton had their way.”

The next morning, we met Mr. Zaitsev, whose face struck us as impossibly innocent for his age (forty-nine). He was wearing a white wing-collared shirt, a navy-blue suit with red pinstripes, a red foulard tie, and a red silk pocket handkerchief. Of the handful of words he knows in English, two are “very elegant,” and that is what he said when he saw what we were wearing—and he gave us the thumbs-up gesture that means “All *right*.” He kissed our hand.

Dom Mody is by no means the only couture house in Russia today, he told us through an interpreter, but it was the first, founded in 1982. The clothes he designs are ready-to-wear, available



"*I came out O.K. Everything I had was in baseball cards.*"

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off the rack, but a woman who isn't a standard size can have them custom made. Lately, the house, which at first catered to professional women, has begun to attract a younger clientele on the strength of its high-fashion clothes for cold weather. "We have very harsh winters in the Soviet Union," Mr. Zaitsev explained, "and many young people hate to wear long underwear, because they feel that it is old-fashioned. In order to conquer that problem, at the request of the parents—especially the mothers—we have been incorporating thermal underwear in many of our styles."

Mr. Zaitsev presents two collections a year, with anywhere from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty pieces in each, and ordinarily shows them three times a week at Dom Mody. The presentation starts at 6:30 P.M., lasts two hours, and, he told us, is more a theatrical production than a fashion show. It has a dramatic scenario, with a script and music, and the lighting and staging are elaborate. The house in Moscow can accommodate only two hundred and sixty people, but when Mr. Zaitsev takes his collection on the road, as he does every season, it is booked into "large, very prestigious halls" all over the country. Last spring, the House of Zaitsev played to an audience of nearly four thousand in Riga, and, in Leningrad, to twenty-four thousand people in four days. The shows are intended as a spectacle, not as a sales pitch. No orders are taken. People who want to buy clothes featured in the show must travel to Moscow.

"The basic difference between fashion in the Soviet Union and fashion in the West," Mr. Zaitsev said, "is that Western designers have everything available to them—wonderful fabrics and embroidery, so many accessories to choose from—while I have many problems and constraints. I'm very limited in my raw materials, and that doesn't allow me to show what I'm capable of doing. But I have been promised that in the future this will change." Under Gorbachev, fashion in the Soviet Union has flowered, he explained, and he added, "More and more is written about the fact that the time has come for people finally to be able to realize some of their wishes and dreams in their everyday lives."

Mr. Zaitsev also told us that there are only three fashion magazines in the Soviet Union—all of them "official" and all "absolutely boring." His friends bring him magazines from abroad, and on the basis of what he has seen in their pages he admires the work of many designers—among them Yves Saint Laurent, Valentino, Thierry Mugler, Sonia Rykiel, Gianfranco Ferre, Gianni Versace, Bill Blass, and Oscar de la Renta. We asked him what he thought of Christian Lacroix, fashion's man of the hour, who happened to be in town at the time. Mr. Zaitsev spoke of Lacroix's work with great respect, calling it "super-exclusive" and "theatrical," and said that Lacroix has demonstrated "the limitless possibilities of *haute couture*."

That evening, at the opening of the "Fashion and Surrealism" exhibition at the Fashion Institute of Technology ("Dress: Black Tie or Surrealist"), we wormed our way through the crowd—past a man wearing glasses with two white plaster hands attached, past a woman with a voodoo baby doll, stuck with straight pins, tied to the brim of her hat, past a woman dressed as a banquet table, with one mutton chop resting on a plate on the ledge of her skirt and another affixed to her glove, and past her escort, who had come as a cello—and, in a clearing on the far side of the lobby, found Mr. Zaitsev, who had come, mercifully, as himself. "Very elegant," he said upon seeing our outfit (same outfit), again giving us the thumbs-up gesture and kissing our hand. And just then who should happen by but Christian Lacroix, wearing a black-and-gold printed silk jacket by Hermès. He and Mr. Zaitsev exchanged compliments. "I'm surprised to see you here," Mr. Zaitsev said, evidently delighted.

Mr. Lacroix laughed. "I'm surprised to see *you* here," he said.

Baker Field

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

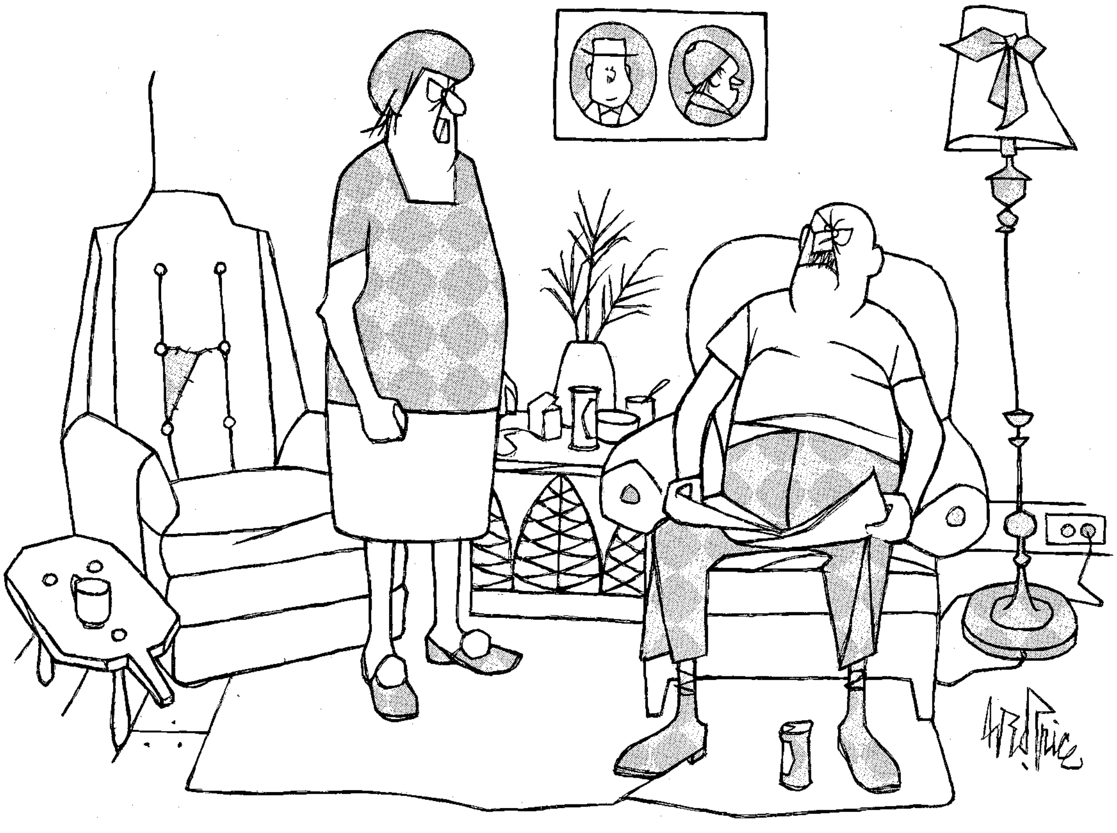
It was a motley crowd that showed up at Baker Field the other day to watch Columbia get beaten by Lehigh, 26–10. I went because I was impressed by the record number of consecutive losses Columbia has compiled (thirty-eight) and because I'd never been to Baker Field. It's situated spectacularly—at the northern tip of Manhattan, where the Harlem River splits off from the Hudson. From the home-team side you can look out and see a Circle Line boat make the turn into the Hudson or a Metro-North train round a corner of the Bronx on its way to Westchester. In the stands across the field is the Lehigh marching band, with four sousaphones. On the Columbia side, there's a kid with a bugle and a woman with a cowbell. There's also a guy who has set a bottle of vodka beside him, very much as if he didn't know that although the drinking-in-public law is hard to enforce, this is a good way of getting them to enforce it.

There is plenty of room at a Columbia football game. You can move from a bench to a contour seat to an armchair seat. Or you can sit still and watch the cheerleaders and ponder how little cheerleaders have changed over the years. Still the same short skirts with kick pleats, white sweaters, white sneakers (though they're probably Reebok Aerobic Marching Shoes now), pompoms. Still the same guileless way of clapping for themselves. You may find yourself wondering after a while whether the cheerleaders aren't living in a world of their own, if you know what I mean—a world in which they are at the center of things. You can remark aloud on the potential for pomposity inherent in the job of referee or in the job of those guys who carry the yardage-measuring poles up and down the field. Or, if no one will listen to you, you can listen to the play-by-play on the public-address system and enlarge your sports vocabulary—even if you don't move in circles where you can easily work into conversation the phrase "keeps on the bootleg." At least, you're not the car owner, New York license VPE 609, who left his doors locked and his engine running.

You can watch the clock on the new electronic scoreboard and look forward to halftime. What happens then is that the Lehigh marching band takes the field and plays the "Mars" section of Gustav Holst's "The Planets" while marching in the shape of a backward, sideways letter F, then shifting into a pi sign, and bending the legs of the pi sign into a—what? They have an actual drum major, with a baton, and they know lots of theme songs from TV shows like "Mission: Impossible." Then the Columbia marching band straggles onto the field. This is the waggish crowd you may have read about: they play a tuba, a violin, a clarinet, a set of wind chimes, a box of macaroni. They have in the past been disciplined for some of their formations. Today, they confine themselves to the Witch's Hat (for Halloween), with two members sprawled full-length on the grass to form the rim, and play "Jingle Bells."

When you think you've exhausted the possibilities, you can always follow the game. The guy hands the ball to the guy behind him, and you try to see whether that guy gives it to someone else or runs forward or falls back and looks around for someone to throw it to. If you didn't see who got the ball—if you just happened to be watching a boat or a train or the guy with the vodka resisting arrest or the cheerleaders forming a human pyramid—then it would be hard to discern any pattern in the blue-and-white-and-gold bodies interlocking on the field. You can still listen for a collision of helmets, though, or some other sign of violent human contact. You can reflect on exactly what it means to belong to the Ivy League. Does it mean that at some of these schools the students have better things to concentrate on than football? Is that why Columbia hasn't won a game in four years? Do they just like to play outside on Saturday afternoons? Are they losing on purpose—challenging themselves to break their own record week after week?

In the second quarter, when I went out to buy a hot dog, they were ahead for the first time all year, 10–7. When I got back, they were behind again, 13–10. But the crowd cheered every five-yard gain, and the players kept lining up—as if they really were just playing for the fun of it.



"Open marriage? All right, open marriage it is!"

Edwige

LATE evening, a corner booth with a single candle, a cocktail: "*Ah, la vie, la vie.*" People don't sigh the way they used to (or the way we like to imagine they used to), with the exception, perhaps, of those who happen upon Edwige, a chanteuse fluttering around downtown clubs these days, who sings standards from the twenties and thirties—French standards on some nights, American on others. We found her one evening (about 3:30 A.M., to be uptown about it) on the cabaret level of The World, a club at Second Street and Avenue C. The tables had pale-blue taffeta tablecloths, the chair backs had bows tied on them, and the bass beat from the ballroom above came through the ceiling.

Edwige, tall and thin, with delicately cropped dark-brown hair and wearing an oversized white jacket, was even more restless than her audience, which drifted in and out of the room and was dressed mostly in black. Before her set, she skittered from the stage to the bar and then to her friends and back again, like a child waiting for the grownups to finish talking. She alighted at our table long enough to show us where she had cut her hand while she was trying to fix dinner. She said that she used to model in Japan, and that her roommate kept a diary of things she complained about, and after a while the roommate showed her the list and said, "Edwige, it is always something."

Edwige told us that she was born in Paris and attended a Catholic school there. "I almost became a nun," she said. "I had the faith. I wanted to become a missionary. Of course, with time, I decided that a missionary— I could be it without being a nun. There are people in need in New York City. If someone needs help, I will help. I have a friend who is a social worker. We visit families, bring food over, and things. Meanwhile, my phone is disconnected."

In Paris, Edwige went on, she sang in a new-wave band, Mathématiques Modernes. She moved to New York in 1982, with no intention of singing old standards. "It was a complete accident!" she said. "Robert Arron, the pianist who works with me, asked me one time to join him doing one song, 'You Go to My Head,' at some wild benefit party at Danceteria. I'd never done anything like that before. Never done torch songs. But I joined him, and from that day we worked together more and more and more, and we started to build an audience, so, of course, we started to play more gigs and stuff. The Pyramid, Kamikaze, Area—every club in the city." Edwige also set up temporary clubs of her own. "I would go to the owner of a place—an American Legion hall or an Irish pub—and propose a deal. I would throw a party once a week and split the money with them. So I had a big cocktail lounge at the American Legion. Then I had Carmelita's, a bar at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. That was called also the Beat Cocktail Lounge. I also sang at Nell's the first few months it was open."

COFFEE, JUICE, BACON, EGGS. TOAST. I MUST BE ON MY WAY TO WORK.
Leo Cullum

Edwige shook her head. "I'm not singing, not really," she said. "I'm not a singer like Madonna or Barbra Streisand. It's more a talkative kind of singing. I think my voice is appropriate for that." She got up and sang a few sad, beautiful songs, which made us think of other days—ours and those of another era. It's not a big, strong voice, true, but it's heavy on drama and has a certain *je ne sais quoi*. There was a brief interruption as the violinist asked her for a cigarette. Then a birthday cake was carried in, and everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to a friend of Edwige's in the audience.

On another night, at an earlier hour, we found Edwige at a restaurant called Chapiteau, on West Thirteenth Street. (The restaurant was calling her show Edwige's Lazy Lounge.) Next to us, a group of French people were being served salmon and salad; at one of the women's places was an electrical adapter still in the package. A woman at a booth across the way grasped the neck of a bottle, and her expression looked for all the world like that of the woman in Manet's "Absinthe Drinker;" her bottle, however, was marked Evian.

Edwige told us between sets that she was not feeling well but it didn't matter. "I sing sometimes having a cold, or I'm sick or depressed, and the minute I pass behind a microphone I feel completely different," she said. "I try to make believe that I'm completely fine. I'm always reviving. Re*vive*. Suddenly wake up again." She looked carefully at us, to see if we understood.

"I have a whole lot of things to do," she went on. "I'm writing. Working on movies. I don't want to concentrate myself on any one thing. I just finished a movie. It's called 'Because the Dawn.' It's a vampire movie. The director is Amy Goldstein. I was the vampire. I make very good money, so—I don't know, I don't know. I cannot manage money. I didn't work too much this summer—I just let myself go, just relax." She perked up. "And now I'm going to fight. I have projects with the owner of Chapiteau. A new place. I cannot really talk about it. A new cabaret. Maybe restaurant. Maybe dancing."

She said that she admired "the real jazz singers," and especially admired Billie Holiday—"for the way she was fighting life and all those problems when she was a singer, and also her life itself was hard enough"—but that the singer she compared herself with was Marlene Dietrich. "Because she is lazy, and I'm just like that," she explained. "As a singer, I mean."

HOLLYWOOD IN THE FIFTIES

Q. I understand that the frankest book yet about life in Hollywood has been written by someone named Mark Van Doren. Who is he? What is the title of his book?—K.L., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Mark Van Doren (1894-1972) was a famous poet, literary critic and professor of English at Columbia University. You undoubtedly are confusing him with Mamie Van Doren, 56, a singer-actress fairly well known in the Hollywood of the 1950s and '60s.

—*"Walter Scott's Personality Parade," in Parade.*

FOR Mark Van Doren, famous poet and literary critic, the fifties in Hollywood were a confusing time, especially after he met Mamie at the home of his friends Donna and John Reed. Mark had just left R.K.O. to go with Columbia after scripting Donna's "It's a Wonderful Life" (based on John's "Ten Days That Shook the World"), he was exhausted and disillusioned, and the buxom young star of "Untamed Youth" and "Born Reckless" clearly offered something powerful and natural and free.

"Show me things. Tell me. Touch me. You know so much, you're a poet. I'm a child in the body of a woman. Show me," she said, as they sat on the railing, looking out across the merciless sunbaked valley toward the Pacific Ocean shimmering like a blue-green vision beyond the used-car lots. Just then Donna called from the kitchen, "Do you want a slice of lemon in your nectar?" John was gone—who knew where? The moody hazel-eyed revolutionary had never lived by other people's rules, not even after marrying Donna. And he hated Mark, after what Mark had done to his manifesto. He vowed to punch Mark in the nose if he ever saw him.

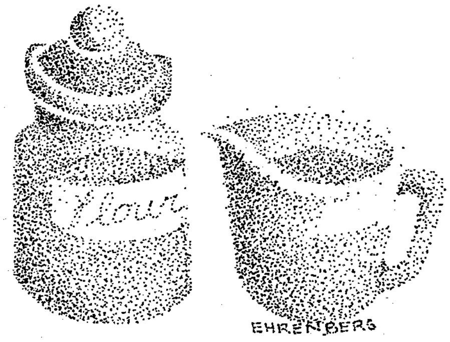
You all know Donna Reed. Well, she was like that, except more so—the World's Most Nearly Perfect Wife and Mother. She set her clock by her son, Rex, and after he ran away with Vanessa Williams, Ted and Esther's girl, Donna grieved openly. Her pain hung around her like an old black bathrobe.

Ted's uncle, William Carlos Williams, could sense Donna's need to be held, but he was in town to adapt his epic "Paterson" for Twentieth Century-Fox, and was writing a large body of water into the script so that Esther, a swimming actress, could be featured. The poet was crazy about his ballplayer nephew's gorgeous wife. He hung his cap for her. The sun rose and set on her. Whenever Ted was in Boston, W.C. flew to L.A. Esther liked him as a close confidant, but he wanted to be more, much more, so his sudden boyish desire for Donna confused him.

"I'm bad news for any woman I touch," he told Jeanette and Dwight Macdonald. The former Trotskyite, author of "The Root of Man," tugged at his beard as the famous poet stood poised on the tip of the diving board. Burt and Debbie Reynolds looked up at him and so did Carlos and Carroll Baker. Williams held his arms over his gray head, his knees slightly bent. He didn't notice Lassie and Malcolm Cowley, who had just returned from a walk and stood half shielded by a clump of sumac. "Blouaghhhhh!" W.C. cried as he dove, splitting the water like a fork.

IT troubled Mark that Mamie couldn't swim an inch. He watched gloomily as Esther Williams plowed up and down the length of the pool, just as she did in Williams' poem "The Singing Swimmer" ("the row of maidens/beside the cool water/and the splashing fountains when/suddenly you are there/to sing in your democratic American voice and plunge/deep below the surface and rise,/your white mermaid arms held out to me").

"Esther swims, why not you?" Mark whispered, but Mamie only laughed. Bertrand Russell glanced up from his chaise longue. "Jane swims circles around Esther," said the tanned white-haired philosopher in his clipped English accent. The author of "Principia Mathematica," from which "Peyton Place" was adapted by Edmund Wilson's brother Earl (both of whom made a play for "Peyton" star Lana Turner after Frederick Jackson Turner, the historian, took a shine to Shelley Winters, Yvor's ex), laughed harshly as he stood and stripped off his light-blue terry-cloth robe. "And I can take any son of a bitch in the joint," he snarled, his icy eyes fixed on John and Ford Madox Ford, whose wives, Betty and Eileen, had vanished into the white stucco bathhouse with Danny and Dylan Thomas. "Anytime you like, gentlemen," he added.



The silence hung in the pale-yellow air like a concrete block. From far away came the mournful hum of rubber tires on the burning highway, a viscous sound like liquids splashing on the grass, and also there was an odor like raisin bread burning in a toaster, except worse. It was a Wednesday. John Ford squinted against the hard light. He cleared his throat, like buckshot rolling down a black rubber mat. But it was Williams who spoke.

He stood, water dripping from his white swimming trunks. "Look at us. Fighting each other like starving rats, while the people we ought to be fighting sit in their air-conditioned offices and laugh their heads off," he said. "I'm talking about the bosses, the big boys, the playboy producers, the fat-cat choreographers, the directors, the dream-killers. Those are the bastards we ought to be battling, Bert."

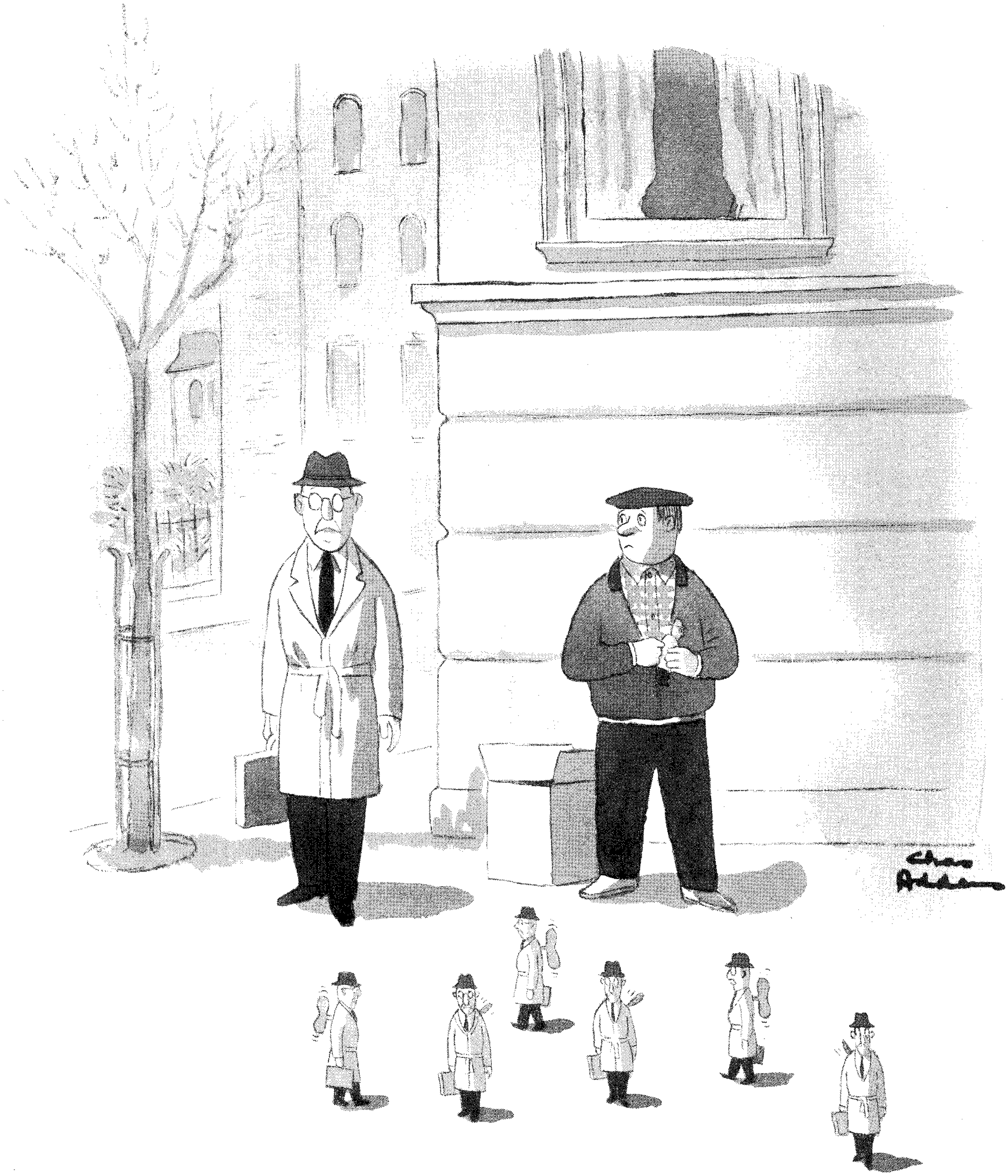
"You sound just like John."

It was Donna. Dylan stood behind her, blinking, with D. H. and Sophia Loren. And Andy Williams. "Hi, Dad," Andy said softly. Doris Day, C. Day-Lewis, Jerry Lewis, Lewis Mumford, Neil Simon, Simone de Beauvoir, Patti Page—everyone was there: the whole Rat Pack, except Bogart. Before Bacall, the wiry little guy had been with Bardot, Garbo, the Gabors, Candy Bergen, Bergman, Clara Bow, Teri Garr, but none of them were quite right. They were too different.

"You're right, Bill." Mark let go of Mamie's hand, and she sank like a wet sponge as the trim critic climbed out of the pool. "We're writers, artists, literary men, not messenger boys," he said, lighting a pipe. "And just look at us. Look at us."

"You look like writers," said Ted Williams, squinting and spitting in that special way of his, that his brother Tennessee had tried to copy until his mouth was dry and torn. "You can't help but look like writers. Because that's what you are. Writers."

"I'm as bad as any of the rest of



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you," said Dylan sadly. Everyone knew his story, how the sweet voice of the poet was swallowed up in the silent, violent world of gray suits and men with blank empty faces and the watercoolers and the flat beige walls and the uncaring woman behind the desk at the dentist's who looks up with that empty vinyl expression and says, "Next." She doesn't know about your pain. How can she?

"Let's walk," said Mark.

Mamie whispered, "Wait. Please."

"No," he replied, and the writers left, marching down the long driveway into the dark, the lovely dark, and across town to the airport and back East to teach in college, all of them, and somehow they knew in their hearts and nobody had to say it that when they left, the women they loved would find new men and Hollywood would forget them and never mention their names again, and they did and it has and it doesn't, and that is the plain goddam truth, I swear to God, you dirty bastards. —GARRISON KEILLOR

OH, WHAT AVAILS

I—DEADEYE DICK

THEY are in the dining room. The varnished floor is bare except for the rug in front of the china cabinet. There is not much furniture—a long table, some chairs, the piano, the china cabinet. On the inside of the windows, all the wooden shutters are closed. These shutters are painted a dull blue, a grayish blue. Some of the paint on them, and on the window frames, has flaked away. Some of it Joan has encouraged to flake away, using her fingernails.

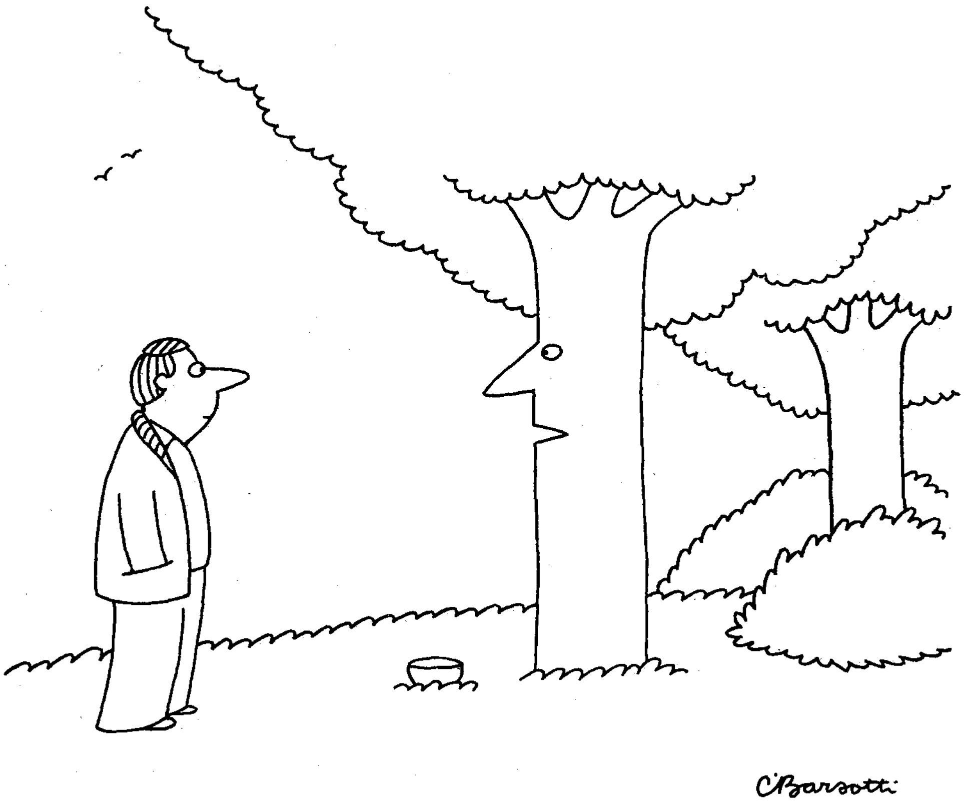
This is a very hot day in Logan. The world beyond the shutters is swimming in white light; the distant trees and hills have turned transparent; the town is floating in the midst of cornfields under the still leaves, and dogs seek the vicinity of pumps and the puddles round the drinking fountains.

Some woman friend of their mother's is there. Is it the schoolteacher, Gussie Toll, or the station agent's wife? Their mother's friends are lively women, often transient—adrift and independent in attitude if not in fact.

On the table, under the fan, the two women have spread out cards and are telling their fortunes. Morris is lying on the floor, writing in a notebook. He is writing down how many copies of *New Liberty* magazine he sold that week, and who has paid and who still owes money. He is a solid-looking twelve-year-old boy, jovial but reserved, wearing glasses with one dark lens.

WHEN Morris was four years old, he was roaming around in the long grass at the foot of the yard, near the creek, and he tripped over a rake that had been left lying there, prongs up. He tripped, he fell on the prongs, his brow and eyelid were badly cut and his eyeball was grazed. As long as Joan can remember—she was a baby when it happened—he has had a scar, and been blind in one eye, and worn glasses with a smoky lens.

A tramp left the rake there. So their mother said. She told the tramp she would give him a sandwich if he raked up the leaves under the walnut trees. She gave him the rake, and the next time she looked he was gone. He got tired of raking, she guessed, or he was mad at her for asking him to work first. She forgot to go and look for the rake. She had no man to help her with anything. Within a little more than half a year, she had to sustain these three things: Joan's birth, the death of her husband in a car accident (he had been drinking, she believed, but he wasn't drunk), and Morris's falling on the rake.


CBarsotti

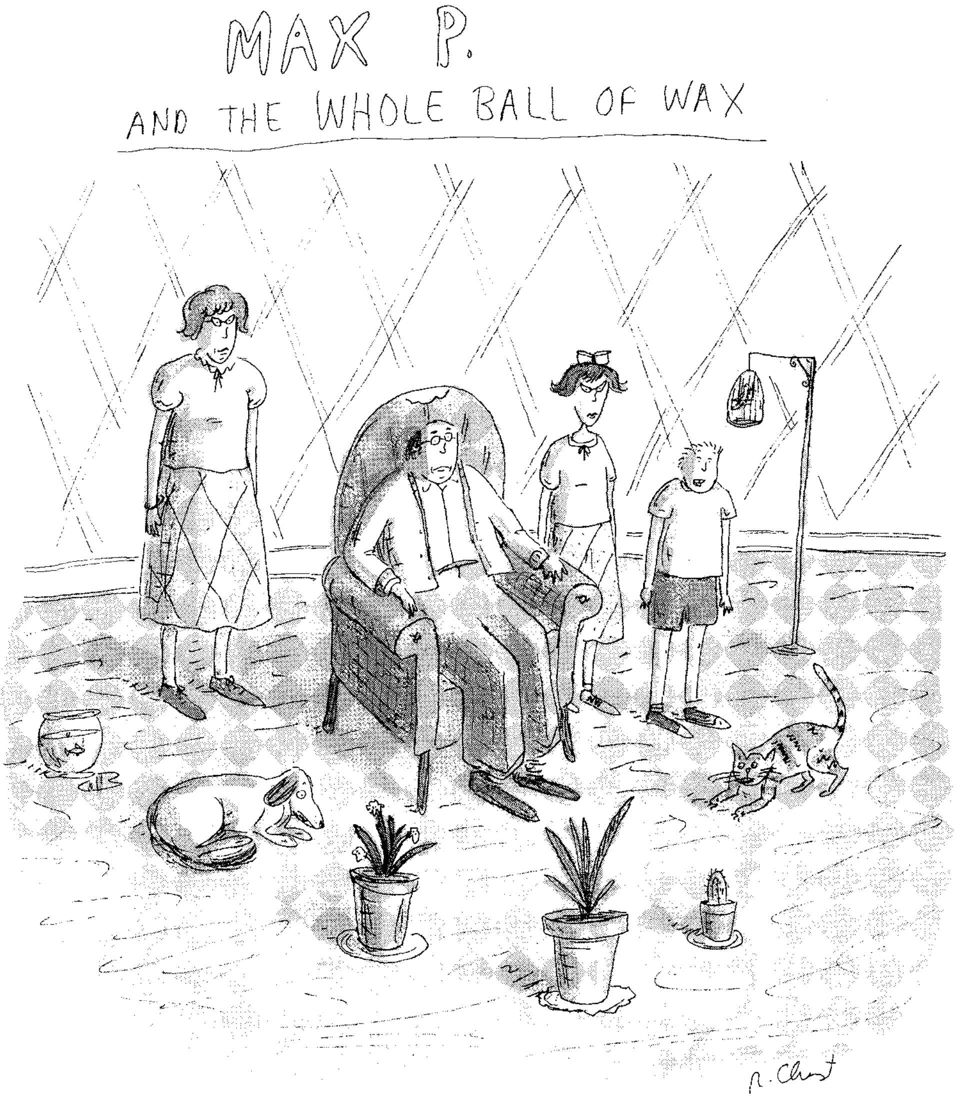
"There's no charge for wandering around in the woods, but a three-dollar contribution is suggested."

She never took Morris to a Toronto doctor, a specialist, to have a better job done fixing up the scar or to get advice about the eye. She had no money. But couldn't she have borrowed some (Joan, once she was grown up, wondered this), couldn't she have gone to the Lions Club and asked them to help her, as they sometimes did help poor people in an emergency? No. No, she couldn't. She did not believe that she and her children were poor in the way that people helped by the Lions Club were poor. They lived in a large house. They were landlords, collecting rent from three small houses across the street. They still owned the lumberyard, though they were sometimes down to one employee. (Their mother liked to call herself Ma Fordyce, after a widow on a radio soap opera, Ma Perkins, who also owned a lumberyard.) They had not the leeway of people who were properly poor.

What is harder for Joan to understand is why Morris himself has never done anything. Morris has plenty of money now. And it wouldn't even be a question of money anymore. Morris pays his premiums on the government health-insurance plan, just the way everybody else does. He has what seem to Joan very right-wing notions about mollycoddling and individual responsibility and the impropriety of most taxes, but he pays. Wouldn't it make sense to him to try to get something back? A neater job on the eyelid? One of those new, realistic artificial eyes, whose magic sensitivity enables them to move in unison with the other, real eye? All that would entail is a trip to a clinic, a bit of inconvenience, some fussing and fiddling.

All it would entail is Morris's admission that he'd like a change. That it isn't shameful to try to turn in the badge misfortune has hung on you.

THEIR mother and her friend are drinking rum-and-Coke. There is a laxity in that house that might surprise most people Joan and Morris go to school with. Their mother


MAX P.
AND THE WHOLE BALL OF WAX

• •

mokes, and drinks rum-and-Coke on hot summer days, and she allows Mor-is to smoke and to drive the car by the ime he's twelve years old. (He doesn't ike rum.) Their mother doesn't men-ion misfortune. She tells about the ramp and the rake, but Morris's eye now might as well be some special decoration. She does give them the dea of being part of something special. Not because their grandfather started he lumberyard—she laughs at that, she says he was just a woodcutter who got lucky, and she herself was nobody, she came to town as a bank clerk—and not because of their large, cold, unmanageable house, but because of something private, enclosed, in their small family. It has to do with the way they joke, and talk about people. They have private names—their mother has made up most of them—for almost everybody in town. And she knows a lot of poetry, from school or somewhere. She will fix a couple of lines on somebody, summing them up in an absurd and unforgettable way. She looks out the window and says a bit of poetry and they know who has gone by. Sometimes she comes out with it as she stirs the porridge they eat now and then for supper as well as for breakfast, because it is cheap.

Morris's jokes are puns. He is dogged and sly-faced about this, and their mother pretends to be driven crazy. Once she told him that if he didn't stop she would empty the sugar bowl over his mashed potatoes. He didn't, and she did.

There is a smell in the Fordyce house, and it comes from the plaster and wallpaper in the rooms that have been shut off, and the dead birds in the unused chimneys, or the mice whose seedlike turds they find in the linen cupboard. The wooden doors in the archway between the dining room and living room are closed, and only the dining room is used. A cheap partition shuts off the side hall from the front hall. They don't buy coal or repair the ailing furnace. They heat the rooms they live in with two stoves, burning ends from the lumberyard. None of this is important, none of their privations and difficulties and economies are important. What is important? Jokes and luck. They are lucky to be the products of a marriage whose happiness lasted for five years and proclaimed itself at parties and dances and on wonderful escapades. Reminders are all around—gramophone records, and fragile, shapeless dresses made of such materials as apricot georgette and emerald silk moiré, and a picnic hamper with a silver flask. Such happiness was not of the quiet kind; it entailed lots of drinking, and dressing up, with friends—mostly from other places, even from Toronto—who had now faded away, many of them, too, smitten by tragedy, the sudden poverty of those years, the complications.

THEY hear the knocker banging on the front door, the way no caller of decent manners would bang it.

"I know, I know who that'll be," says their mother. "It'll be Mrs. Loony Buttler, what do you want to bet?" She slips out of her canvas shoes and slides the archway doors open carefully, without a creak. She tiptoes to the front window of the no longer used living room, from which she can squint through the shutters and see the front veranda. "Oh, shoot," she says. "It is."

Mrs. Buttler lives in one of the three cement-block houses across the road. She is a tenant. She has white hair, but she pushes it up under a turban made of different-colored pieces of velvet. She wears a long black coat. She has a habit of stopping children on the street and asking them things. Are you just getting home from school now—did you have to stay in? Does your mother know you chew gum? Did you throw bottle caps in my yard?

"Oh, shoot," their mother says. "There isn't anybody I'd sooner not see."

Mrs. Buttler isn't a constant visitor. She arrives irregularly, with some long rigmarole of complaint, some urgent awful news. Many lies. Then, for the next several weeks, she passes the house without a glance, with the long quick strides and forward-thrust head that take away all the dignity of her black outfit. She is preoccupied and affronted, muttering to herself.

The knocker sounds again, and their mother walks softly to the doorway into the front hall. There she stops. On one side of the big front door is a pane of colored glass with a design so intricate that it's hard to see through, and on the other, where a pane of colored glass has been broken (one night when we partied a bit too hard, their mother has said), is a sheet of wood. Their mother stands in the doorway barking. *Yap-yap-yap*, she barks, like an angry little dog shut up alone in the house. Mrs. Buttler's turbanned head presses against the glass as she tries to see in. She can't. The little dog barks louder. A frenzy of barking—angry excitement—into which their mother works the words *go away*, *go away*, *go away*. And *loony lady*, *loony lady*, *loony lady*. *Go away*, *loony lady*, *go away*.

Mrs. Buttler on her next visit says, "I never knew you had a dog."

"We don't," their mother says. "We've never had a dog. Often I think I'd like a dog. But we've never had one."

"Well, I came over here one day, and there was nobody home. Nobody came to the door, and, I could swear to it, I heard a dog barking."

"It may be a disturbance in your inner ear, Mrs. Buttler," their mother says next. "You should ask the doctor."

"I think I could turn into a dog quite easily," their mother says later. "I think my name would be Skippy."

THEY got a name for Mrs. Buttler. Mrs. Buncler, Mrs. Buncle, and finally Mrs. Carbuncle. It suited. Without knowing exactly what a carbuncle was, Joan understood how the name fitted, attaching itself memorably to something knobby, deadened, awkward, intractable in their neighbor's face and character.

Mrs. Carbuncle had a daughter, Matilda. No husband, just this daughter. When the Fordyces sat out on the side veranda after supper—their mother smoking and Morris smoking, too, like the man of the house—they might see Matilda going around the corner, on her way to the confectionery that stayed open late, or to get a book out of the library before it closed. She never had a friend with her. Who would bring a friend to a house ruled by Mrs. Carbuncle? But Matilda didn't seem lonely or shy or unhappy. She was beautifully dressed. Mrs. Carbuncle could sew—in fact, that was how she made what money she made, doing tailoring and alterations for Gillespie's Ladies' and Men's Wear. She dressed Matilda in pale colors, often with long white stockings.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy gold hair," their mother says softly, seeing Matilda pass by. "How can she be Mrs. Carbuncle's daughter? You tell me!" She says there is something fishy. She wouldn't be at all surprised—she wouldn't be at *all* surprised—to find out that Matilda is really some

SYCAMORES

As if their height had taught them this startling
shyness, like a boy grown
taller than his mother, the sycamores
have turned not quite a handful of colors.
They make me think of the years I've lived
on false hope, the wrong

questions, sending my children out
each morning like mortal
wishes, smiling, waving.
Then desolate in their absence I lay down whole
days and slept. Once when I drove
to California, a shirt tied by its arms

to a tree became all I couldn't love, or could not,
myself, be loved by.
Before you can let go there is this last
terrible embracing. One winter I loved a boy years younger
than I am. In his arms,
like leaning against the saplings

of my childhood, I used to watch the aging
sun usher into our room
bird shadows, and the softened, twiggy shadows
of the tops of trees, and swarm his thin face
as he went easily inside me, smiling,
since he knew what I watched.

Now when I remember him,
like so many strangers mouthing directions,
over and over, until I've reached
my destination, or, stuck in traffic, hear
some cheap love song so deeply, I'm silenced,
I think our lives hold many futures,

each one as random as intended,
the way two friends of mine met accidentally
in a foreign city, and shared a meal,
and came to love each other. Among the passionate contrasts
of the enduring world,
among the dogwoods and sumacs, scarlet maples,

birches, the sycamores are almost
empty this morning, their white limbs highest
against the blue November sky,
as though they'd been called back, already, through
the sarcophagi's stained wood
and the house on fire and the shipwreck

drifting shoreward and the locked
door, like the trees of the afterlife,
here, along this hillside,
and their numerous, enormous, unflattenable leaves.

—DEBORAH DIGGES

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rich girl's child, or the child of some adulterous passion, whom Mrs. Carbuncle is being paid to raise. Perhaps, on the other hand, Matilda was kidnapped as a baby, and knows nothing about it. "Such things happen," their mother says.

The beauty of Matilda, which prompted this talk, was truly of the captive-princess kind. It was the beauty of storybook illustrations. Long, waving, floating light-brown hair with golden lights in it, which was called blond hair in the days before there were any but the most brazen artificial blonds. Pink-and-white skin, large, mild blue eyes. "The milk of human kindness" was an expression that came mysteriously into Joan's head when she thought of Matilda. And there was something milky about the blue of Matilda's eyes, and her skin, and her looks altogether. Something milky and cool and kind—something stupid, possibly. Don't all those storybook princesses have a tender blur, a veil of stupidity over their blond beauty, an air of unwitting sacrifice, helpless benevolence? All this appeared in Matilda at the age of twelve or thirteen, Morris's age, in Morris's room at school. But she did quite well there, so it seemed she wasn't stupid at all. She was known as a champion speller.

Joan collected every piece of information about Matilda that she could find and became familiar with every outfit that Matilda wore. She schemed to meet her, and because they lived in the same block she often did. Faint with love, Joan noted every variation in Matilda's appearance. Did her hair fall forward over her shoulders today or was it pushed back from her cheeks? Had she put a clear polish on her fingernails? Was she wearing the pale-blue rayon blouse with the tiny edging of lace around the collar, which gave her a soft and whimsical look, or the starched white cotton shirt, which turned her into a dedicated student? Matilda owned a string of glass beads, clear pink, the sight of which, on Matilda's perfect white neck, caused a delicate sweat to break out along the insides of Joan's arms.

At one time Joan invented other names for her. "Matilda" brought to mind dingy curtains, gray tent flaps, a slack-skinned old woman. How about Sharon? Lilliane? Elizabeth? Then, Joan didn't know how, the name Matilda became transformed. It started shining like silver. The "il" in it was silver. But not metallic. In Joan's mind the name gleamed now like a fold of satin.

The matter of greetings was intensely important, and a pulse fluttered in Joan's neck as she waited. Matilda of course must speak first. She might say "Hi," which was lighthearted, comradely, or "Hello," which was gentler and more personal. Once in a while she said "Hello, Joan," which indicated such special notice and teasing regard that it immediately filled Joan's eyes with tears and laid on her a shameful, exquisite burden of happiness.

This love dwindled, of course. Like other trials and excitements, it passed away, and Joan's interest in Matilda Buttler returned to normal. Matilda changed, too. By the time Joan was in high school Matilda was already working. She got a job in a lawyer's office; she was a junior clerk. Now that she was making her own money, and was partway out of her mother's control—only partway, because she still lived at home—she changed her style. It seemed that she wanted to be much less of a princess and much more like everybody else. She got her hair cut short, and wore it in the trim fashion of the time. She started wearing makeup, bright-red lipstick that hardened the shape of her mouth. She dressed the way other girls did—in long, tight slit skirts, and blouses with floppy bows at the neck, and ballerina shoes. She lost her pallor and aloofness. Joan, who was planning to get a scholarship and study art and archeology at the University of Toronto, greeted this Matilda with composure. And the last shred of her worship vanished when Matilda began appearing with a boyfriend.

The boyfriend was a good-looking man about ten years older than Matilda. He had thinning dark hair and a pencil mustache and a rather unfriendly, suspicious, determined expression. He was very tall, and he bent toward Matilda, with his arm around her waist, as they walked along the streets. They walked on the streets so much because Mrs. Carbuncle had taken a huge dislike to him and would not let him inside the house. At first he didn't have a car. Later he did. He was said to be either an airplane pilot or a waiter in a posh restaurant, and it was not known where Matilda had met him. When they walked, his arm was actually below Matilda's waist—his spread fingers rested securely on her hipbone. It seemed to Joan that this bold, settled hand had something to do with his gloomy and challenging expression.

But before this, before Matilda got a job, or cut her hair, something happened that showed Joan—by then long past being in love—an aspect, or effect, of Matilda's beauty that she hadn't suspected. She saw that such beauty marked you—in Logan, anyway—as a limp might, or a speech impediment. It isolated you—more severely, perhaps, than a mild deformity would have done, because it could be seen as a reproach. After she realized that, it wasn't so surprising to Joan, though it was still disappointing, to see that Matilda would do her best to get rid of or camouflage that beauty as soon as she could.

Mrs. Buttler, Mrs. Carbuncle, invading their kitchen as she does every so often, never removes her black coat and her multicolored velvet turban. That is to keep your hopes up, their mother says. Hopes that she's about to leave, that you're going to get free of her in under three hours. Also to cover up whatever god-awful outfit she's got on underneath. Because she's got that coat, and is willing to wear it every day of the year, Mrs. Carbuncle never has to change her dress. A smell issues from her—camphorated, stuffy.

She arrives in mid-spiel, charging ahead in her talk—about something that has happened to her, some person who has outraged her, as if you were certain to know what it was or who. As if her life were on the news and you had just failed to catch the last couple of bulletins. Joan is always eager to listen to the first half hour or so of this report, or tirade, preferably from outside the room, so that she can slip away when things start getting repetitious. If you try to slip away from where Mrs. Carbuncle can see you, she's apt to ask sarcastically where you're off to in such a hurry, or accuse you of not believing her.

Joan is doing that—listening from the dining room, while pretending to practice her piano piece for the public-school Christmas concert. Joan is in her last year at the public grade school, and Matilda is in her last year at high school. (Morris will drop out, after Christmas, to take over the lumberyard.) It's a Saturday morning in mid-December—gray sky and an iron frost. Tonight the high-school Christmas Dance, the only formal dance of the year, is to be held in the town armory.

It's the high-school principal who has got into Mrs. Carbuncle's bad books. This is an unexceptionable man named Archibald Moore, who is routinely called by his students Archie Balls, or Archie Balls More, or Archie More Balls. Mrs. Carbuncle says he isn't fit for his job. She says he can be bought and everybody knows it; you'll never pass out of high school unless you slip him the money.

"But the exams are marked in Toronto," says Joan's mother, as if genuinely puzzled. For a while, she enjoys pushing things along, with mild objections and queries.

"He's in cahoots with them, too," says Mrs. Carbuncle. "Them, too." She goes on to say that if money hadn't changed hands he'd never have got out of high school himself. He's very stupid. An ignoramus. He can't solve the problems on the blackboard or translate the Latin. He has to have a book with the English words all written in on top. Also, a few years ago, he made a girl pregnant.

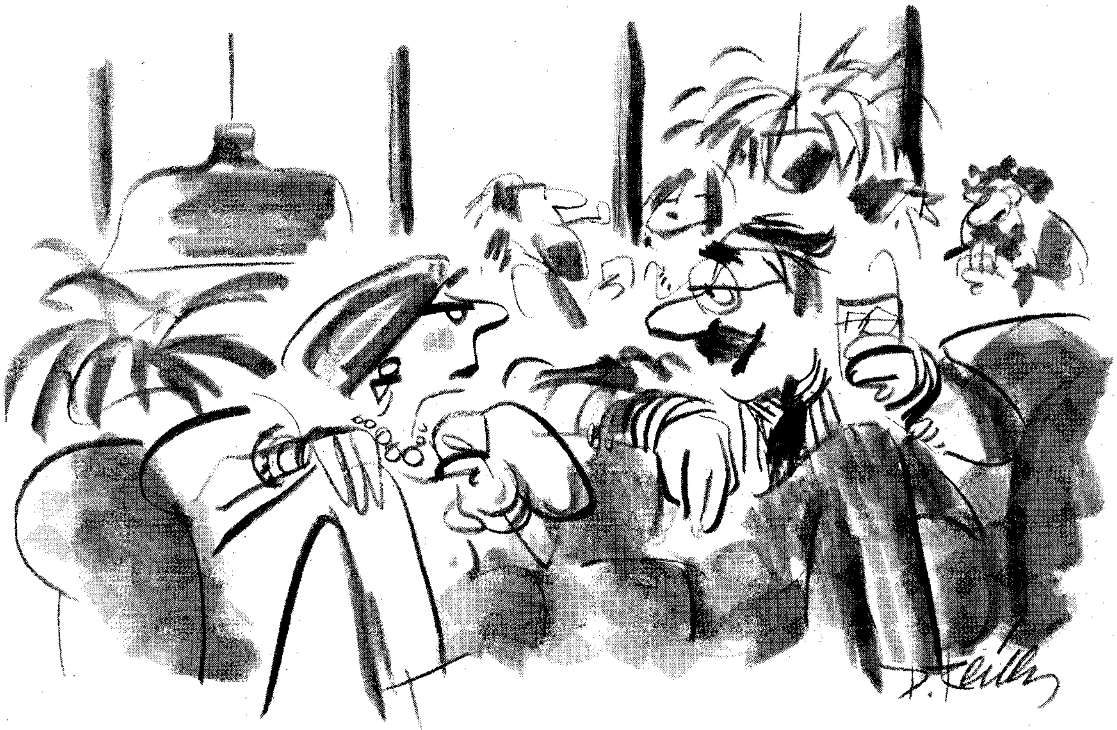
"Oh, I never heard that!" says Joan's mother, utterly genteel.

"It was hushed up. He had to pay."

"Did it take all the profits he made on the examinations?"

"He ought to have been horsewhipped."

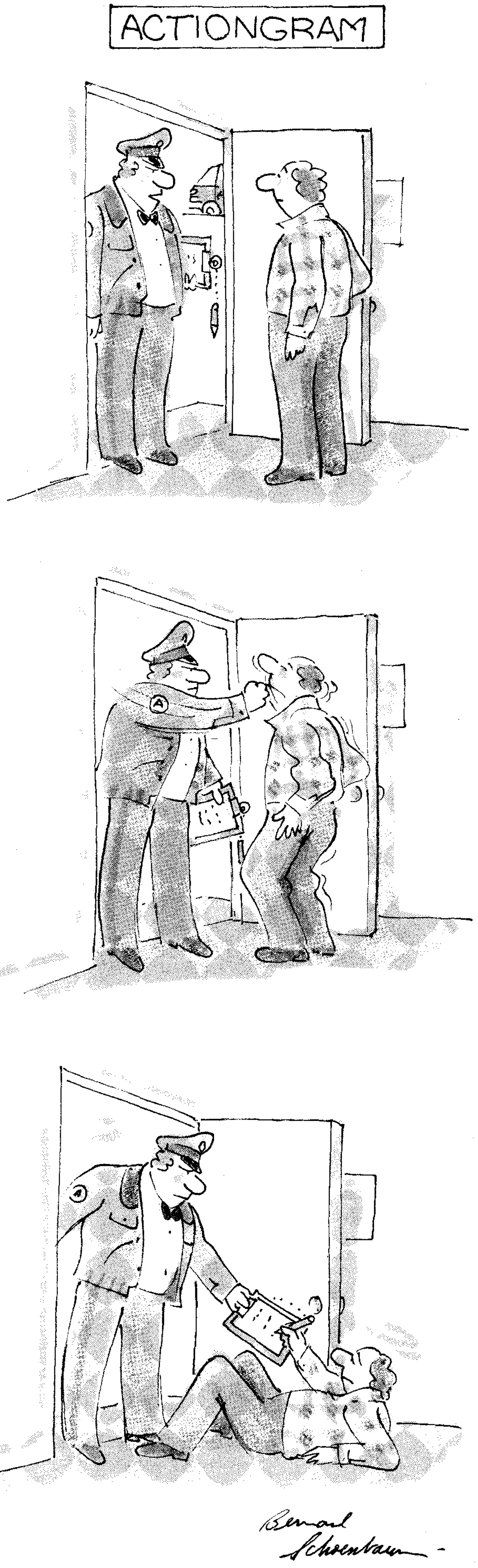
Joan plays the piano softly—"Jesu, Joy of



"I don't read a lot, but I've found that the stuff I like to talk about is the same stuff writers like to write about."

Man's Desiring" is her piece, and very difficult—because she hopes to hear the name of the girl, or perhaps how the baby was disposed of. (One time, Mrs. Carbuncle described the way a certain doctor in town disposed of babies, the products of his own licentious outbursts.) But Mrs. Carbuncle is swinging around to the root of her grievance, and it seems to be something about the dance. Archibald Moore has not managed the dance in the right way. He should make them all draw names for partners to take. Or else he should make them all go without partners. Either one or the other. That way, Matilda could go. Matilda hasn't got a partner—no boy has asked her—and she says she won't go alone. Mrs. Carbuncle says she will. She says she will make her. The reason she will make her is that her dress cost so much. Mrs. Carbuncle enumerates. The cost of the net, the taffeta, the sequins, the boning in the midriff (it's strapless), the twenty-two-inch zipper. She made this dress herself, putting in countless hours of labor, and Matilda wore it once. She wore it last night in the high-school play on the stage in the town hall, and that's all. She says she won't wear it tonight; she won't go to the dance, because nobody has asked her. It is all the fault of Archibald Moore, the cheater, the fornicator, the ignoramus.

Joan and her mother saw Matilda last night. Morris didn't go—he doesn't want to go out with them anymore in the evenings. He would sooner listen to the radio or scribble figures, probably having to do with the lumberyard, in a special notebook. Matilda played the role of a mannequin a young man falls in love with. Their mother told Morris when she came home that he was smart to stay away—it was an infinitely silly play. Matilda did not speak, of course, but she did hold herself still for a long time, showing a lovely profile. The dress was wonderful—a snow cloud with silver sequins glinting on it like frost.



Mrs. Carbuncle has told Matilda that she has to go. Partner or not, she has to go. She has to get dressed in her dress and put on a coat and be out the door by nine o'clock. The door will be locked till eleven, when Mrs. Carbuncle goes to bed.

But Matilda still says she won't go. She says she will just sit in the coal shed at the back of the yard. It isn't a coal shed anymore, it's just a shed. Mrs. Carbuncle can't buy coal any more than the Fordyces can.

"She'll freeze," says Joan's mother, really concerned with the conversation for the first time.

"Serve her right," Mrs. Carbuncle says.

Joan's mother looks at the clock and says she is sorry to be rude but she has just remembered an appointment she has uptown. She has to get a tooth filled, and she has to hurry—she has to ask to be excused.

So Mrs. Carbuncle is turned out—saying that it's the first time she heard of filling teeth on a Saturday—and Joan's mother immediately phones the lumberyard to tell Morris to come home.

Now there is the first argument—the first real argument—that Joan has ever heard between Morris and their mother. Morris keeps saying no. What his mother wants him to do he won't do. He sounds as if there were no convincing him, no ordering him. He sounds not like a boy talking to his mother but like a man talking to a woman. A man who knows better than she does, and is ready for all the tricks she will use to make him give in.

"Well, I think you're very selfish," their mother says. "I think you can't think of anybody but yourself. I am very disappointed in you. How would you like to be that poor girl with her loony mother? Sitting in the *coal shed*? There are things a gentleman will do, you know. Your father would have known what to do."

Morris doesn't answer.

"It's not like proposing marriage or anything. What will it cost you?" their mother says scornfully. "Two dollars each?"

Morris says in a low voice that it isn't that.

"Do I very often ask you to do anything you don't want to do? Do I? I treat you like a grown man. You have all kinds of freedom. Well, now I ask you to do something to show that you really can act like a grownup and deserve your freedom, and what do I hear from you?"

This goes on a while longer, and Morris resists. Joan does not see how their mother is going to win and wonders that she doesn't give up. She doesn't.

"You don't need to try making the excuse that you can't dance, either, because you can, and I taught you myself. You're an elegant dancer!"

Then, of all things, Morris must have agreed, because the next thing Joan hears is their mother saying, "Go and put on a clean sweater." Morris's boots sound heavily on the back stairs, and their mother calls after him, "You'll be glad you did this! You won't regret it!"

She opens the dining-room door and says to Joan, "I don't hear an awful lot of piano-playing in here. Are you so good you can give up practicing already? The last time I heard you play that piece through, it was terrible."

Joan starts again from the beginning. But she doesn't keep it up after Morris comes down the stairs and slams the door, and their mother, in the kitchen, turns on the radio, opens the cupboards, begins putting together something for lunch. Joan gets up from the piano bench and goes quietly across the dining room, through the door into the hall, right up to the front door. She puts her face against the colored glass. You can't see in through this glass, because the hall is dark, but if you get your eye in the right place you can see out. There is more red than any other color, so she chooses a red view—though she has managed every color in her time—blue and gold and green; even if there's just a tiny leaf of it, she has figured a way to squint through.

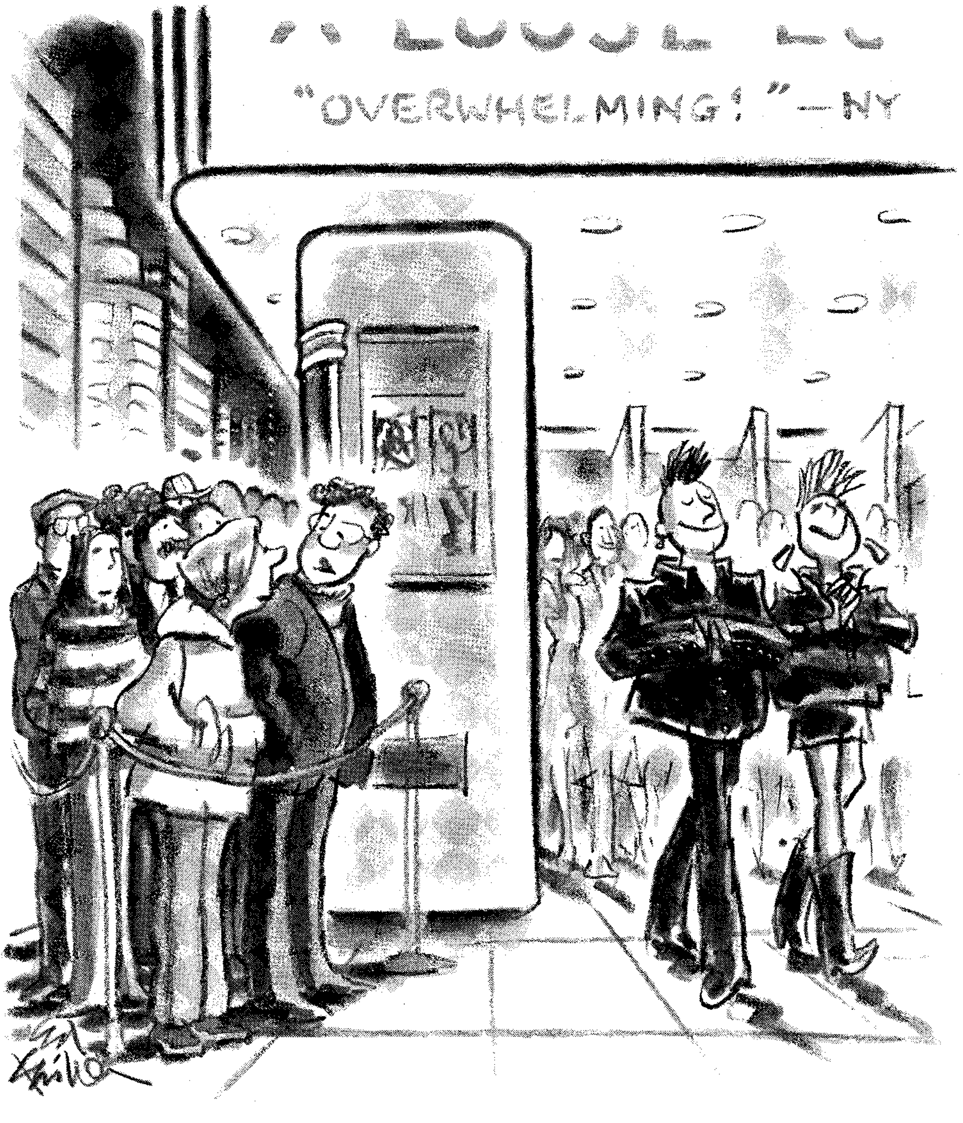
The gray cement-block house across the street is turned to lavender. Morris stands at the door. The door opens, and Joan can't see who has opened it. Is it Matilda or is it Mrs. Carbuncle? The stiff, bare trees and the lilac bush by the door of that house are a dark red, like blood. Morris's good yellow sweater is a blob of golden red, a stoplight, at the door.

Far back in the house, Joan's mother is singing along with the radio. She doesn't know of any danger. Between the front door, the scene outside, and their mother singing in the kitchen, Joan feels the dimness, the chilliness, the frailty and impermanence of these high half-bare rooms—of their house. It is just a place to be judged like other places—it's nothing special. It is no protection. She feels this because it occurs to her that their mother may be mistaken. In this instance—and further, as far as her faith and suppositions reach—she may be mistaken.

It is Mrs. Carbuncle. Morris has turned away and is coming down the walk and she is coming after him. Morris walks down the two steps to the sidewalk, he walks across the street very quickly without looking around. He doesn't run, he keeps his hands in his pockets, and his pink, blood-eyed face smiles to show that nothing that is happening has taken him by surprise. Mrs. Carbuncle is wearing her loose and tattery seldom-seen housedress, her pink hair is wild as a banshee's; at the top of her steps she halts and shrieks after him, so that Joan can hear her through the door, "We're not so bad off we need some Deadeye Dick to take my daughter to a dance!"

II—FRAZIL ICE

MORRIS looks to Joan like the caretaker when she sees him out in front of the apartment building, cutting the grass. He is wearing dull-green work pants and a plaid shirt, and, of course, his glasses, with the dark lens. He looks like a man who is competent, even authoritative, but responsible to someone else. Seeing him with a gang of his own



"Uh-oh! They seem to have loved it!"

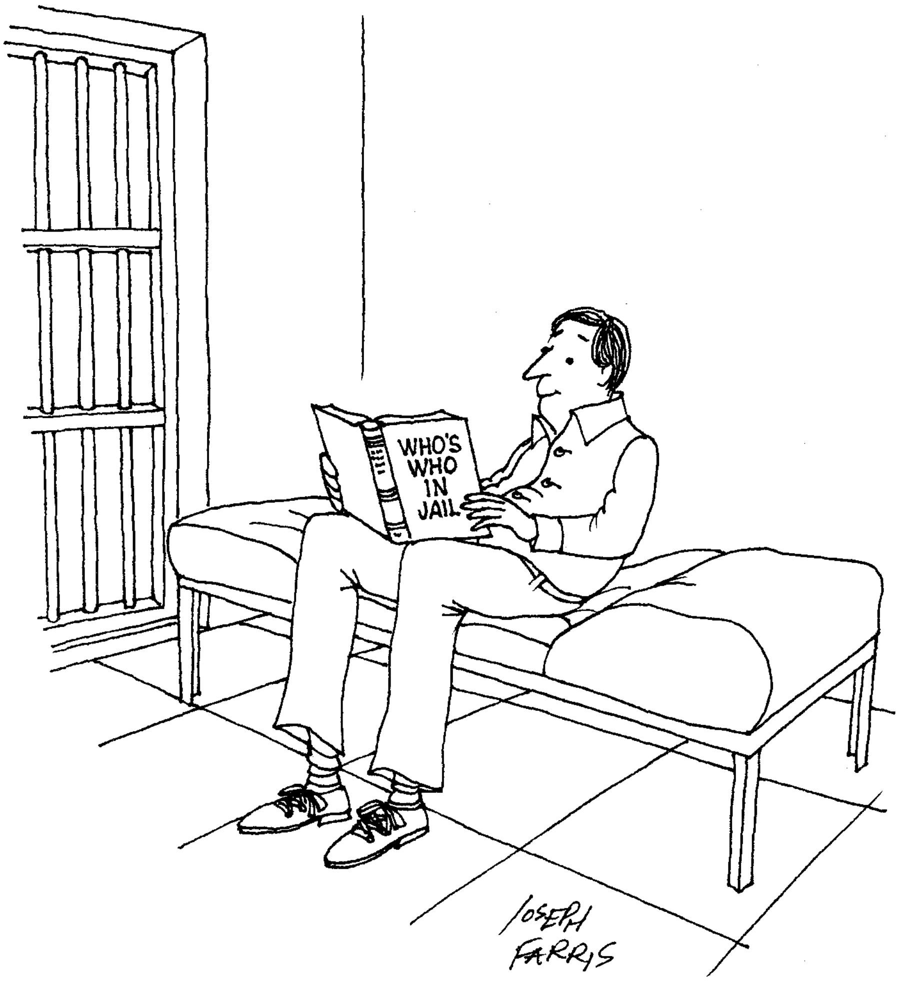
workmen, at a construction site, you'd probably take him for the foreman—a sharp-eyed, fair-minded foreman with a solid but limited ambition. Not the boss. Not the owner of the apartment building. He is round-faced and partly bald, with a recent tan and new freckles showing on the front of his scalp. Sturdy but getting round-shouldered, or is that just the way he looks when pushing the mower? Is there a look bachelors get, bachelor sons—bachelor sons who have cared for old parents, particularly mothers? A closed-in, patient look that verges on humility? She thinks that it's almost as if she were coming to visit an uncle.

This is 1972, and Joan herself looks younger than she did ten years ago. She wears her dark hair long, tucked back behind her ears; she makes up her eyes but not her mouth; she dresses in voluminous soft, bright cottons or brisk little tunics that cover only a couple of inches of her thighs. She can get away with this—she hopes she can get away with it—because she is a tall, slim-waisted woman with long, well-shaped legs.

Their mother is dead. Morris has sold the house and bought an apartment building. His own apartment is there. The people who bought the house are making it into a nursing home. Joan has told her husband that she wants to go home—that is, back to Logan—to help Morris get settled, but she knows, in fact, that he will be settled; with his grasp of things Morris always seemed settled. All he needs Joan to help him with is the sorting out of some boxes and a trunk, full of clothes, books, dishes, pictures, curtains, that he doesn't want or doesn't have space for and has stored temporarily in the basement of his building.

Joan has been married for years. Her husband is a journalist. They live in Ottawa. People know his name—they even know what he looks like, or what he looked like five years ago, from his picture at the top of a back-page column in a magazine. Joan is used to being identified as his wife, here and elsewhere. But in Logan this identification carries a special pride. Most people here do not care for the journalist's wit, which they think cynical, or for his opinions, but they are pleased that a girl from this town has got herself attached to a famous, or semi-famous, person.

Joan has a daughter and a son, thirteen and ten years old.



She has told her husband that she will be staying here for a week. It's Sunday evening when she arrives, a Sunday late in May, with Morris cutting the first grass of the year. She plans to leave on Friday, spending Saturday and Sunday in Toronto. If her husband should find out that she has not spent the entire week with Morris, she has a story ready—about having decided, when Morris no longer needed her, to visit a woman friend she has known since college. Perhaps she should tell that story anyway—it would be safer. She worries about whether she should take the friend into her confidence.

It is the first time she has ever managed anything of this sort.

The apartment building runs deep into the lot, its windows looking out on parking space or on the Baptist church. A driving shed once stood here, for the farmers to leave their horses in during the church service. It's a red brick building. No balconies. Plain, plain.

Joan hugs Morris. She smells cigarettes, gasoline, soft, worn, sweaty shirt, along with the fresh-cut grass. "Oh, Morris, you know what you should do?" she shouts over the sound of the lawnmower. "You should get an eyepatch. Then you'd look just like Moshe Dayan!"

EVERY morning Joan walks to the post office. She is waiting for a letter from a man in Toronto, whose name is John Brolier. She wrote to him and told him Morris's name, the name of Logan, the number of Morris's post-office box. Logan has grown, but it is still too small to have home delivery.

On Monday morning she hardly hopes for a letter. On Tuesday she does hope for one. On Wednesday she feels she should have every reasonable expectation. Each day she is disappointed. Each day a suspicion that she has made a fool of herself—a feeling of being isolated and unwanted—rises closer to the surface. She has taken a man at his word when he didn't mean it. He has thought again.

The post office she goes to is a new, low pinkish brick building. The old one, which used to make her think of a castle, has been torn down. The look of the town has greatly changed. Not many houses have been pulled down, but most have been improved. Aluminum siding, sandblasted brick, bright roofs, wide double-glazed windows, verandas demolished or enclosed as porches. And the wide, wild yards have disappeared—they were really double lots—and the extra lots have been sold and built on. New houses crowd in between the old houses. These are all suburban in style, long and low, or split-level. The yards are tidy and properly planned, with nests of ornamental shrubs, round and crescent-shaped flower beds. The old habit of growing flowers like vegetables, in a row beside the beans or potatoes, seems to have been forgotten. Many of the great shade trees have been cut down. They were probably getting old and dangerous. The shabby houses, the long grass, the cracked sidewalks, the deep shade, the unpaved streets full of dust or puddles—all of this which Joan remembers is not to be found. The town seems crowded, diminished, with so many spruced-up properties, so much deliberate arrangement. The town of her childhood—that dim, haphazard, dreamy Logan—was just Logan going through a phase. Its leaning board fences and sun-blistered walls and flowering weeds were no permanent expression of what the town could be. And people like Mrs. Buttler—costumed, obsessed—seemed to be bound to that old town and not to be possible anymore.

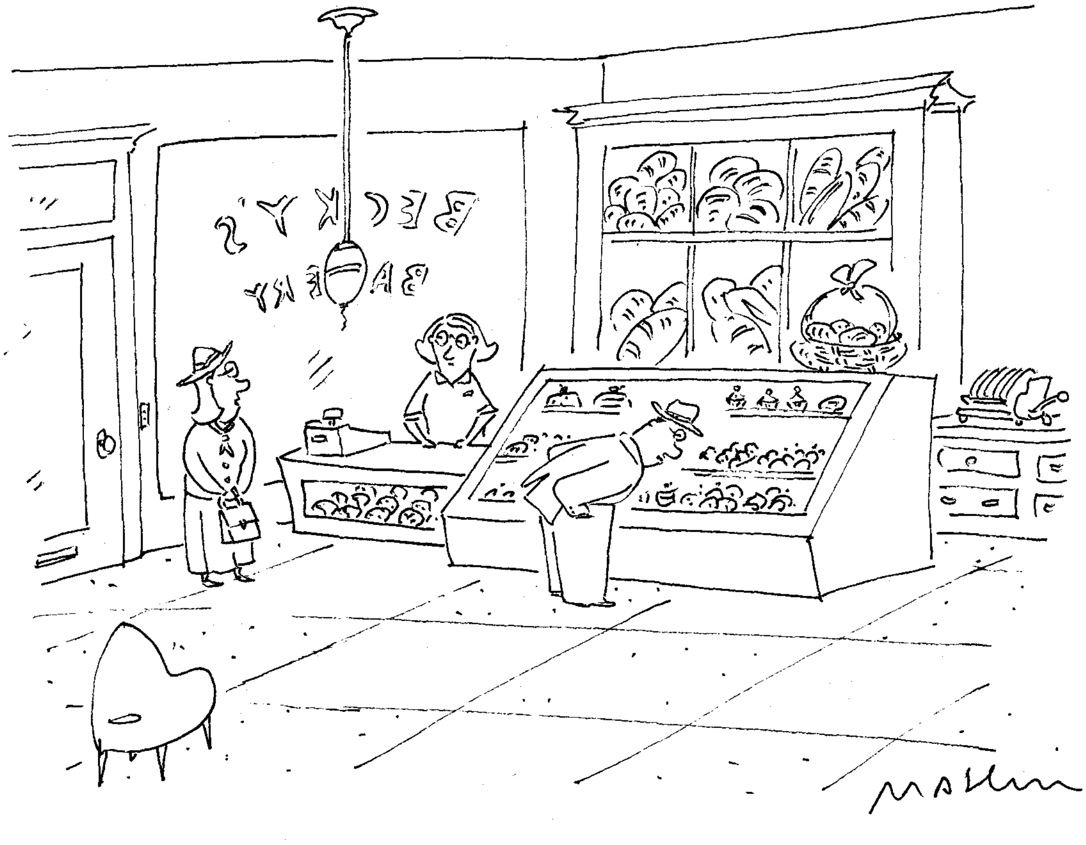
MORRIS'S apartment has one bedroom, which he has given to Joan. He sleeps on the living-room sofa. A two-bedroom apartment would surely have been more convenient for the times when he has visitors. But he probably doesn't intend to have visitors, very many of them, or very often. And he wouldn't want to lose out on the rent from the larger apartment. He must have considered taking one of the bachelor apartments in the basement, so that he'd be getting the rent from the one-bedroom place as well, but he must have decided that that would be going too far. It would look mingy, it would call attention. It would be a kind of self-indulgence better avoided.

The furniture in the apartment comes from the house, where Morris lived with their mother, but not much of it dates from the days when Joan lived at home. Anything that looked like an antique has been sold, and replaced with fairly durable, fairly comfortable furniture that Morris has been able to buy in *quantity*. (He rents ou some furnished apartments in thi building, and also some over stores on the main street.) Joan sees some thing she sent as birthday presents, Christmas presents. They don't fit in quite as well, or liven things up as much, as she had hoped they would.

A print of St. Giles Church recalls the year she and her husband spen in Britain—her own embarrassing postgraduate homesickness and transatlantic affection. And here on the glass tray on top of the coffee table, politely and prominently displayed, is a book she sent to Morris. It's a history of machinery. There are sketches of machines in it, and plans of machines, from the days before photography, from Greek and Egyptian times. Then photographs from the nineteenth century to the present day —road machines, farm machines, factory machines, sometimes shot from a distance, sometimes on the horizon, sometimes seen from close up and low down. Some photographs stress the workings of the machines, both minute and prodigious; others strive to make machines look as splendid as castles or as thrilling as monsters. "What a wonderful book for my brother!" Joan remembers saying to the friend who was with her in the bookstore. "My brother is crazy about machinery." *Crazy about machinery*—that was what she said.

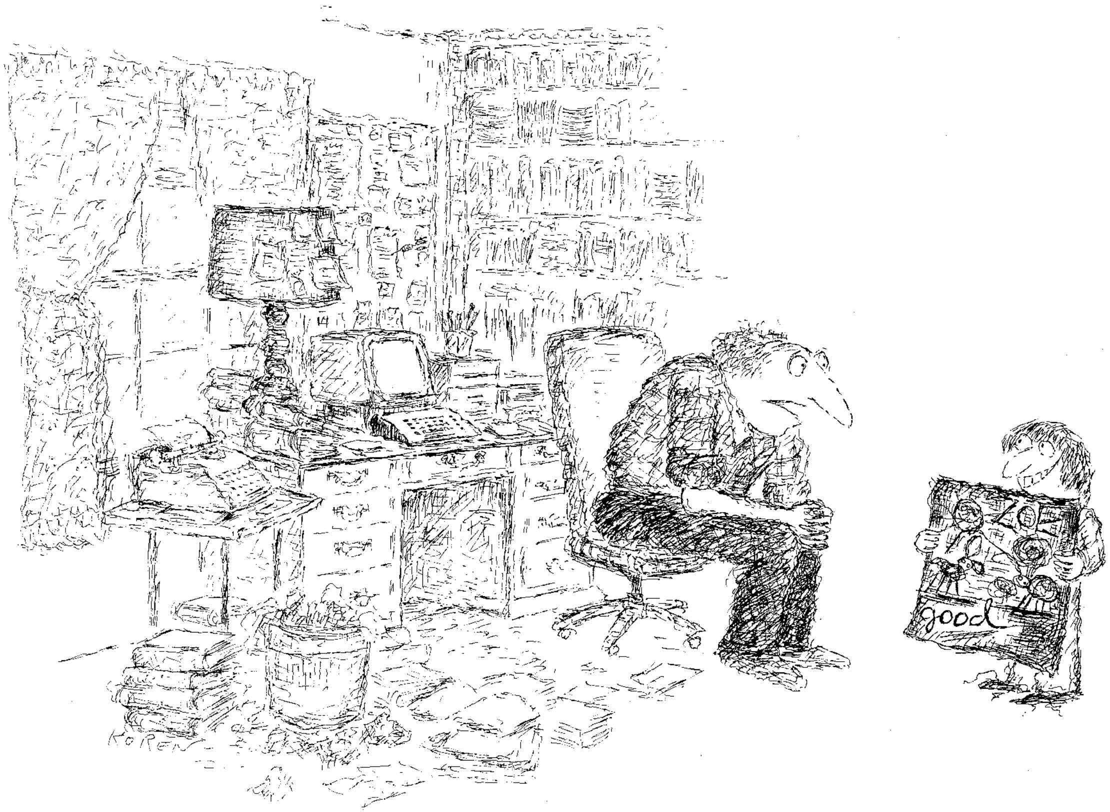
Now she wonders what Morris really thought of this book. Would he like it at all? He wouldn't actually dislike it. He might be puzzled by it, he might discount it. For it wasn't true that he was crazy about machinery. He used machinery—that was what machinery was for.

Morris takes her on drives in the long spring evenings. He takes her around town and out into the countryside, where she can see what enormous fields, what vistas of corn or beans or wheat or clover, those machines have enabled the farmers to create, what vast and parklike lawns the power mowers have brought into being. Clumps of lilacs bloom over the cellars of



"If the past is any indication of the future, he'll have a cruller."

abandoned farmhouses. Farms have been consolidated, Morris tells her. He knows the value. Not just houses and buildings but fields and trees, woodlots and hills appear in his mind with a cash value and a history of cash value attached to them, just as every person he mentions is defined as someone who has got ahead or has not got ahead. Such a way of looking at things is not at all in favor at this time—it is thought to be unimaginative and old-fashioned and callous and destructive. Morris is not aware of this, and his talk of money rambles on with a calm enjoyment. He throws in a pun here and there. He chuckles as he tells of certain chancy transactions or extravagant debacles.



" 'Good' is not good enough."

• •

While Joan listens to Morris, and talks a little, her thoughts drift on a familiar, irresistible underground stream. She thinks about John Brolier. He is a geologist, who once worked for an oil company, and now teaches (science and drama) at what is called an alternate school. He used to be a person who was getting ahead, and now he is not getting ahead. Joan met him at a dinner party in Ottawa a couple of months ago. He was visiting friends who were also friends of hers. He was not accompanied by his wife, but he had brought two of his children. He told Joan that if she got up early enough the next morning he would take her to see something called frazil ice on the Ottawa River.

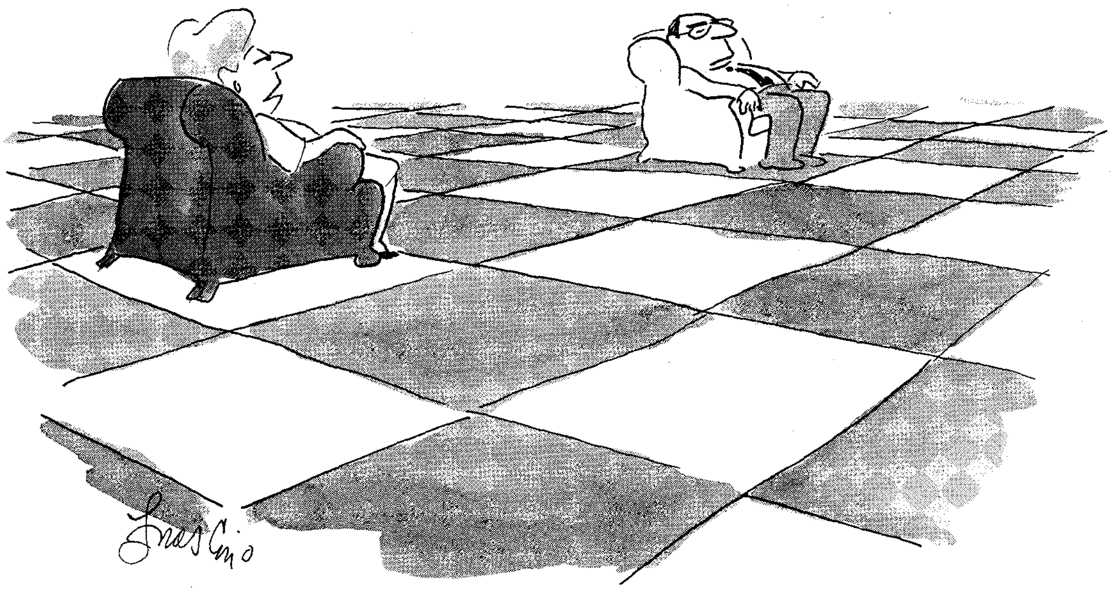
She thinks of his face and his voice and wonders what could compel her at this time to want this man. It does not seem to have much to do with her marriage. Her marriage seems to her commodious enough—she and her husband have twined together, developing a language, a history, a way of looking at things. They talk all the time. But they leave each other alone, too. The miseries and nastiness that surfaced during the early years have eased or diminished.

What she wants from John Brolier appears to be something that a person not heard from in her marriage, and perhaps not previously heard from in her life, might want. What is it about him? She doesn't think that he is particularly intelligent and she isn't sure that he is trustworthy. (Her husband is both intelligent and trustworthy.) He is not as good-looking as her husband, not as "attractive" a man. Yet he attracts Joan, and she already has a suspicion that he has attracted other women. Because of his intensity, a kind of severity, a deep seriousness—all focussed on sex. His interest won't be too quickly satisfied, too lightly turned aside. She feels this, feels the promise of it, though so far she is not sure of anything.

Her husband was included in the invitation to look at the frazil ice. But it was only Joan who got up and drove to the riverbank. There she met John Brolier and his two children and his hosts' two children in the freezing, pink, snowbound winter dawn. And he really did tell her about frazil ice, about how it forms over the rapids without ever quite getting a chance to freeze solid, and how when it is swept over a deep spot it mounds up immediately, magnificently. He said that this was how they had discovered where the deep holes were in the riverbed. And he said, "Look, if you can ever get away—if it's possible—will you let me know? I really want to see you. You know I do. I want to, very much."

He gave her a piece of paper that he must have had ready. A box number written on it, of a postal station in Toronto. He didn't even touch her fingers. His children were capering around, trying to get his attention. When can we go skating? Can we go to the warplanes museum? Can we go and see the Lancaster Bomber? (Joan saved this up to tell her husband, who would enjoy it, in view of John Brolier's pacifism.)

She did tell her husband, and he teased her. "I think that jerk with the monk's haircut has taken a shine to you," he said. How could her husband believe that she could fall in love with a man who wore a fringe of thinning hair combed down over his forehead, who had rather narrow shoulders and a gap between his front teeth, five children from two wives, an inadequate income, an excitable and pedantic way of talking, and a pro-



"Your move, Wendel."

claimed interest in the writings of Alan Watts? (Even when the time came when he had to believe it, he couldn't.)

When she wrote, she mentioned lunch, a drink, or coffee. She did not tell him how much time she had left open. Perhaps that was all that would happen, she thinks. She would go to see her woman friend after all. She has put herself, though cautiously, at this man's disposal. Walking to the post office, checking her looks in shop-windows, she feels herself loosed, in jeopardy. She has done this, she hardly knows why. She only knows that she cannot go back to the life she was living or to the person she was before she went out that Sunday morning to the river. Her life of shopping and housekeeping and married lovemaking and part-time work in the art-gallery bookstore, and dinner parties and holidays and ski outings at Camp Fortune —she cannot accept that as her only life, she cannot continue it without her sustaining secret. She believes that she does mean to continue it, and in order to continue it she must have this other. This other what? This investigation —to herself she still thinks of it as an investigation.

Put like that, what she was up to might sound coldhearted indeed. But how can a person be called coldhearted who walks to the post office every morning in such a fainthearted condition, who trembles and holds her breath as she turns the key in the lock, and walks back to Morris's apartment feeling so drained, bewildered, deserted? Unless this, too, is part of what she is investigating?

Of course she has to stop and talk to people about her son and daughter and her husband and her life in Ottawa. She has to recognize high-school friends and recall her childhood, and all this seems tedious and irritating to her. The houses themselves, as she walks past—their tidy yards and bright poppies and peonies in bloom—seem tedious to the point of being disgusting. The voices of people who talk to her strike her as harsh and stupid and self-satisfied. She feels as if she had been shunted off to some corner of the world where the real life and thoughts, the uproar and energy of the last few years have not penetrated at all. They have not very effectively penetrated Ottawa, either, but there, at least, people have heard rumors, they have tried imitations, they have got wind of what might be called profound, as well as trivial, changes of fashion. (Joan and her husband, in fact, make fun of some of these people —those who showily take up trends, go to encounter groups and holistic healers, and give up drink for dope.) Here even the trivial changes have hardly been heard of. Back in Ottawa next week, and feeling especially benevolent toward her husband, eager to fill up their time together with chat, Joan will say, "I'd have given thanks if somebody had even handed me an alfalfa-sprout sandwich. Really. It was that bad."

• •

"No, I haven't room" is what Joan keeps saying as she and Morris go through the boxes. There are things here she would have thought she'd want, but she doesn't. "No. I can't think where I'd put it." No, she says, to their mother's dance dresses, the fragile silk and cobwebby georgette. They'd fall apart the first time anybody put them on, and Claire, her daughter, will never be interested in that kind of thing—she wants to be a horse trainer. No to the five wineglasses that didn't get broken, and no to the leatherette-bound copies of Lever and Lover, George Borrow, A. S. M. Hutchinson. "I have too much stuff now," she says sadly as Morris adds all this to the pile to go to the auction rooms. He shakes out the little rug that used to lie on the floor in front of the china cabinet, out of the sun, and that they were not supposed to walk on, because it was valuable.

"I saw one exactly like that a couple of months ago," she says. "It was in a secondhand store, not even an antique store. I was in there looking for old comics and posters for Rob's birthday. I saw one just the same. At first I didn't even know where I'd seen it before. Then I felt quite shocked. As if there were only supposed to be one of them in the world."

"How much did they want for it?" says Morris.

"I don't know. It was in better condition."

She doesn't understand yet that she doesn't want to take anything back to Ottawa because she herself won't be staying in the house there for much longer. The time of accumulation, of acquiring and arranging, of padding up the corners of her life, has come to an end. (It will return years later, and she will wish she had saved at least the wineglasses.) In Ottawa, in September, her husband will ask her if she still wants to buy wicker furniture for the sunroom, and if she would like to go to the wicker store, where they're having a sale on summer stock. A thrill of distaste will go through her then—at the very

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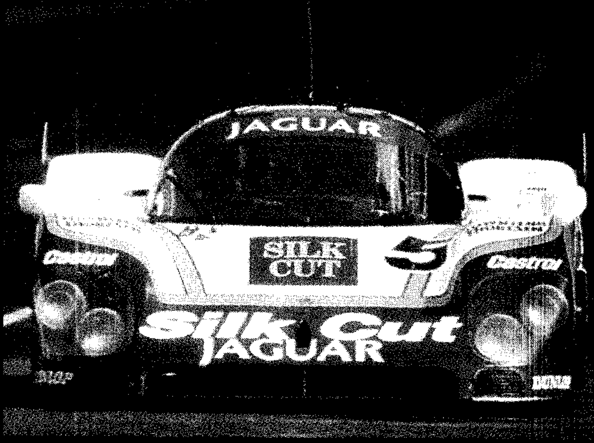

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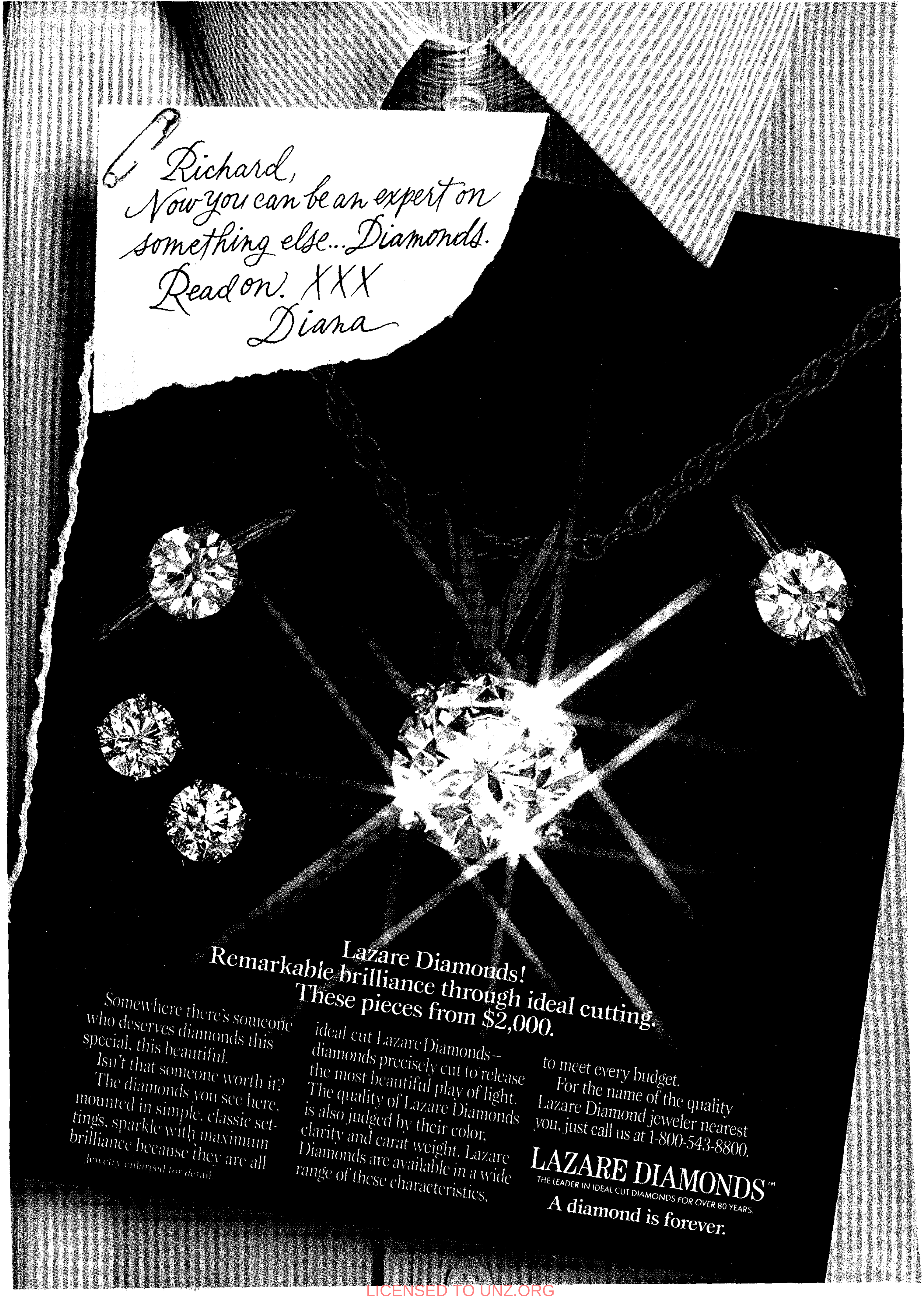

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hought of looking for chairs and ta-les, paying for them, arranging them n the room—and she will finally know what is the matter.

On Friday morning, there is a letter n the box with Joan's name typed on t. She doesn't look at the postmark; she tears the envelope open gratefully, runs her eyes over it greedily, reads without understanding. It seems to be a chain letter. A parody of a chain letter, a joke. If she breaks the chain, it says, DIRE CALAMITY will befall her. Her fingernails will rot and her teeth will grow moss. Warts as big as cauliflowers will sprout on her chin, and her friends will avoid her. What can this be, thinks Joan. A code in which John Brolier has seen fit to write to her? Then it occurs to her to look at the postmark, and she does, and she sees that the letter comes from Ottawa. It comes from her son, obviously. Rob loves this sort of joke. His father would have typed the envelope for him.

She thinks of her child's delight when he sealed up the envelope and her own state of mind when she tore it open.

Treachery and confusion.

Late that afternoon, she and Morris open the trunk, which they have left till the last. She takes out a suit of evening clothes—a man's evening clothes, still in a plastic sheath, as if they had not been worn since being cleaned. "This must be Father's," she says. "Look, Father's old evening clothes."

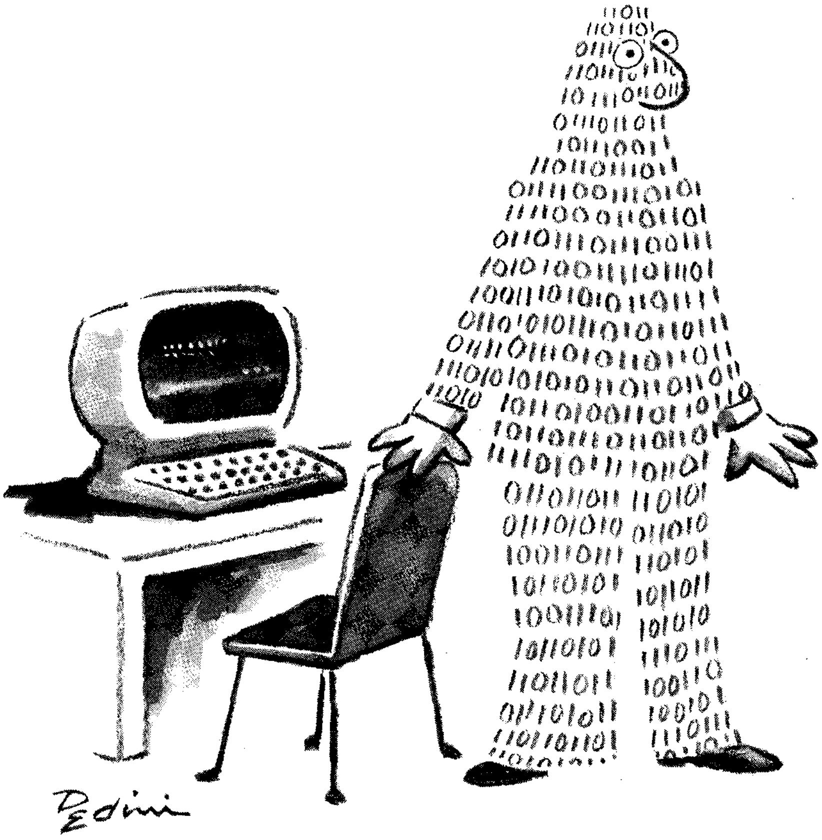
"No, that's mine," says Morris. He takes the suit from her, shakes down the plastic, stands holding it out in front of him over both arms. "That's my old soup-and-fish—it ought to be hanging up in the closet."

"What did you get it for?" Joan says. "A wedding?" Some of Morris's workmen lead lives much more showy and ceremonious than his, and they invite him to elaborate weddings.

"That, and some things I have to go to with Matilda," Morris says. "Dinner dances, big dress-up kinds of things."

"With Matilda?" says Joan. "Matilda *Buttler?*"

"That's right. She doesn't use her married name." Morris seems to be answering a slightly different question, not the one Joan meant to ask. "Strictly speaking, I guess she doesn't have a married name."



Joan hears again the story she just now remembers having heard before—or read before, in their mother's overlong, lively letters. Matilda Buttler ran off to marry her boyfriend. The expression "ran off" is their mother's, and Morris seems to use it with unconscious emphasis, a son's respect—it's as if the only way he can properly talk about this, or have the right to talk about it, were in his mother's language. Matilda ran off and married that man with the mustache, and it turned out that her mother's suspicions, her extravagant accusations had for once some grounds. The boyfriend turned out to be a bigamist. He had a wife in England, which was where he came from. After he had been with Matilda three or four years—fortunately, there were no children—the other wife, the real wife, tracked him down. The marriage to Matilda was annulled; Matilda came back to Logan, came back to live with her mother, and got a job in the courthouse.

"How could she?" says Joan. "Of all the stupid things to do."

"Well. She was young," says Morris, with a trace of stubbornness or discomfort in his voice.

"I don't mean *that.* I mean coming back."

"Well, she had her mother," Morris says, apparently without irony. "I guess she didn't have anybody else."

Looming above Joan, with his dark-lensed eye, and the suit laid like a body over his arms, he looks gloomy and troubled. His face and neck are unevenly flushed, mottled. His chin trembles slightly and he bites down on his lower lip. Does he know how his looks give him away? When he starts to talk again, it's in a reasonable, explanatory tone. He says that he guesses it didn't much matter to Matilda where she lived. In a way, according to her, her life was over. And that was where he, Morris, came into the picture. Because every once in a while Matilda had to go to functions. Political banquets. Retirement banquets. Functions. It was a part of her job, and it would be awkward if she didn't go. But it was also awkward for her to go alone—she needed an escort. And she couldn't go with a man who might get ideas, not understanding how things stood. Not understanding that Matilda's life, or that certain part of Matilda's life, was over. She needed somebody who understood the whole business and didn't

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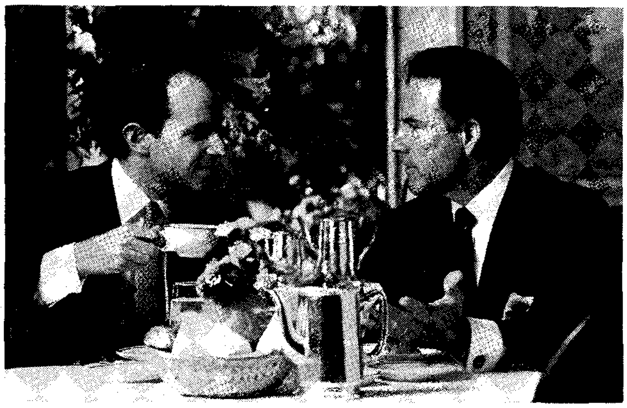

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need explanations. "Which is me," says Morris.

"Why does she think that way?" says Joan. "She's not so old. I bet she' still good-looking. It wasn't her faul Is she still in love with him?"

"I don't think it's my place to as her any questions."

"Oh, Morris!" Joan says, in a fon dismissive voice that surprises her, i sounds so much like her mother's. " bet she is. In love with him still."

Morris goes off to hang his evenin clothes in a closet in the apartment where they can wait for his next summons to be Matilda's escort.

In bed that night, lying awake looking out at the street light shinin through the fresh leaves on the square squat tower of the Baptist church Joan has something to think abou besides her own plight. (She thinks o that, too, of course.) She thinks o Morris and Matilda dancing. She see them in Holiday Inn ballrooms, on golf-club dance floors, wherever it i that the functions are held. In thei unfashionable formal clothes, Matilda's hair in a perfect sprayed bouffant, Morris's face glistening with the sweat of courteous effort. But it probably isn't an effort; they probably dance very well together. They are so terribly, perfectly balanced, each with stubbornly preserved, and wholeheartedly accepted, flaws. Flaws they could quite easily disregard or repair. But they would never do that. Morris in love with Matilda—in that stern, unfulfilled, lifelong way—and she in love with her bigamist, stubbornly obsessed with her own mistake and disgrace. They dance in Joan's mind's eye—sedate, absurd, romantic. Who but Morris after all, with his head full of mortgages and contracts, could turn out to be such a romantic?

She envies him. She envies them.

She has been in the habit of putting herself to sleep with a memory of John Brolier's voice—his hasty, lowered, private voice when he said "I want to, very much." Or she pictured his face; it was a medieval face, she thought—long and pale and bony, with the smile she dismissed as tactical, the sober, glowing, not dismissible dark eyes. Her imagining won't work tonight; it won't open the gates for her, into foggy, tender, familiar territory. She isn't able to place herself anywhere but here, on the hard single bed in Morris's apartment—in her real and apparent life. And nothing that works for Morris and Matilda is going to work for her. Not self-denial, the ex-

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"Morton's on the cutting edge of pooped."

altation of balked desires, no kind of high-flown helplessness. She is not to be so satisfied.

She knows that, and she knows what she will have to do. She casts her mind ahead—inadmissibly, tentatively, shamefully, she casts her mind ahead, fumbling for the shape of the next lover.

THAT won't be necessary.

What Joan has forgotten altogether is that mail comes to small-town post offices on Saturday. Saturday isn't a mail-less day here. Morris has gone to see what's in his box; he hands her the letter. The letter sets up a time and place. It is very brief, and signed only with John Brolier's initials. This is wise, of course. Such brevity, such caution, is not altogether pleasing to Joan, but in her relief, her transformation, she doesn't dwell on it.

She tells Morris the story she meant to tell him had the letter come earlier. She has been summoned by her college friend, who got word that she was here. While she washes her hair and packs her things, Morris takes her car to the cut-rate gas bar north of town and fills up the tank.

Waving goodbye to Morris, she doesn't see any suspicion on his face. But perhaps a little disappointment. He has two days less to be with someone now, two days more to be alone. He wouldn't admit to such a feeling. Maybe she imagines it. She imagines it because she has a feeling that she's waving to her husband and her children as well, to everybody who knows her, except the man she's going to meet. All so easily, flawlessly deceived. And she feels compunction, certainly. She is smitten by their innocence; she recognizes an irreparable tear in her life. This is genuine—her grief and guilt at this moment are genuine, and they'll never altogether vanish. But they won't get in her way, either. She is more than glad; she feels that she is right to be going.

III—ROSE MATILDA

RUTH ANN LEATHERBY is going with Joan and Morris to the cemetery. Joan is a little surprised about this, but Morris and Ruth Ann seem to take it for granted. Ruth Ann is Morris's bookkeeper. Joan has known of her for years, and may even have met her before. Ruth Ann is the sort of pleasant-looking, middle-sized, middle-aged woman whose looks you don't remember. She lives now in one of the bachelor apartments in the basement of Morris's building. She is married, but her husband hasn't been around for a long time. She is a Catholic, so has not thought about getting a divorce. There is some tragedy in her background—a house fire, a child?—but it has been thoroughly absorbed and is not mentioned. Ruth Ann seems to be a woman who can absorb things and keep track of things at the same time.

It is Ruth Ann who got the hyacinth bulbs to plant on their parents' graves. She had heard Morris say it would be nice to have something growing there, and when she saw the bulbs on sale at the supermarket she bought some. A wife-woman, thinks Joan, observing her. Wife-women are attentive yet self-possessed, they are dedicated but cool. What is it that they are dedicated to?

Joan lives in Toronto now. She has been divorced for twelve years. She has a job managing a bookstore that specializes in art books. It's a good job, though it doesn't pay much; she has been lucky. She is also lucky (she knows that people say she is lucky, for a woman of her age) in having a lover, a friend-lover—Geoffrey. They don't live together; they see each other on weekends and two or three times during the week. Geoffrey is an actor. He is talented, cheerful, adaptable, poor. One weekend a month he spends in Montreal with a woman he used to live with and their child. On these weekends Joan goes to see her children, who are grown up and have forgiven her. (Her son, too, is an actor—in fact, that's how she met Geoffrey. Her daughter is a journalist, like her father.) And what is there to forgive? Many parents got divorced, most of them shipwrecked by affairs, at about the same time. It seems that all sorts of marriages begun in the fifties without misgivings, or without misgivings that anybody could know about, blew up in the early seventies, with a lot of spectacular—and, it seems now, unnecessary, extravagant—complications. Joan thinks of her own history of love with no regret but some amazement. It's as if she had once gone in for skydiving.

And sometimes she comes to see

Morris. Sometimes she gets Morris to talk about the very things that used to seem incomprehensible and boring and sad to her. The bizarre structure of earnings and pensions and mortgages and loans and investments and legacies which Morris sees underlying every human life—that interests her. It's still more or less incomprehensible to her, but its existence no longer seems to be a sorry delusion. It reassures her in some way. She's curious about how people believe in it.

This lucky woman, Joan, with her job and her lover and her striking looks—more remarked upon now than ever before in her life (she is as thin as she was at fourteen and has a wing, a foxtail, of silver white in her very short hair)—is aware of a new danger, a threat that she could not have imagined when she was younger. She couldn't have imagined it even if somebody described it to her. And it's hard to describe. The threat is of a change, but it's not the sort of change one has been warned about. It's just this—that suddenly, without warning, Joan is apt to think: *Rubble.* Rubble. You can look down a street, and you can see the shadows, the light, the brick walls, the truck parked under a tree, the dog lying on the sidewalk, the dark summer awning, or the grayed snowdrift—you can see all these things in their temporary separateness, all connected underneath in such a troubling, satisfying, necessary, indescribable way. Or you can see rubble. Passing states, a useless variety of passing states. Rubble.

Joan wants to keep this idea of rubble at bay, naturally. She pays attention now to all the ways in which people seem to do that. Acting is an excellent way—she has learned that from being with Geoffrey. Though there are gaps in acting. In Morris's sort of life or way of looking at things, there seems to be less chance of gaps.

As they drive through the streets, she notices that many of the old houses are reëmerging; doors and porches that were proud modern alterations fifteen or twenty years ago are giving way to traditional verandas and fanlights. A good thing, surely. Ruth Ann points out this feature and that, and Joan approves but thinks there is something here that is strained, meticulous.

Morris stops the car at an intersection. An old woman crosses the street in the middle of the block ahead of them. She strides across the street diagonally, not looking to see if there's anything coming. A determined, oblivious, even contemptuous stride, in some way familiar. The old woman is not in any danger; there is not another car on the street, and nobody else walking, just a couple of young girls on bicycles. The old woman is not so old, really. Joan is constantly revising her impressions these days of whether people are old or not so old. This woman has white hair down to her shoulders and is wearing a loose shirt and gray slacks. Hardly enough for the day, which is bright but cold.

"There goes Matilda," says Ruth Ann. The way that she says "Matilda"—without a surname, in a tolerant, amused, and distant tone—announces that Matilda is a character.

"Matilda!" says Joan, turning toward Morris. "Is that Matilda? What ever happened to her?"

It's Ruth Ann who answers, from the back seat. "She just started getting weird. When was it? A couple of years ago? She started dressing sloppy, and she thought people were taking things off her desk at work, and you'd say something perfectly decent to her and she'd be rude back. It could have been in her makeup."

"Her *makeup*?" says Joan.

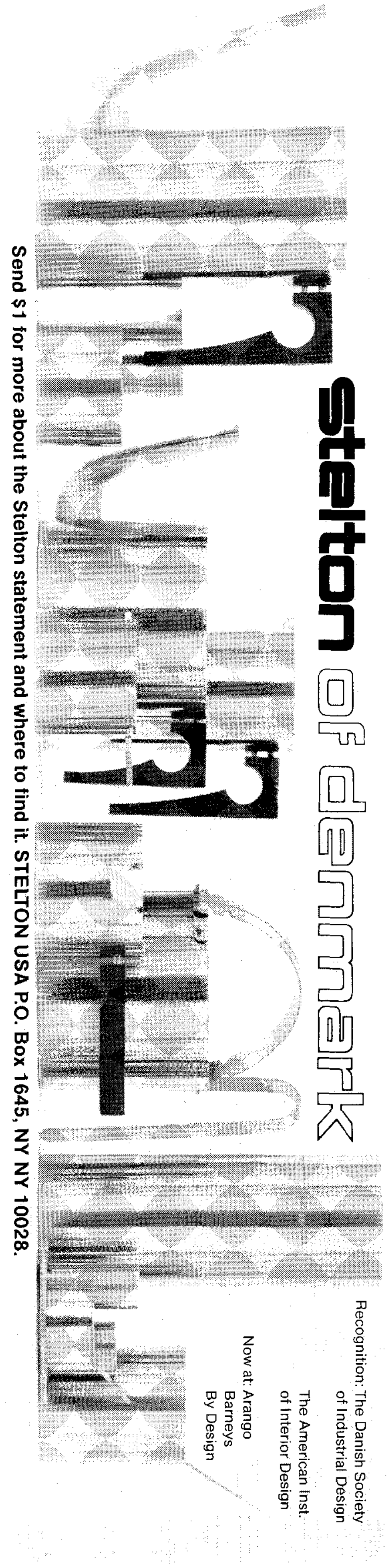
"Heredity," Morris says, and they laugh.

"That's what I meant," says Ruth Ann. "Her mother was across the street in the nursing home for years—she was completely round the bend. Anyway, Matilda got a little pension when they let her go at the courthouse. Why work if you don't have to? She just walks around. Sometimes she talks to you as friendly as anything, other times not a word. And she never fixes up. She used to look so nice."

Joan shouldn't be so surprised, so taken aback. People change. They disappear, and they don't all die to do it. Some die—John Brolier has died. When Joan heard that, several months after the fact, she felt a pang, but not so sharp a pang as when she once heard a woman say at a party, "Oh, John Brolier, yes. Wasn't he the one who was always trying to seduce you by dragging you out to look at some natural marvel? God, it was uncomfortable!"

"She owns her house," Morris says. "I sold it to her about five years ago. And she's got that bit of pension. If she can hold on till she's sixty-five she'll be O.K."

Morris digs up the earth in front of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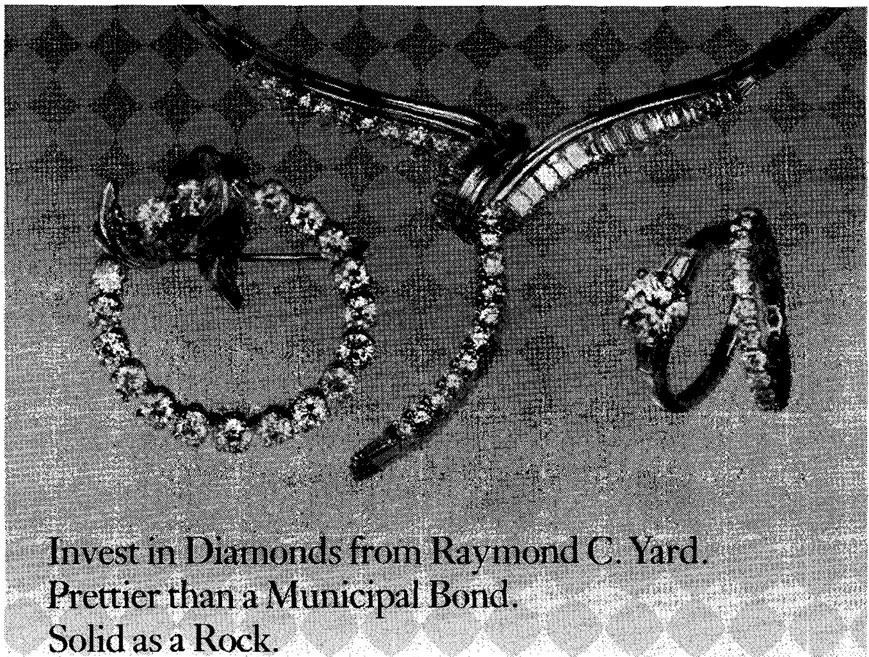

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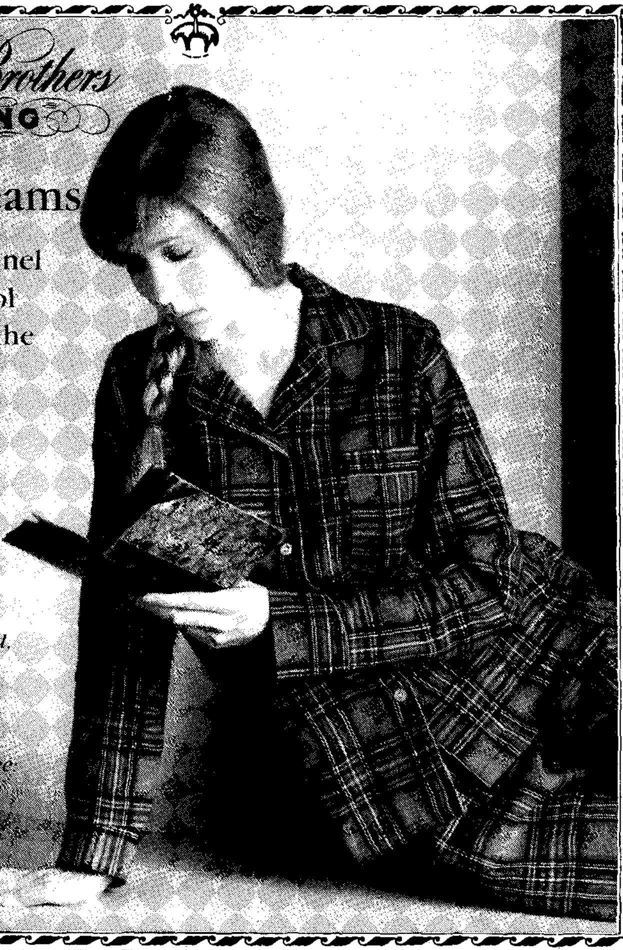

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the headstone; Joan and Ruth Ann plant the bulbs. The earth is cold, but there hasn't been a frost. Long bars of sunlight fall between the clipped cedar trees and the rustling poplars, which still hold many gold leaves, on the rich, green grass.

"Listen to that," says Joan, looking up at the leaves. "It's like water."

"People like it," says Morris. "Very pop'lar sound."

Joan and Ruth Ann groan together, and Joan says, "I didn't know you still did that, Morris."

Ruth Ann says, "He never stops."

They wash their hands at an outdoor tap and read a few names on the stones.

"Rose Matilda," Morris says.

For a moment Joan thinks that's another name he's read; then she realizes he's still thinking of Matilda Butler.

"That poem Mother used to say about her," he says. "Rose Matilda."

"Rapunzel," Joan says. "That was what Mother used to call her. 'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy gold hair.' "

"I know she used to say that. She said 'Rose Matilda,' too. It was the start of a poem."

"It sounds like a lotion," Ruth Ann says. "Isn't that a skin lotion? Rose Emulsion?"

" 'Oh, what avails,' " says Morris firmly. "That was the start of it. 'Oh, what avails.' "

"Of course, I don't know hardly any poems," says Ruth Ann—apologetic, versatile, unabashed. She says to Joan, "Does it ring a bell with you?"

She has really pretty eyes, Joan thinks—brown eyes that can look soft and shrewd at once.

"It does," says Joan. "But I can't think what comes next."

MORRIS has cheated them all a little bit, these three women. Joan, Ruth Ann, Matilda. Morris isn't habitually dishonest—he's not foolish that way—but he will cut a corner now and then. He cheated Joan a long time ago, when the house was sold. She got about a thousand dollars less out of that than she should have. He thought she would make it up in the things she chose to take back to her house in Ottawa. Then she didn't choose anything. Later on, when she and her husband had parted, and she was on her own, Morris considered sending her a check, with an explanation that there had been a mistake. But she got a job, she didn't seem short of

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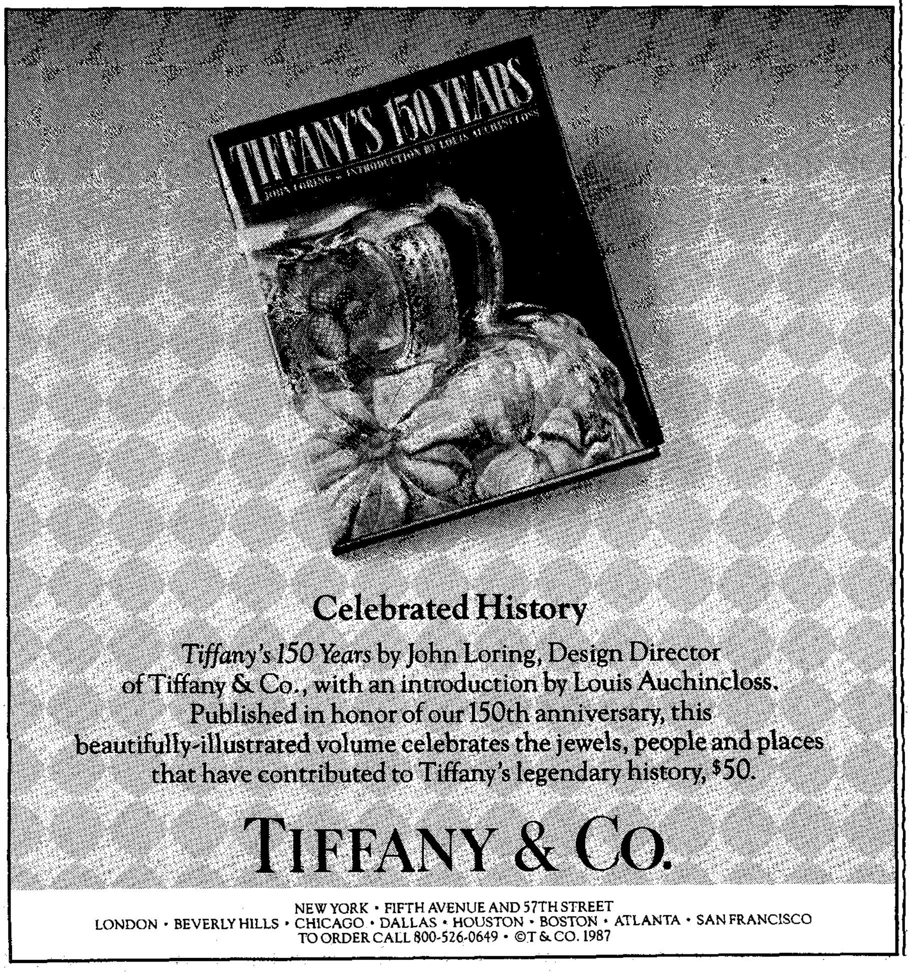

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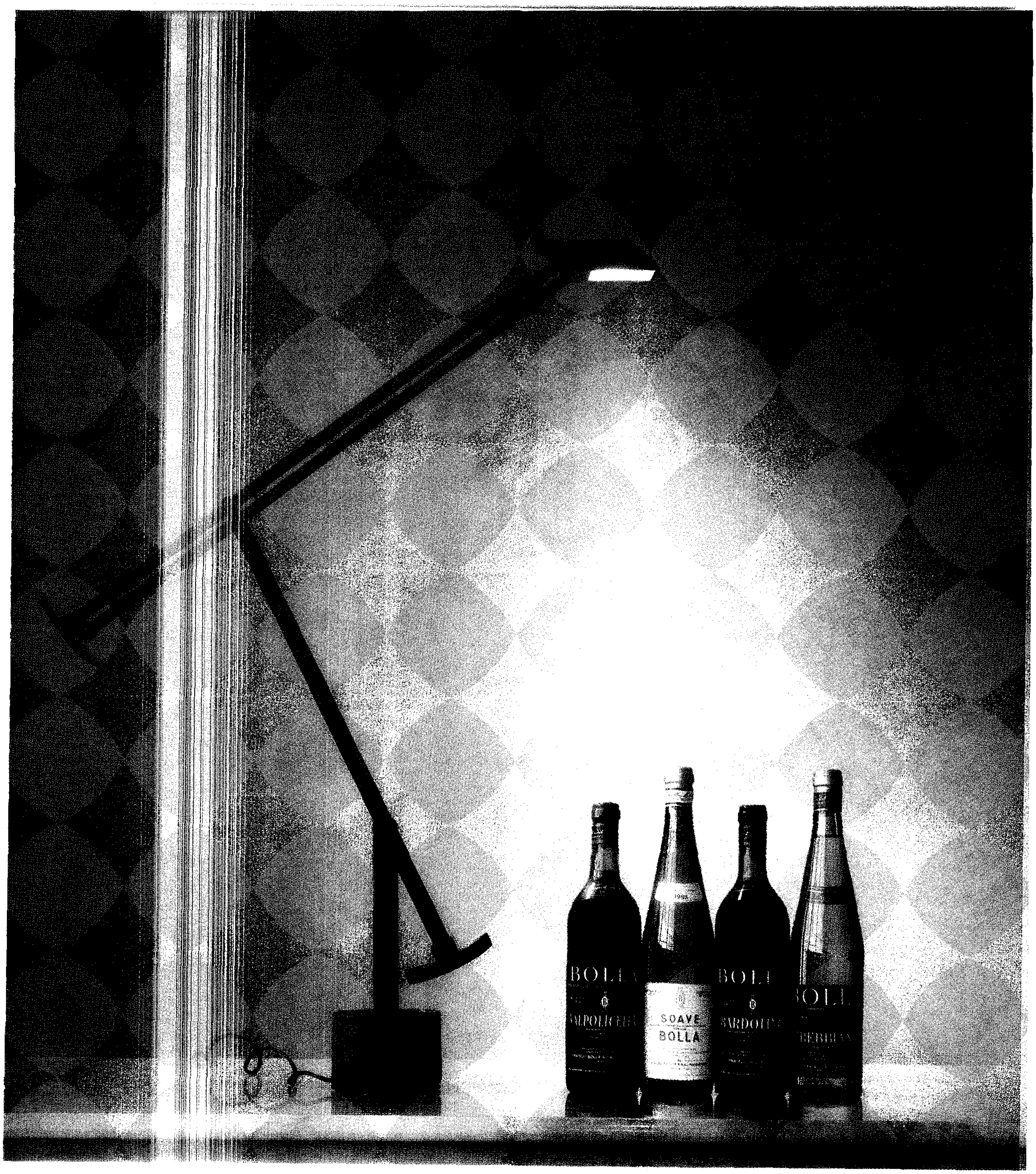

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money. She has very little idea of what to do with money anyway—how to make it work. He let the idea drop.

The way he cheated Ruth Ann was more complicated, and had to do with persuading her to declare herself a part-time employee of his when she wasn't. This got him out of paying certain benefits to her. He wouldn't be surprised if she had figured all that out, and had made a few little adjustments of her own. That was what she would do—never say anything, never argue, but quietly get her own back. And as long as she just got her own back—he'd soon notice if it was any more—he wouldn't say anything, either. She and he both believe that if people don't look out for themselves what they lose is their own fault. He means to take care of Ruth Ann eventually anyway.

If Joan found out what he had done, she probably wouldn't say anything, either. The interesting part, to her, would not be the money. She has some instinct lacking in that regard. The interesting part would be: why? She'd worry that around and get her curious pleasure out of it. This fact about her brother would lodge in her mind like a hard crystal—a strange, small, light-refracting object, a bit of alien treasure.

He didn't cheat Matilda when he sold her the house. She got that at a very good price. But he told her that the hot-water heater he had put in a year or so before was new, and of course it wasn't. He never bought new appliances or new materials when he was fixing up the places he owned. And three years ago last June, at a dinner dance in the Valhalla Inn, Matilda said to him, "My hot-water heater gave out. I had to replace it."

They were not dancing at the time. They were sitting at a round table, with some other people, under a canopy of floating balloons. They were drinking whiskey.

"It shouldn't have done that," Morris said.

"Not after you'd put it in new," said Matilda, smiling. "You know what I think?"

He kept looking at her, waiting.

"I think we should have another dance before we drink any more!"

They danced. They had always danced easily together, and often with some special flourish. But this time Morris felt that Matilda's body was heavier and stiffer than it had been—her responses were tardy, then overdone. It was odd that her body should seem unwilling when she was smiling and talking to him with such animation, and moving her head and shoulders with every sign of flirtatious charm. This, too, was new—not at all what he was used to from her. Year after year she had danced with him with a dreamy pliancy and a serious face, hardly talking at all. Then, after she had had a few drinks, she would speak to him about her secret concerns. Her concern. Which was always the same. It was Ron, the Englishman. She hoped to hear from him. She stayed here, she had come back here, so that he would know where to find her. She hoped, she doubted, that he would divorce his wife. He had promised, but she had no faith in him. She heard from him eventually. He said he was on the move, he would write again. And he did. He said that he was going to look her up. The letters were posted in Canada, from different, distant cities. Then she didn't hear. She wondered if he was alive; she thought of detective agencies. She said she didn't speak of this to anybody but Morris. Her love was her affliction, which nobody else was permitted to see.

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Morris never offered advice, he never laid a comforting hand on her except as was proper, in dancing. He knew exactly how he must absorb what she said. He didn't pity her, either. He had respect for all the choices she had made.

It was true that the tone had changed before the night at the Valhalla Inn. It had taken on a tartness, a sarcastic edge, which pained him and didn't suit her. But this was the night he felt it all broken—their long complicity, the settled harmony of their dancing. They were like some other middle-aged couple, pretending to move lightly and with pleasure, anxious not to let the moment sag. She didn't mention Ron, and Morris, of course, did not ask. A thought started forming in his mind that she had seen him finally. She had seen Ron or heard that he was dead. Seen him, more likely.

"I know how you could pay me back for that heater," she teased him. "You could put in a lawn for me! When has that lawn of mine ever been seeded? It looks terrible; it's riddled with creeping Charlie. I wouldn't mind having a decent lawn. I'm thinking of fixing up the house. I'd like to put burgundy shutters on it to counter the effect of all that gray. I'd like a big window in the side. I'm sick of looking out at the nursing home. Oh, Morris, do you know they've cut down your walnut trees! They've levelled out the yard, they've fenced off the creek!"

She was wearing a long, rustling peacock-blue dress. Blue stones in silver disks hung from her ears. Her hair was stiff and pale, like spun taffy. There were dents in the flesh of her upper arms; her breath smelled of whiskey. Her perfume and her makeup and her smile all spoke to him of falsehood, determination, and misery. She had lost interest in her affliction. She had lost her nerve to continue as she was. And in her simple, dazzling folly she had lost his love.

"If you come around next week with some grass seed and show me how to do it, I'll give you a drink," she said. "I'll even make you supper. It embarrasses me to think that all these years you've never sat down at my table."

"You'd have to plow it all up and start fresh."

"Plow it all up, then! Why don't you come Wednesday? Or is that your evening with Ruth Ann Leatherby?"

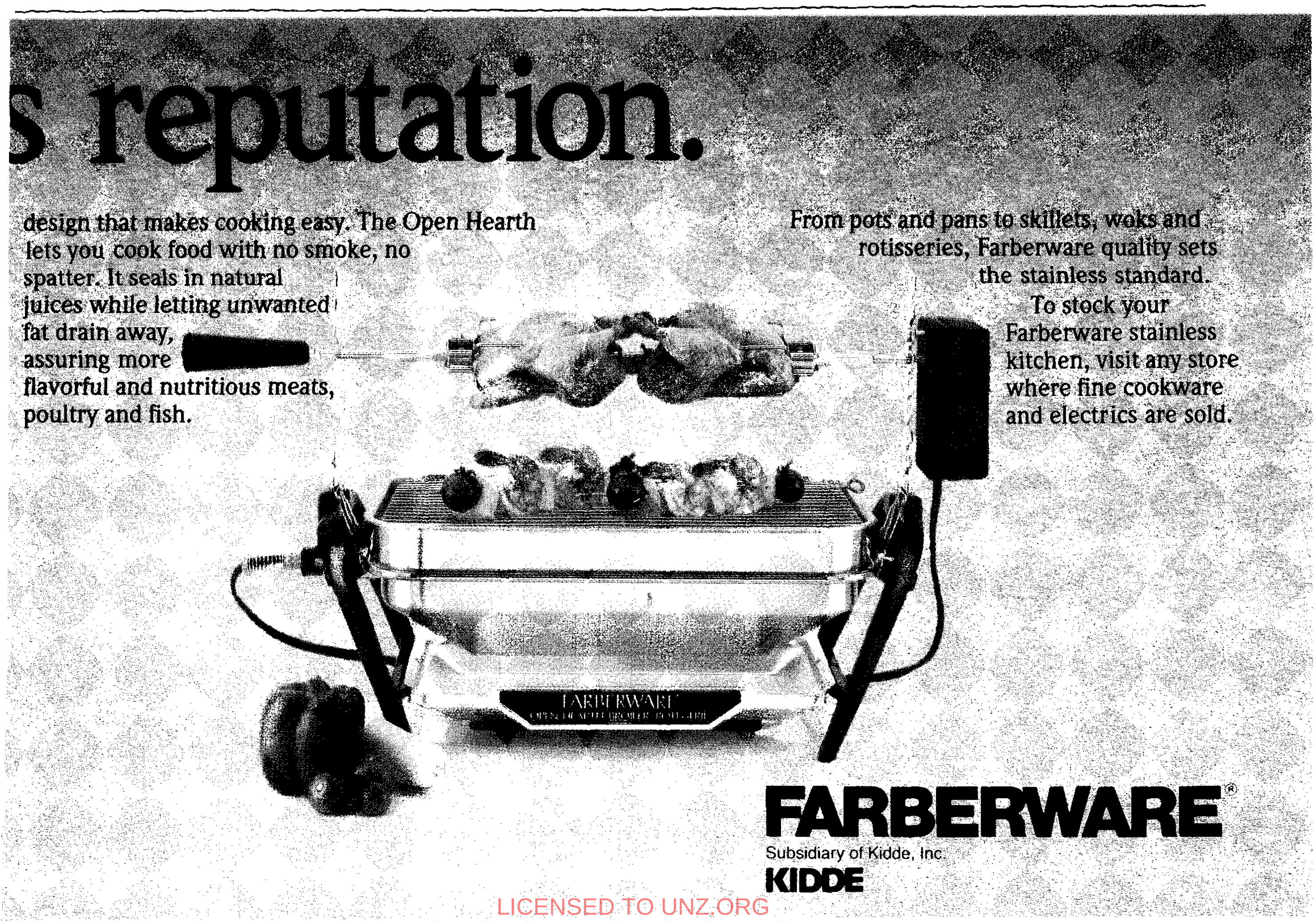
She was drunk. Her head dropped against his shoulder, and he felt the hard lump of her earring pressing through his jacket and shirt into his flesh.

The next week he sent one of his workmen to plow up and seed Matilda's lawn, for nothing. The man didn't stay long. According to him, Matilda came out and yelled at him to get off her property, what did he think he was doing there, she could take care of her own yard. You better scram, she said to him.

Scram. That was a word Morris could remember his own mother using. And Matilda's mother had used it, too, in her old days of vigor and ill will. Mrs. Buttler, Mrs. Carbuncle. *Scram out of here.* Deadeye Dick.

He did not see Matilda for some time after that. He didn't run into her. If some business had to be done at the courthouse, he sent Ruth Ann. He got word of changes that were happening, and they were not in the direction of burgundy shutters or house renovation.

"OH, what avails the sceptred race!" says Joan suddenly when they are driving back to the apart-



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ment. And as soon as they get there she goes to the bookcase—it's the same old glass-fronted bookcase. Morris didn't sell that, though it's almost too high for this living room. She finds their mother's "Anthology of English Verse."

"First lines," she says, going to the back of the book.

"Sit down and be comfortable, why don't you?" says Ruth Ann, coming in with the late-afternoon drinks. Morris gets whiskey-and-water, Joan and Ruth Ann white-rum-and-soda. A liking for this drink has become a joke, a hopeful bond, between the two women, who understand that they are going to need something.

Joan sits and drinks, pleased. She runs her finger down the page. "Oh what, oh what—" she murmurs.

"Oh, what the form divine!" says Morris, with a great sigh of retrieval and satisfaction.

They were taught specialness, Joan thinks, without particular regret. The tag of poetry, the first sip of alcohol, the late light of an October afternoon may be what's making her feel peaceful, indulgent. They were taught a delicate, special regard for themselves, which made them go out and grab what they wanted, whether love or money. But that's not altogether true, is it? Morris has been quite disciplined about love, and abstemious. So has she been about money—in money matters she has remained clumsy, virginal, superior.

There's a problem, though, a hitch in her unexpected pleasure. She can't find the line. "It's not in here," she says. "How can it not be in here? Everything Mother knew was in here." She takes another, businesslike drink and stares at the page. Then she says, "I know! I know!" And in a few moments she has it; she is reading to them, in a voice full of playful emotion:

> Ah what avails the sceptred race,
> Ah what the form divine!
> What every virtue, every grace,
> Rose Aylmer—Rose *Matilda*—all
>   were thine!

Morris has taken off his glasses. He'll do that now in front of Joan. Maybe he started doing it sooner in front of Ruth Ann. He rubs at the scar as if it were itchy. His eye is dark, veined with gray. It isn't hard to look at. Under its wrapping of scar tissue it's as harmless as a prune or a stone.

"So that's it," Morris says. "So I wasn't wrong." —ALICE MUNRO

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ANNALS OF FINANCE

THE PRICE OF MONEY

II—FULL FAITH AND CREDIT

THE money illusion is ancient and universal, present in every transaction and absolutely necessary to every exchange. Money is worthless unless everyone believes in it. A buyer could not possibly offer a piece of paper in exchange for real goods—food or clothing or tools—if the seller did not think the paper was really worth something. This shared illusion is as old as stone coins and wampum—is a power universally conferred by every society in history on any object that has ever been regarded as money: clamshells, dogs' teeth, tobacco, whiskey, cattle, the shiny metals called silver and gold, even paper, even numbers in an account book.

Modern money, of course, requires the same leap of faith, the same social consent that primitive societies gave to their money. Modern money, in fact, is even more distant from concrete reality. Over the centuries, the evolution of money has been a long and halting progression in which human societies have hesitantly transferred their money faith from one object to another, at each step moving farther away from real value and closer to pure abstraction. The cattle used as currency by some African tribes were, after all, valuable in themselves. If the money illusion collapsed for some reason, the tokens were still cattle. The clamshells that became precious currency among aboriginal tribes of North America and other continents were desirable things. Tobacco, which was used as currency in some American colonies, like Virginia and the Carolinas, was a valuable commodity in its own right. Even gold and silver were not entirely useless: they could be fashioned by artists into beautiful objects.

A historical connection between money and religion was also established in one culture after another: the temple was the first mint, where coins were sanctified by priest-kings and therefore accepted as trustworthy by members of the tribe. *Moneta*, the Latin root of "money," was a surname of the goddess Juno, in whose temple Roman coins were made. The state and the deity were synonymous, and their powers intertwined. Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks—virtually every early society conferred sacred qualities on its currency. In subsequent centuries, without benefit of clergy, gold and silver maintained religious connotations of their own. The association originated in a mystical correlation of the two metals with the sun and the moon, supposedly confirmed by the mysteriously stable ratio of the value of gold and silver—1:13.5—which astrologers decided was a precise replica of the heavenly cycles. The religious aura continued to hang over gold and silver long after astrology waned and modern banking began issuing paper. The precious metals were, after all, created by God, not man.

Paper money, it is said, originated with the goldsmiths of Europe who held the private gold hoards deposited with them by wealthy citizens for safekeeping. A goldsmith issued a receipt for the gold deposit; over time, it became clear that the receipt itself could be used in commerce, since whoever owned that piece of paper could go to the goldsmith and claim the gold. Then the goldsmiths discovered that they could safely write more receipts, exceeding the total value of the gold on hand, and lend them out, as long as they always kept a responsible minimum in reserve to honor withdrawals. This was the origin of fractional-reserve banking and the bank lending that creates money. The private money system endured for centuries and was inherited by the American Republic: privately owned banks created money by issuing paper banknotes—paper backed by a promise that at any time it could be redeemed in gold. In the present era, even paper is disappearing as commerce and banking adopt the new, electronic technologies. Money exists, to an increasing degree, as a mere impulse on computer tape, an abstract value that no one can see.

The Federal Reserve—America's central bank—is not a sacred temple. The

A Passing Fancy

seven governors are not high priests performing mystical rites. Yet the Fed has inherited all the resonant feelings that surrounded money—the religious mood and the full freight of irrational meanings. The Federal Reserve's decision-making is the essence of secular rationalism, based on scientific theory. Yet it is the modern equivalent of mysterious sanctification, for its officers perform the ancient priestly function: they create money. The central bank, notwithstanding its claims to rational method, enfolds itself in the same protective trappings that adorned the temple—secrecy, mystique, an awesome authority that is neither visible nor legible to mere mortals. Like the temple, the Fed does not answer to the people; rather, it speaks for them. Its decrees are cast in a mysterious language, which the people cannot understand.

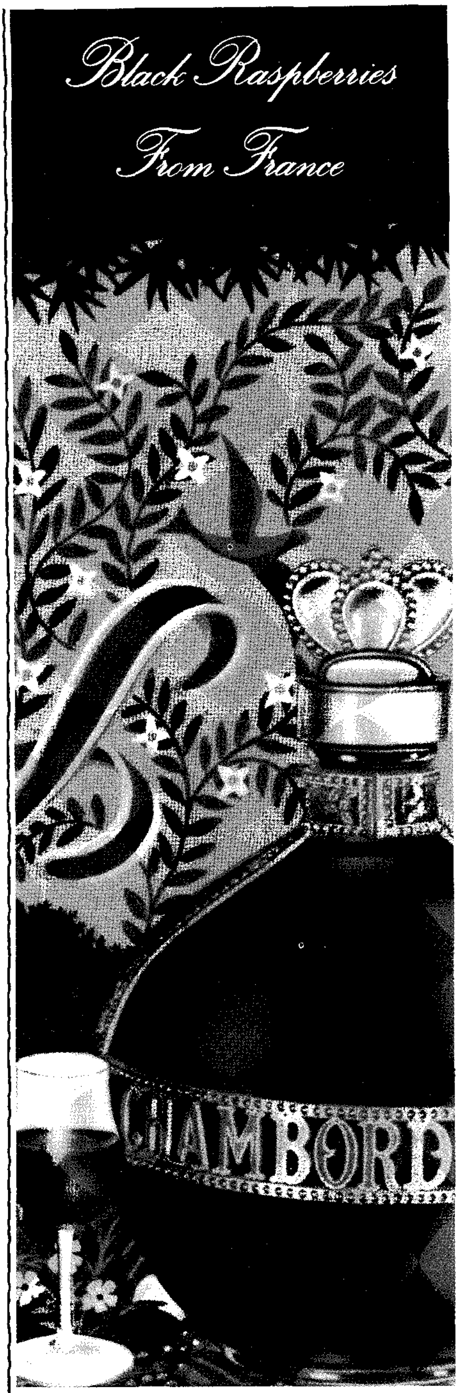
To demystify the Federal Reserve, one must first understand that money does not require religious faith or buried fantasies, or even impenetrable technicalities. Money is, above all, a political question—a matter of deliberate choices made by the state. Like all political questions decided by fallible human beings, money is subject to the variables of political action—understanding and intent, influence and error. Money is an everyday argument among competing interests, in which some benefit and some lose, depending on the outcome. Money is a social plan that rewards or punishes, stimulates or restrains. Money may encourage democratic aspirations or thwart them.

SOMETHING in the American character resented the idea of a central bank—it seemed undemocratic. When an embryonic version, the Bank of the United States, began operations, in 1817, it was denounced as "the Monster." And, indeed, in a very short time it accumulated enormous financial power. It held the federal government's deposits interest-free and was also the largest store of private wealth. It became the dominant player in both foreign exchange and the domestic money market—the place to which other banks turned for reserves, and commercial ventures applied for capital. Thus, in a rough fashion, the Bank of the United States performed the same functions that would be assumed by the major financial houses of Wall Street in the Populist era of the eighteen-nineties, and also played the role of the Federal Reserve in the twentieth century—that of the "lender of last resort," which could save a foundering bank or doom it. And, like the Fed, the Bank of the United States, under the brilliant financier Nicholas Biddle, also attempted to regulate the economy, restraining credit when it appeared that speculative lending was becoming dangerously excessive, or stimulating activity with easier terms if a recession threatened. The tools were more primitive, knowledge of the economy less sophisticated, but Biddle has been celebrated by later generations of economic historians for his advanced grasp of business and finance.

Andrew Jackson built the Democratic Party around the proposition that a central bank was incompatible with American ideals. Popular will—"the real people," as Jackson called them—agreed with him. A central bank, Jackson said, meant that "control would be exercised by the few over the political conduct of the many by first acquiring that control over the labor and earnings of the great body of the people." In 1832, President Jackson vetoed legislation to keep the Bank of the United States alive. The following year, the Treasury withdrew its funds from the central bank and deposited them in a number of carefully selected state banks, and the nation returned to "free banking" and unfettered economic development.

Jackson's bank war was a seminal conflict in American politics—one of those basic arguments of purpose which do not go away with time but merely evolve differing forms of language. Properly understood, the central-bank issue raised by the Jacksonian Democrats involved the same questions that political parties always propound when they decide economic policy for their nation: How fast can the country's economy grow? What is the full potential for an expanding prosperity that can spread its benefits widely? What are the risks? The subject has now been given an austere title—macroeconomics—and the presumed attribute of bloodless objectivity. But in every era the dispute is also governed by visceral feeling—a debate between caution and optimism, between wary moderation and boundless faith. In Jackson's time, optimism won.

The key to preserving republican independence was credit. If the control of credit (and the creation of money) was concentrated in the hands of a



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few, then all individual enterprise, with its endless variety, would be held in thrall by them. On the Western frontier, entrepreneurs and bankers were eager to gamble on new projects for development, but they had to turn to the East for financing. Back East, the established wealth holders and their bankers were always more skeptical, having been burned many times by grandiose schemes that failed or by provincial state banks that made loans and issued currency without the required gold reserves to back them up. The banking system, as John Kenneth Galbraith has observed, in those times had standards whose elasticity reflected the geographical conflict. The farther south and west the state banks were from the Eastern establishment, the less fastidious they were in their lending practices, and the readier to believe in the potential of new ventures. Down South and out West, bank failures were common, confirming the conservative caution of the East. But the looser credit standards on the frontier made possible great leaps of development—entrepreneurial dreams that came true, with handsome rewards for bankers' blind faith. If caution were always to prevail, the future might be more orderly and stable, but it would also be stunted, robbed of its full potential.

This difference in perspective formed one of the permanent tensions of American political life—the caution of the money-center interests versus the uninhibited ambition of provincial developers. In modern politics, the regional conflicts have become muted as the financial system developed its national scope, but the tension is still present beneath the surface—in a Texas oil boomer's resentment of big-city bankers, in the Middle West's paranoia about Eastern dominance, in the small-town banker's complaints about Fed favoritism toward the largest banks.

When Jackson's "real people" triumphed in 1832, and Biddle's Bank of the United States was stripped of its powers a few years later, the results were so dynamic that both sides could claim that their arguments were confirmed by events. In one sense, the fears of the Eastern bankers were dramatically fulfilled. European wealth was lent to develop America, and America defaulted on a huge scale, many times. Bray Hammond, the Federal Reserve's own historian, disparages the results: a promising monetary system was destroyed, state banks were

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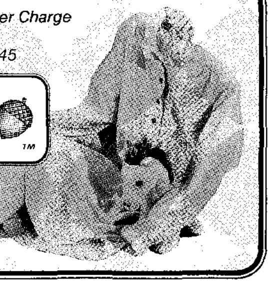

freed from federal control, rampant speculation was encouraged. The consequence, Hammond laments, was "reckless, booming anarchy."

But the Jacksonians were right about America: the country could develop much faster than the cautious bankers of the East had imagined. And it did. A wild economic boom occurred, fed by a dizzyingly generous creation of money and credit (created by the banks "more or less out of nothing," one economic historian complained). Without Biddle's bank to inhibit them, frontier dreamers and land speculators plunged forward hopefully with new schemes, some sound and some outlandish. Thousands of miles of roads and canals, hundreds of new towns and cities were built. In a single decade, the North Central section more than doubled in population. In 1830, Chicago was a mere dream of land speculators; thirty years later, it was the nation's chief rail center.

For the Jacksonians, the final result was a paradox: their political victory led ultimately to defeat for their nostalgic vision of America. As historian Marvin Meyers observed in his brilliant essay "The Jacksonian Persuasion," the virtuous yeoman Republic that they sought to preserve was in fact obliterated by the future they made possible. The impersonal corporations that Jackson despised proved to be the most effective vehicle for organizing the far-flung activities of the emerging national markets. Quite naturally, the national financial system grew with them, developing its own parallel networks to finance the new order. The new roads and canals, the railroads and flourishing cities provided the physical infrastructure that was a prerequisite for the rise of corporate capitalism.

"Reckless, booming anarchy" had inadvertently created a new world, and it was this changed economic reality that threatened the next generation of "real people."

THE founding assumptions of the Federal Reserve System were first championed by a most unlikely group of Americans—plain country people, hard-worn men and women, drearily poor and ill-educated, with barefoot children and bleak futures. Respectable opinion dismissed them as backward and dangerous—"hayseeds" spouting outrageous ideas. Yet, in adversity, these unsophisticated citizens, who came to be known as Populists,

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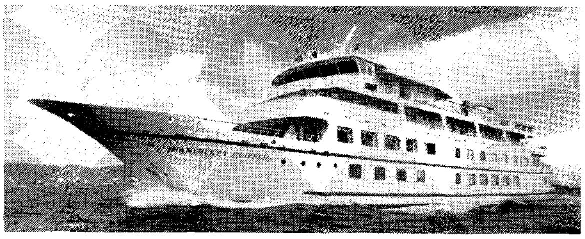

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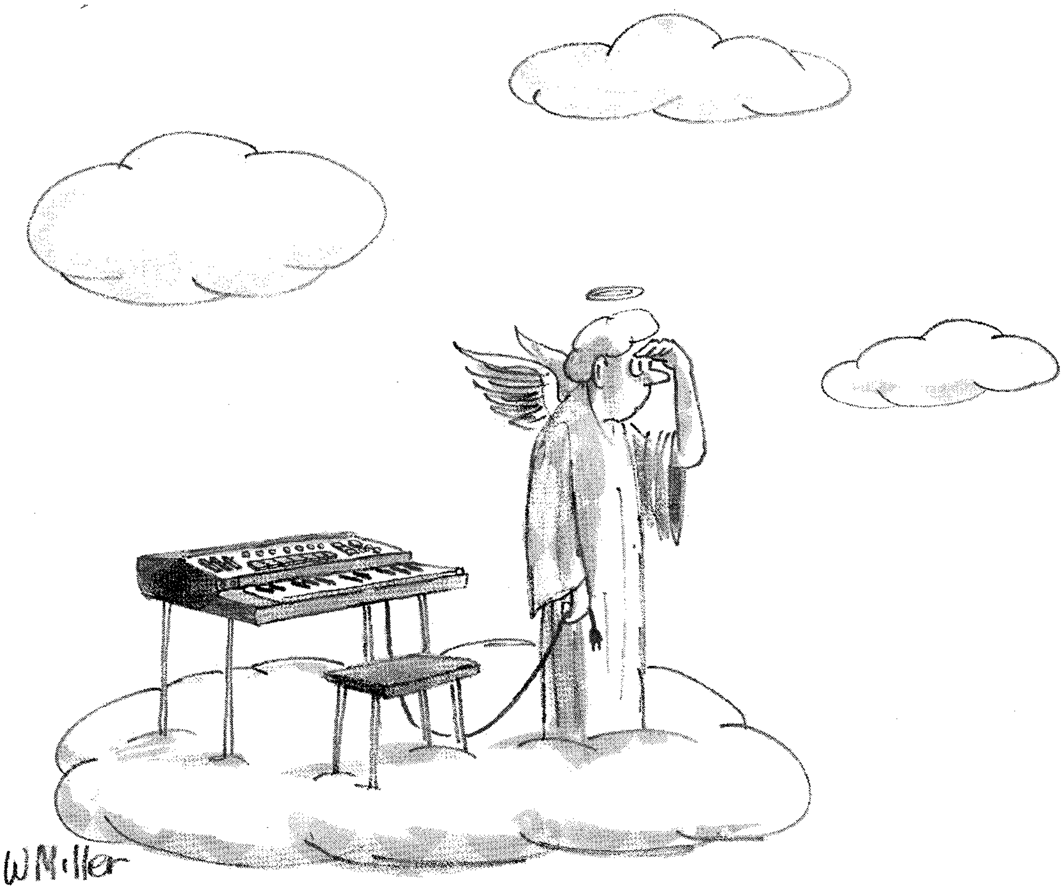

discovered great talents within themselves, and together they created an original political agenda for the nation. One of the ironies of American history is that while many of the Populist ideas triumphed in the end, the people themselves were utterly defeated.

The movement began in 1877 in Lampasas County, Texas, when a group of farmers formed the Knights of Reliance, to "more speedily educate ourselves" against impending ruin—the day "when all the balance of labor's products become concentrated into the hands of a few, there to constitute a power that would enslave posterity." The organization, which was soon renamed the Farmers Alliance, floundered at first, but the idea of cooperative action spread. Within a few years, a hundred and twenty alliances were meeting across Texas and listening to their "travelling lecturers" explain the economic realities and describe remedies. By 1888, the Texas protest had been carried north to the Dakotas and east to the Carolinas, and similar groups had sprung up across the Cotton Belt of the South and the grain states of the Middle West.

By 1890, the Alliance had become an energetic and angry national movement, electing its own congressmen and governors, and meeting in grand conventions to formulate far-reaching demands. The Populist agenda became a sourcebook for political reforms spanning the next fifty years: a progressive income tax; federal regulation of railroads, communications, and other corporations; legal rights for labor unions; government price-stabilization and credit programs for farmers. Their core issue, however, the ruinous yoke that united failing farmers in political revolt, was money.

Price levels for cotton, corn, and other basic commodities had fallen steadily for two decades—the era known as the Great Deflation. The falling prices were accompanied, inevitably, by usurious interest rates. Both flowed from a single condition—scarcity of money. Millions of humble farm families were forced into ever-deeper poverty. Many were compelled to surrender what they thought was their American birthright: ownership of their own modest plot of land—a tangible asset that to the hardworking yeomanry meant self-sufficiency and freedom. Every growing season, as prices fell and debt compounded, their land and labor became worth less. To begin again at the next planting, to buy seed and supplies, they must borrow more at punishing rates, but by harvesttime prices had fallen further and they were unable to pay off their obligations. To continue farming, they must borrow still more. Eventually, when the debt became overwhelming, their creditors would take over their land. The process—liquidation and consolidation—was as old as capitalism.

As a social arbiter, the Great Deflation of the late nineteenth century worked in just the opposite way from the inflationary era experienced by Americans in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Inflation damaged well-fixed families by eroding the value of their accumulated financial assets, but inflation also spread wealth widely, enabling the broad middle class to enjoy a higher standard of living and to increase its net worth, largely through borrowing and then repaying its debts in depreciated dollars. Deflation, however, meant that those with financial assets automatically enjoyed greater wealth as prices fell. Their dollar assets could buy more in real goods; the value of their accumulated capital steadily increased. Citizens with little or no savings and debtors who depended solely on their own productive labor for their livelihoods saw their incomes shrink and the real burden of their debts grow larger. American folklore described the consequences with blunt fatalism: "The rich got richer and the poor got poorer."

In every era of history, regardless of the changing political language, the money question has been, inescapably, the bedrock of political choice. The debate over "hard money" versus "easy money," falling prices versus rising prices, deflation versus inflation, is really an argument about which economic class must suffer, creditors or debtors, and which of these would benefit: people who derive their incomes primarily from their accumulated financial wealth or people who still earn their living by "the sweat of their brow." American politics, not surprisingly, has yearned for a golden mean between the two—an elusive state of neutrality called "price stability," in which prices neither rise nor

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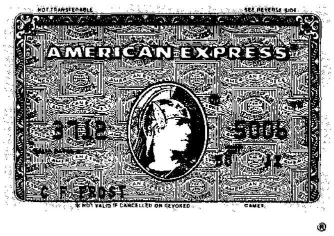

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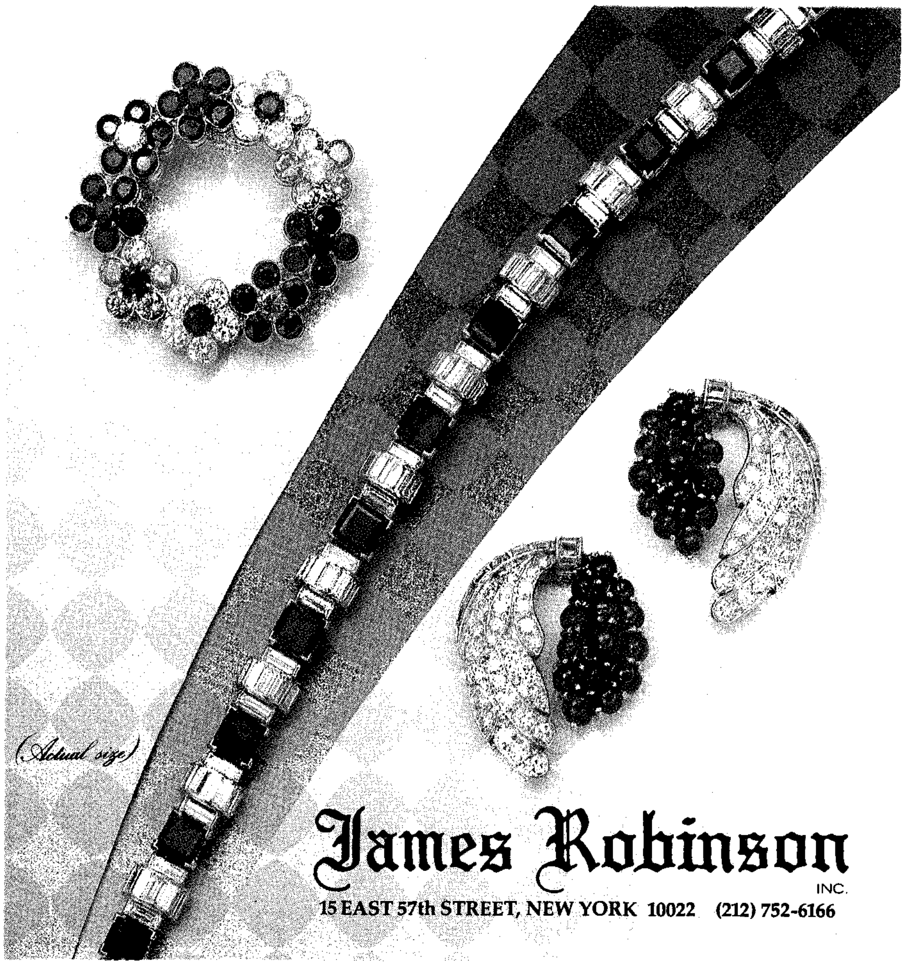
fall and neither economic class gains at the expense of the other. The ideal of stable money has been held aloft by every generation of political leaders, regardless of their party or their ideological persuasion. Yet neutral money has rarely been attained, and history suggests that capitalism can not long endure its presence.

The plain people who carried the banner of the Farmers Alliance in the eighteen-eighties understood these implications in considerable detail, for citizens of the nineteenth century routinely took the trouble to familiarize themselves with the political implications of monetary policy, and debated the question fiercely among themselves. At scores of prairie encampments, the Alliance lecturers explained to earnest audiences the source of their ruination: the gold standard, and the private banking system, which enforced its rigid terms.

The money problem really started with the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln, like other Presidents—and many kings—before him, was compelled to set aside the orthodox rules of "sound money" in order to win the war and preserve the Union. To insure ample credit, Congress suspended the gold backing of existing banknotes. To finance the Union Armies, Lincoln borrowed the then astounding sum of $2.6 billion. And, in an even more daring move, he issued $431 million in paper money that was not backed by gold: "greenbacks," or fiat money—that is, money created simply by government decree. All together, these actions constituted a gross expansion of the money supply, and the result, predictably, was roaring inflation. From 1861 to 1864, prices rose by seventy-four per cent, the steepest inflationary spike since the Revolution. The period was a flush time for farmers—farmers of the victorious North, anyway—and was highly stimulative for manufacturing, too. Great new industrial centers arose rapidly, financed with cheap money and nourished on the demands of war.

After Appomattox, when accounts were settled, farmers slowly began to grasp the fact that the financial balance had been set permanently against them. Farmers of the Middle West voted for candidates of the newly dominant Republican Party, but the Party's leaders listened to the financiers of the East, who demanded a swift return to "sound money." Lincoln's greenbacks were partially retired from circulation, and nothing re-



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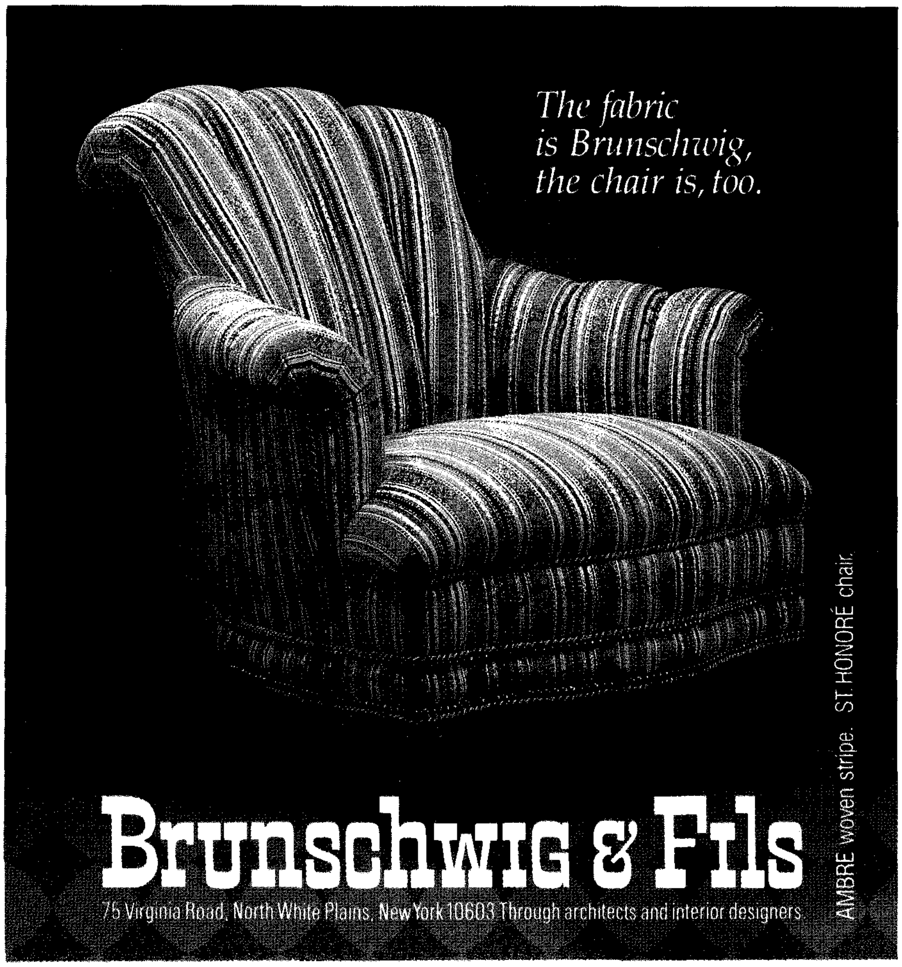
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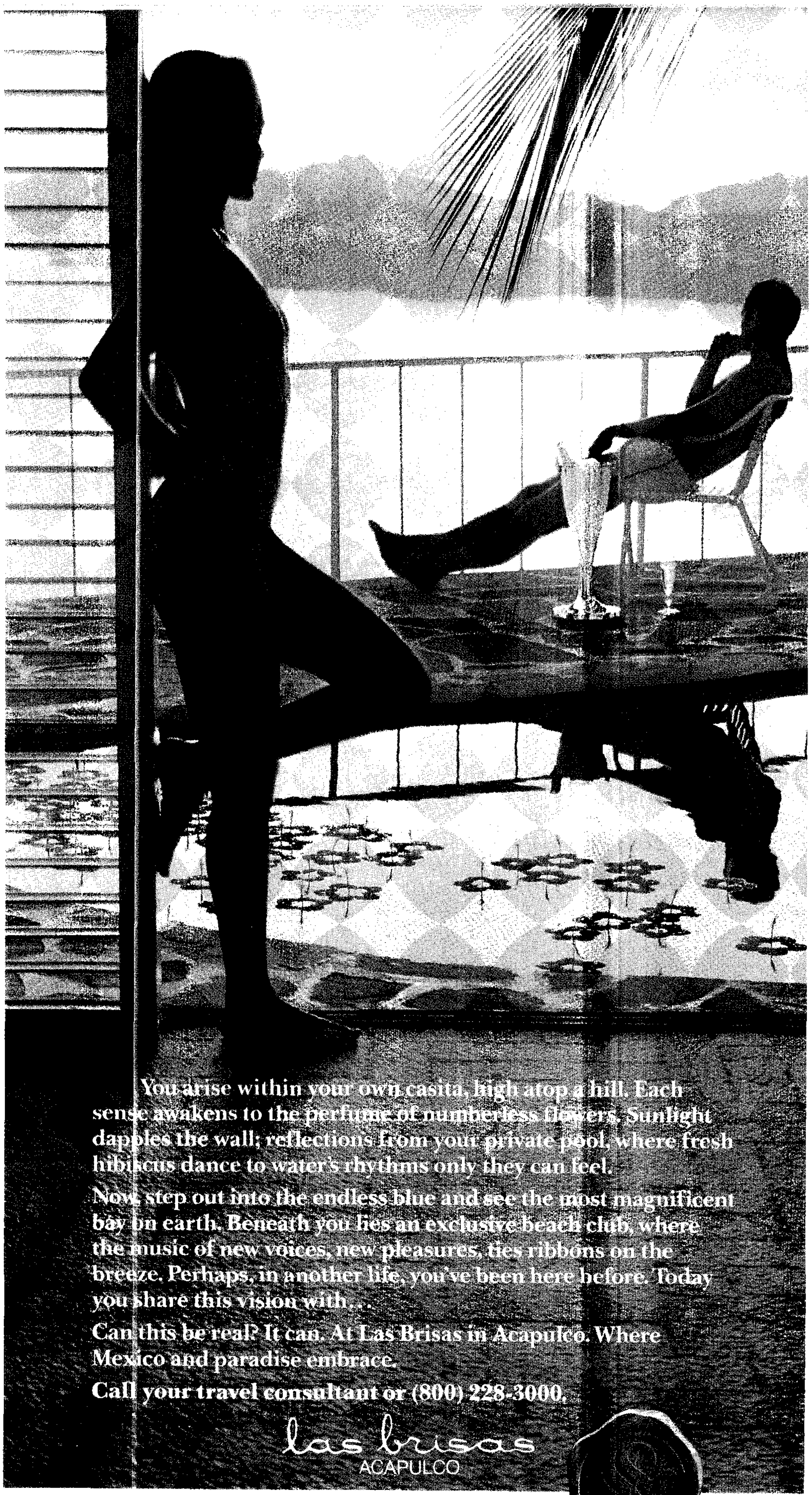
placed them. The gold standard was reimposed on all currency. Worse, the restoration of gold pegged the value of money at its prewar level—an ounce of gold would once again be worth twenty dollars. That meant not just an end to inflation but also an inevitable decline of prices to their prewar level. The money supply was, in effect, being shrunk back to its original size—"hardened" dollars, which would buy more for those who owned them.

This took some years to accomplish, but it did happen: by 1884, the national price level had declined to exactly where it was in 1860. Then it fell further. The farmers, acting as producers often do, tried to compensate for the falling prices by growing more wheat and corn and cotton, but that only compounded their problems. The new mechanization of agriculture made greater yields possible, but the excess supply of commodities depressed crop prices still further, and the small farmers became even more vulnerable to the demands of creditors. One of the fondest assumptions of the Populists was that if Lincoln had lived he would not have let this happen to them.

WHATEVER its virtues, the gold standard did not guarantee stable prices. Under the gold standard, contrary to what its advocates have perennially claimed, price stability was a rare and temporary condition, usually lasting no more than a couple of years. The historical record clearly demonstrates this, yet modern politicians and economists who have espoused the gold standard as the only cure for inflation have persisted in distorting the actual experience of the past. Typically, they allude to the nineteenth century as a halcyon time of orderly growth and stable prices, when the value of money was anchored by gold. The twentieth century, in contrast, is described as permanently biased toward inflation, which has been fuelled by the paper money created by fiat of the Federal Reserve, unrestrained by the gold standard's guarantee of real value. Prices in fact both rose and fell drastically throughout the nineteenth century—despite the gold standard, and sometimes because of it. Wars interrupted gold's discipline, and eras of expansionary credit produced bursts of inflation in spite of gold. The gold standard's effect was eventually to drive prices back down, producing eras of disaster and disorder, not political



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peace. Indeed, the longest recorded stretch of genuine stability in the price average of the United States was in reality one of the nation's most fractious periods—the years from 1884 to 1893, when America's farmers were driven to their desperate political rebellion, and the fledgling labor movement was struggling combatively to protect workers' wages. The index of prices remained flat for ten years, but that was because farmers' prices were falling while prices for other productive sectors of the economy were rising —a turbulent condition that looked like economic stability only if it was viewed as a statistical abstraction, and only in distant hindsight.

The credit problem amounted to more than the personal anxieties of farmers sinking deeper into debt. The tight-money conditions imposed by the restoration of the gold standard guaranteed permanently high interest rates, and the higher profits naturally flowed to the lenders—the banking system and the owners of wealth. But the money-and-credit system creaked with rigidity and periodically broke down. When the demand for borrowing surged—typically, in step with agricultural seasons—the money supply could not quickly or easily expand to provide additional credit, for money creation was based on the quantity of gold in reserve. Thus, more money could not be produced by the banking system until it acquired more gold reserves, usually by borrowing them from Europe, and it took fifteen days for a shipment of gold to cross the Atlantic. In the meantime, the banking system was on its own.

The result, again and again when credit became scarce, was a wave of illiquidity that rippled through the financial system, starving commerce of short-term credit and ruining hundreds of banks. The squeeze usually started in the South and West, with farmers bringing crops to market, and merchants and traders needing short-term loans to finance the swollen transactions of local trade. When rural banks exhausted their resources, they turned to larger banks, in the cities, for temporary loans. When the larger banks ran out of reserve funds, they turned to the money centers of the United States—the oldest and largest banks of New York or Chicago or Boston, which were great storehouses of America's accumulated fortunes.

Thus, before 1913—when the Federal Reserve was created—with no central bank to help banks through

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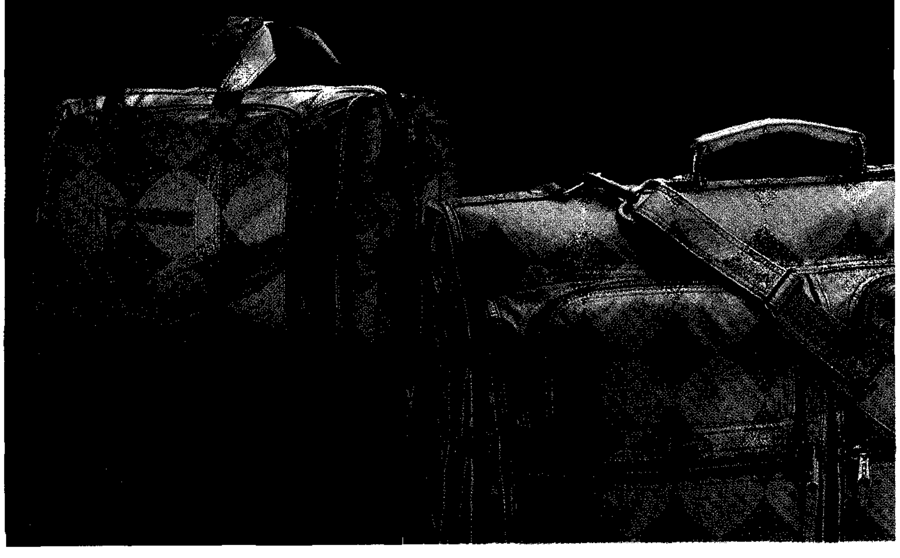

short-term liquidity squeezes, the only "lender of last resort" available to bail out the banking system was Wall Street: the despised "money trust" of Populist oratory. The House of Morgan would typically organize a syndicate of major lenders, who would come to the rescue with a package of loans to other banks, and, not incidentally, would charge very profitable rates for their risk. If the money-center bankers decided, for reasons of their own, that they could not fill all the nation's demands for liquidity, then somewhere at the other end of the line banks failed and local commerce froze. This experience produced regional resentments, and the abiding prejudice against Wall Street that still echoes in politics. Southern or Western senators, including conservative Republicans, were likely to be much more suspicious of the financial system's control and much more impatient with high interest rates than colleagues who had grown up closer to the money-center banks.

"Dauphin! Stop teasing La Infanta!"

• •

THE Populists first proposed a solution to the money question in August of 1886, at Cleburne, Texas, where the Farmers Alliance was meeting in state convention. The so-called Cleburne Demands had much in common with earlier proposals by the Greenback Party, which in the previous decade had fought the gold standard and defended Lincoln's fiat currency. The Texas farmers endorsed what for them was a radical departure—federal regulation of the banking system and a national currency that was not restrained by gold. Unlike the liberal reformers who succeeded them in the twentieth century, the Populists were suspicious of centralized power in any form. They may have despised Wall Street bankers, but they distrusted Washington politicians almost as fervently. Nevertheless, it seemed to the Populists that the federal government was the only center of power that could remedy the money problem.

The new greenbacks that the Populists proposed would provide the nation with a money supply that could expand or shrink by government management to meet the real credit needs of the marketplace. The Populists' aim was frankly inflationist—getting prices to increase, so they could earn adequate incomes from their produce. For them to achieve that, the money supply would have to be greatly expanded, both through more silver and gold coinage and through the new paper money. The United States Treasury would issue government dollars to replace the private banknotes in circulation. Congress would regulate money growth. In a subsequent refinement, the Alliance platform defined the greenbacks in the very words that were later to appear on every Federal Reserve Note: "Legal tender for all debts, public and private."

Orthodox economists, bankers, and politicians scoffed. Under the Populist scheme, what was to keep the government from printing money ad infinitum? The growth of the money supply, the rural leaders explained, would be geared to the growth of the economy—"per capita circulation that shall increase as the population and business interests of the country expand." The money supply would be controlled, democratically, by elected representatives, rather than by an oligarchy of financiers or by the mystical values attached to precious metals. At the time, it sounded like an invitation to anarchy.

At the Alliance convention in 1889, in St. Louis, the Populist leader Charles W. Macune unveiled his radical plan for money: the United States Treasury was to establish federal warehouses in every county with significant agricultural production, and these thousands of "sub-treasuries" would serve as the valves for money creation. A farmer would put his corn or cotton in storage at the sub-treasury, and then he could borrow against his crops at a one- or two-per-cent rate or could sell the crops at prevailing market prices or could borrow on the value of his land. The farmer would be paid in legal tender—in greenback dollars printed by the government as the new national currency, or in negotiable certificates of deposit that could be used in trade. Thus, the government would be creating new money and putting it into circulation by way of the loans made to farmers—a money supply that would be based on real production, the tangible goods in storage. In theory, when farmers repaid their loans the currency would be paid back into the Treasury and extinguished—withdrawn from the circulating money supply. All this was similar to the way the Federal Reserve

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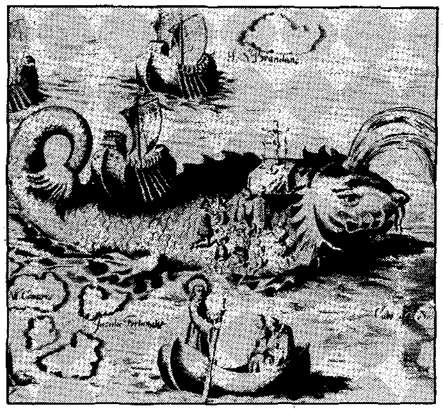

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System now creates and destroys money through the medium of bank reserves and bank lending.

There was one difference, however, and that was crucial: the Populist plan would essentially employ the full faith and credit of the United States government directly to assist the "producing classes," who needed financing for their enterprises. In effect, the government would circumvent the bankers and provide credit straight to the users —particularly the small farmers, who needed it most, being most vulnerable to the demands of the private credit system. The government would provide "money at cost," instead of money lent by merchants and bankers at thirty-five or fifty or a hundred per cent interest. (The money-creation system that Congress adopted in 1913 instead preserved the banking system as the intermediary that controlled the distribution of new money and credit. When the Federal Reserve expanded the money supply, commercial bankers decided who would get to use it and also how much it would cost. The Fed never interfered in those decisions, though it did make occasional pleas to the banking system to favor certain kinds of borrowers or to avoid others. In that sense, the Fed shrank from the full implications of its power, and delegated the allocation of new credit to private interests.)

The struggling farmers eventually won relief from the devastating deflation, but by a fluke of history. In the late eighteen-nineties, prices stopped falling, and started rising smartly—a steady inflation that lasted for twenty years and restored prosperity to the agricultural producers. The change had nothing to do with politics or government policy. It was caused by a surge in the supply of gold: new gold fields discovered and developed in Alaska, Colorado, and South Africa more than doubled the world's stock of gold between 1890 and 1914.

"The Populist moment," as the historian Lawrence Goodwyn has called it, was brief. The movement spread furiously for a few years, and then, like a prairie fire, burned itself out. Unable to sell its unconventional ideas to either the Republicans or the Democrats, the Farmers Alliance created the People's Party and, in 1892, ran its own candidate for President—James B. Weaver. The ticket drew more than a million votes—about one of every twelve—and won electoral votes from six states, but that was a long way from attaining true power. Political realities pushed the agrarian reformers toward fusion with sympathetic Democrats; the issue on which they united, however, was not the Populists' imaginative scheme for a new national currency system but a simple inflationist proposition—free silver. If the government minted new silver coins in abundance, that would expand the money supply, dilute the deflationary power of gold, raise prices, and bring relief to the farmers. In 1896, William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, became the Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party and also of the insurgent People's Party. The indelible memory of the Populist era, the one that is taught in schoolbooks, is of silver, and Bryan's famous "cross of gold" speech. But, as Goodwyn explains in his authoritative "The Populist Moment," these images grossly distort the real experience and conceal the substantive core of Populist thinking. Bryan was a late convert who made himself leader of an army that was already marching; his "free silver" platform was shallow, even reactionary, compared with the far more radical plan that the Populist thinkers had devised. Coöpted by the Democrats and the silver issue, the movement's original agenda had already been effectively defeated. When Bryan lost to McKinley in the 1896 election, Populism was finished as a serious threat to the established order.

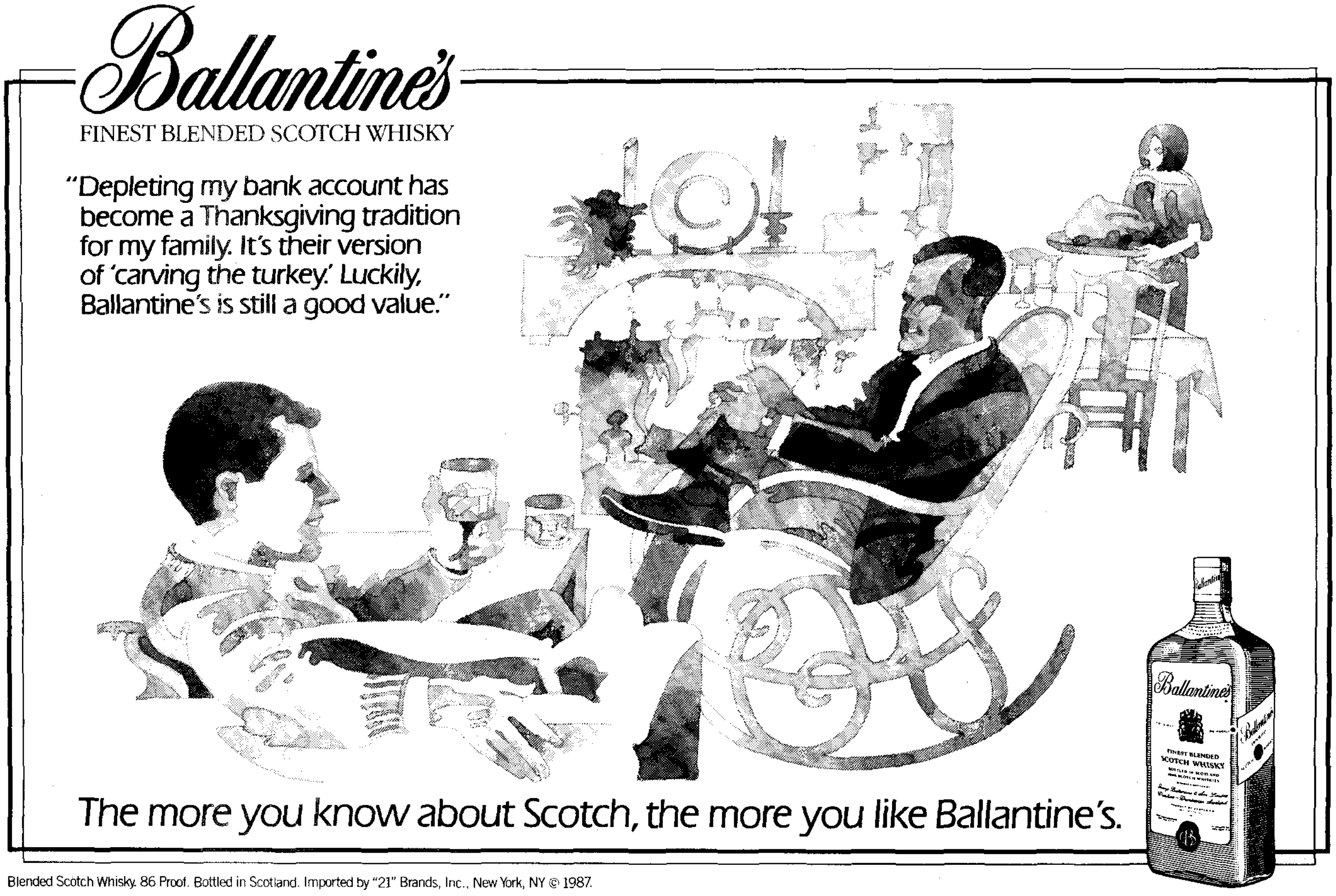
IN the decade after 1900, with the Populist revolt fading, bankers replaced farmers as the leading advocates of monetary reform. For the distressed farmers, the money question had been primarily a complaint about prices, and their central grievance had been alleviated by the gold discoveries. But the money question always had a parallel component—the issue of instability in the banking system caused by the inelasticity of money and credit. This concern persuaded nervous bankers of the East and industrial Midwest that the system must be altered. The bankers, who possessed considerably more political clout, took up the cause that the Western and Southern farmers had futilely championed, and refashioned the reform goals to coincide with their own interests. Not surprisingly, they neglected to acknowledge any intellectual debt to the agrarian agitators whose proposals they had denounced only a few years earlier.

For two decades, the banking system was shaken by periodic tremors, particularly in 1893 and, most severely, in 1907—a panic in which an important bank in New York City was closed. (In earlier panics, the Morgan bank was able to organize rescue efforts, but by 1907 the disorders were so severe that even Morgan had to turn to Washington for help.) The trouble usually started with the seasonal surges in the demand for agricultural credit. Across the country, the thousands of nationally chartered country banks were required to maintain part of their reserves on deposit at larger banks in forty-seven "reserve cities," and these reserve banks kept part of *their* reserves at the largest banks in three "central reserve cities": New York—the biggest—and Chicago and St. Louis. In theory, the nation's total supply of reserves was enough to support the periodic surges in lending, but in practice the reserves were spread out widely and in the wrong places—immobile money that could not be quickly redirected to the places where it was needed. When the autumn demand for loans increased, the country banks drew down their reserve cash on deposit in the forty-seven reserve cities, and the reserve banks, in order to restore their own depleted balances, had to withdraw funds from the three central reserve cities. If lending continued to expand in the countryside, the pressure to supply more reserves intensified in New York—"much like a whip, where a little force at one end produced a tremendous force at the other," as the historian Roger T. Johnson has put it. The result was a financial panic.

Given the pivotal role of Wall Street bankers (and the accompanying spectacle of their stock-market manipulations), it was natural for people to blame them for these waves of destruction. In a narrow sense, Wall Street financiers did decide which banks would fail and which would be saved. When panic struck, Wall Street financiers did take advantage of the collapsing financial markets to enhance their own profits and gobble up corporations. The monetary problems were more than a matter of mere greed, however; they were systemic. Imperious bankers of the East may have been as wicked as the people of Texas or Iowa believed, but they were not what caused the recurring crises.

Two rigidities interacted to create waves of panic: the immobile reserves, scattered too thinly around the country to be redirected quickly to the banks that needed them, and the inflexible money supply, tied to gold, and thus unable to expand fast enough to supply seasonal surges in bank lending. These problems were compounded by a lingering public distrust of account-book money, existing only as a number in a checking account. (By 1907, though, Americans held nearly six dollars in demand-deposit money for every dollar they held in cash.) In troubled times, people wanted to have their money in real dollar bills, which they could see and touch and put under the mattress until the panic ended. So they rushed to the banks.

When Woodrow Wilson accepted the Democratic Presidential nomination in the summer of 1912, his acceptance speech mildly restated the passionate grievances that Western and Southern Democrats had so long maintained against the "money trust." "Vast confederacies" had formed among banks and corporations, Wilson agreed, and though these were neither illegal nor conspiratorial, they were disturbing. "A concentration of the control of credit . . . may at any time become infinitely dangerous to free enterprise," he said. The new Democratic leader, a historian and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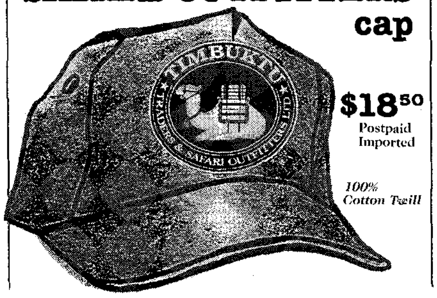

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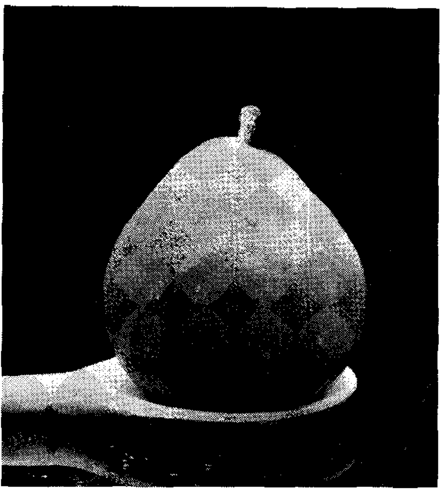
former president of Princeton University, was clearly more conservative on the money question than major elements of his own party. Three times, angry Democrats from the provinces had given their Party's nomination to William Jennings Bryan, and despite his defeats Bryan was still their putative leader. In contrast, Woodrow Wilson had a few years earlier praised the leadership of J. P. Morgan, and he still spoke equably about the rise of vast corporations. "The old time of individual competition is probably gone by," he observed. "It may come back; I don't know; it will not come back within our time, I daresay."

Once elected, Woodrow Wilson moderated his rhetoric, and instead of consulting Bryan's agrarian wing he turned for his ideas on bank reform to those whose perspective was quite close to the bankers'. One of the experts was H. Parker Willis, an economist on the staff of the House Banking and Currency Committee who, with his boss, Representative Carter Glass, of Virginia, drafted a bill that provided for a privately controlled network of twelve regional reserve banks that would be given government powers. Money would be created entirely through the Discount windows at these banks. Instead of buying or selling government notes or bonds (as is now the case), the Fed would buy "real bills" of trade—the short-term debt notes that banks took when they lent to business and agriculture.

The President accepted the committee's outline, but insisted on one crucial change: a Federal Reserve Board in Washington, appointed by the President, would be added to control and coördinate action among the regions. This was to be the "capstone," which would represent the public interest alongside the bankers'. Bankers would run the twelve Reserve Banks and, as consolation for being excluded from the central board, would send their representatives to a Federal Advisory Council, which would meet regularly with the Federal Reserve Board to advise it on money issues. The Secretary of the Treasury would serve on the seven-member board in Washington, guaranteeing a direct voice for the Chief Executive in the making of monetary policy. With that alteration, Wilson explained, the elected government could control the new system, "so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative."



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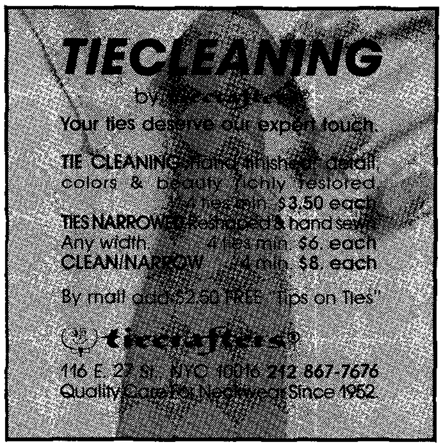

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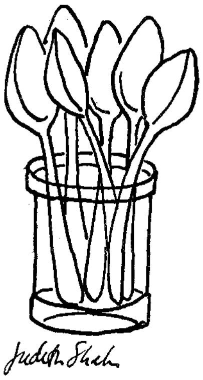
This was Wilson's great compromise: the creation of a hybrid institution, mixing private and public control. It was an approach without precedent. Louis D. Brandeis, the brilliant lawyer and reformer, advised Wilson that the bankers should be excluded entirely from control of the system. "The conflict between the policies of the Administration and the desires of the financiers and of big business is an irreconcilable one," he warned. "Concessions to the big business interests must in the end prove futile." However, Wilson's conviction that he had struck the right, moderate balance seemed confirmed by the reactions to his proposal. It was attacked by both extremes—the "radicals" from the Populist states and the bankers on Wall Street and elsewhere. The bankers feared that it would set a dangerous precedent of government control over the private economy. The remnant Populists complained that it did not give the government enough control. Both criticisms proved justified.



By making a few cosmetic changes in the proposal, the President persuaded Bryan, whom he had appointed Secretary of State, to endorse the measure as a triumph over the "money trust." But other Populists were not taken in. Representative Robert Henry, of Texas, the most perceptive of the Populist legislators, described the political balance in Wilson's legislation as "wholly in the interest of the creditor classes, the banking fraternity, and the commercial world, without proper provision for the debtor classes and those who toil, produce, and sustain the country." The most relentless opposition, however, came from bankers. It was a Democratic bill, and most of them were Republicans. The New York *Times* derided Wilson's proposal as "the Oklahoma idea, the Nebraska idea." The New York *Sun*, then a reliable voice of Wall Street sentiment, dismissed the President's careful compromise as "covered all over with the slime of Bryanism." The bankers failed to defeat Wilson's design, but their opposition left the indelible impression that when the Federal Reserve Act was signed into law, on December 23, 1913, it was a great victory for Democratic reform over Republican special interests—a triumph for the popular will and a defeat for Wall Street.

The reality was more ambiguous, as the historian Gabriel Kolko, in "The Triumph of Conservatism," documents from the private correspondence and public comments of prominent bankers. While banking organizations were adopting resolutions against the measure, many bankers were also writing their senators urging them to vote for it rather than allow reform to die. They denounced Wilson's "obnoxious" contributions to the bill but were "extremely favorable to about 80 per cent of it," as one of them put it. When the law was enacted, opponents swiftly put aside their complaints and agreed to help run the new system. As an economic institution, the Fed inherited the noblesse-oblige role that the House of Morgan could no longer perform—and also some of the resentment. And the head of the New York Fed, a former "Morgan man" named Benjamin Strong, soon came to realize that, because of its twelve regional banks, the new central bank was in fact highly decentralized. Under Strong's leadership, in fact, the regional banks were able to control monetary policy.

The political parentage of the Federal Reserve was thus divided—a reform proposed by Republican bankers that a Democratic President had transformed—and this helped to explain why the central bank's privileged position in politics endured. Republican conservatives would naturally rally to its defense if liberal Democrats were attacking. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, had sponsored both the original Fed legislation and subsequent reforms to limit the influence of private bankers. The Federal Reserve shrewdly balanced itself between the two parties, enlisting help from one or the other as needed.

Even before the Federal Reserve Board could hold its first meeting, set for August of 1914, the great nations of Europe were at war. One by one, these nations' governments, in order to finance their armies, abandoned the gold guarantees behind their currencies. Though no one recognized it at the time, this was the beginning of the end of the gold standard in domestic economies worldwide. The United States hung on to gold longer than others, but finally, in the financial crisis of 1933, it, too, suspended the right

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of gold convertibility. Until then, citizens had been able to turn in their Federal Reserve Notes for an appropriate quantity of gold. Thereafter, the Fed's paper money would be redeemed only with more paper money.

The instructions that Congress gave for the activities of the Federal Reserve were vague. The 1913 act said merely that the Reserve Banks should set Discount rates "with a view of accommodating commerce and business," and that credit should be provided to member banks with due regard to "the maintenance of sound credit conditions, and the accommodation of commerce, industry and agriculture." In later years, further legislation added similar words and phrases to the Fed's mandate, but it was always framed so loosely that the congressional intent could be interpreted to fit almost any policy in any season.

For many years, the Fed's critics complained, with justification, that Federal Reserve governors hid behind platitudes and refused to state the real economic objectives of their policies in concrete terms. Certainly the Fed chairmen always resisted the occasional legislative efforts to impose more precise objectives on the central bank's functions. The ambiguity and evasion, however, were not solely an invention of the Fed but an implicit part of the original political bargain. To state the goals of monetary policy in explicit terms would require Congress to make stark political choices that it did not wish to face. If the objectives of money policy were visible and constant, then the class implications would be more visible, too: almost everyone would be able to figure out for himself which groups were to benefit and which would likely be hurt—borrowers or lenders, entrepreneurs anxious for expansion or owners of capital worried about stability. Keeping things vague was another way of avoiding the central conflict within democratic capitalism.

THE first recession directly induced by the Federal Reserve—though Fed officials disclaimed any responsibility for it—began in the spring of 1920. A sharp spike of inflation followed the close of the First World War, just as inflation had followed previous wars, and for approximately the same reasons: to finance the war, the federal government had borrowed heavily, and the national debt had ballooned in a few years from less than a billion dollars to $27 billion. By the fall of 1919, prices were rising at an annual rate of fifteen per cent. Benjamin Strong and his colleagues agreed that they must act to break the inflationary spiral. Over the next few months, the major Federal Reserve Banks raised the Discount rate—the rate that the Fed charged banks for short-term loans—from four per cent to seven, and market interest rates rose with it. Within a short time, the price of money was nearly doubled. Once the Discount rate had been raised to an unprecedented level, the Reserve Banks kept it at very high levels for eighteen months.

The result was a swift and dramatic deflation and economic contraction over those eighteen months—severe enough to earn the label of depression. In two years, commodity prices fell by about fifty per cent from their early-1920 peak, and farmers were plunged once again into financial crisis. General business activity subsided by nearly a third. Manufacturing volume fell by forty-two per cent. Unemployment rose fivefold, to 11.9 per cent—an additional four million people were out of work. As a staff member on the House Banking and Currency Committee once observed, "All

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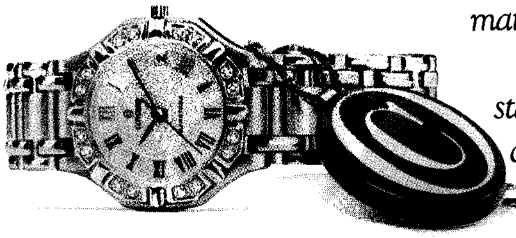

Fig. I

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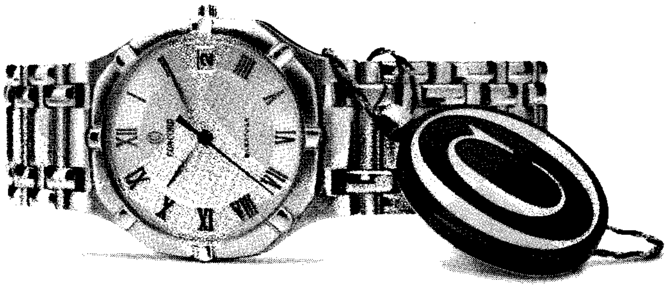

Fig. II

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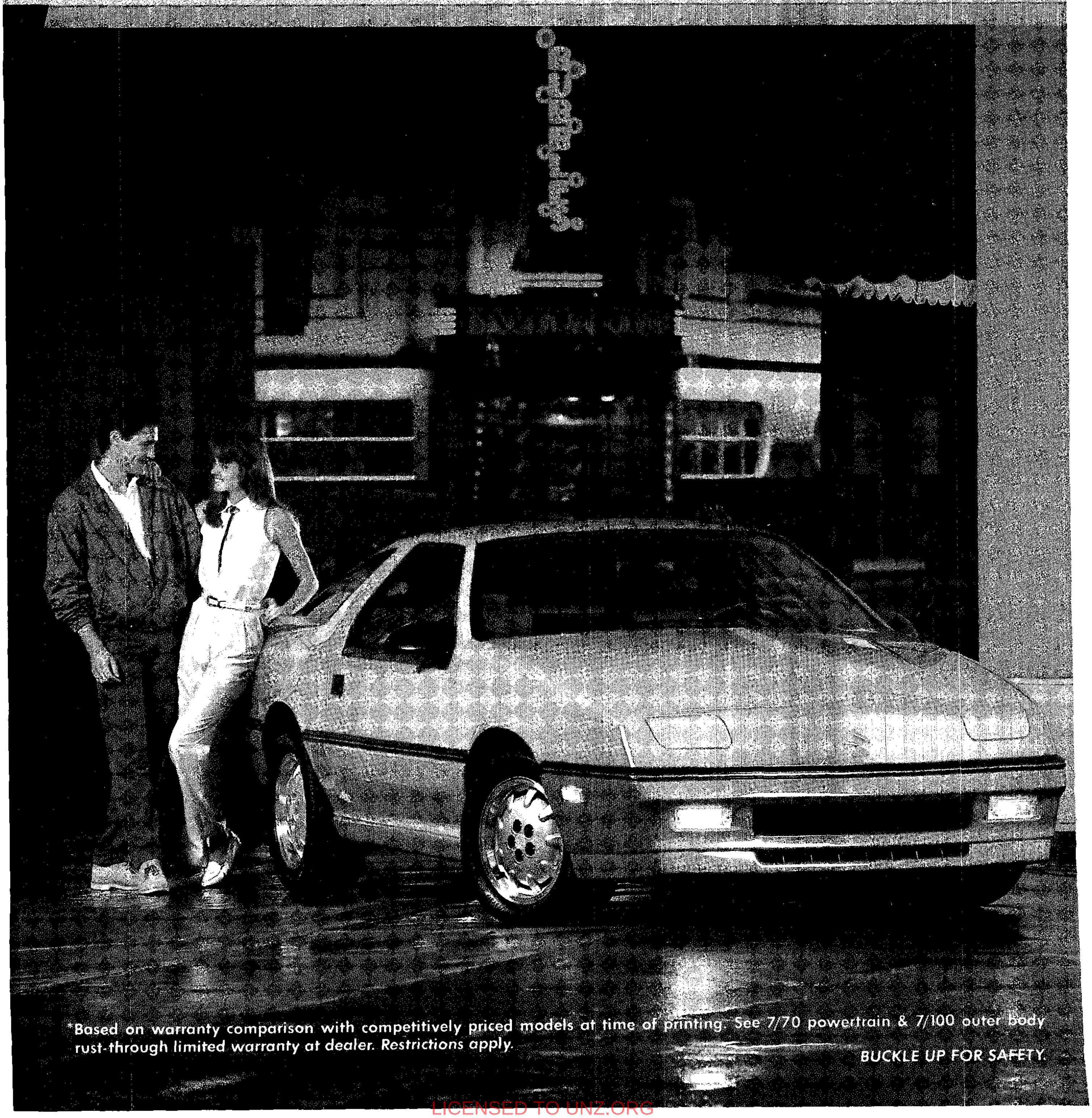

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

prices fell except the price of money.”

The Fed managers deflected criticism with narrowly worded denials. When an angry delegation of Farm Bureau representatives confronted Benjamin Strong, he replied disingenuously, “You inquire as to the man who gave this order for deflation. I know of no such order being given.” Besides, Strong said, he had been out of the country at the time. Congressional critics, including Progressive Republicans and the out-of-power Democrats, threatened legislation to revoke the Fed’s independent charter, but the governors did not yield. Even the new, Republican Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, who was himself a member of the Federal Reserve Board, pleaded futilely with his colleagues to reduce interest rates once prices were falling rapidly and the economy was shrinking. The political pressures failed. Strong, addressing a conference of Reserve Bank officials in the spring of 1921, warned, “What this system requires is protection against misled public opinion, which will be reflected in Congress, in some foolish act by Congress.”

The Fed’s objective, frankly stated in its own records of its deliberations, was the restoration of “sound financial conditions,” not the restoration of economic growth. Bank failures increased alarmingly during the 1920-21 recession, but on the whole a period of stringent credit conditions was profitable for many banks: the real value of their own financial assets—bonds and outstanding loans—increased proportionately as prices fell and money “hardened” again.

The Fed policymakers concentrated on eliminating the inflationary fears of financial investors, not on lowering the unemployment rate or restoring farm prices; indeed, the first objective was necessarily in conflict with the others. From the Fed’s perspective, declining prices were the goal, not the problem. High unemployment did not hurt; it helped. A surplus of labor, with more workers competing for jobs, forced wages down generally, and falling wages led to moderated inflation. Even as late as April, 1921, one member of the Federal Reserve Board, Adolph Miller, argued that it was too early to ease credit conditions, because, in his judgment, wages were still too high. American industry could not return to a “safe and sound condition” until the contraction produced “what is called liquidation of labor,” Miller explained. The phrase, he conceded, sounded “a little offensive.” Strong agreed that labor must yield more before “sound central banking principles” would permit the Fed to relent.

The 1920-21 depression was prototypical. Its severity was greater than most, but in future episodes of contraction the Federal Reserve’s priorities were the same. Though chartered to accommodate the needs of commerce and industry, the central bank continued to focus its concern on the health of the financial sector, at the expense of the productive economy. In order to restore one, it was necessary to discipline the other.

For those who truly understood monetary policy, a new reality was becoming clear: while the Federal Reserve System might have been created for the narrow task of providing an elastic currency, its actual powers were far greater. The Fed’s decisions could turn the broad tides of economic growth and decline for the entire nation. Federal Reserve governors, as a practical matter, were making macroeconomic policy for the federal government long before that term was invented.

After the 1921 recovery, the twenties proved to be a decade of extraordinary economic growth, despite two more recessions, much milder than the first. The Fed was implicated in both. One was attributed to the system’s excessive tightening of credit in 1923; the other, less persuasively, to the Fed’s failure to ease credit in 1926 when economic activity began to decline. The nineteen-twenties nonetheless greatly enhanced the Federal Reserve’s stature. Thanks largely to Strong’s management, it was an era of relatively stable prices—“the high tide” of the Federal Reserve System, according to Milton Friedman and Anna Jacobson Schwartz in their landmark study, “A Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960.” And, at the same time, the robust American economy embarked on the “roaring twenties.” New technologies increased productivity enormously: the output per hour of labor rose by an astonishing sixty-three per cent during the decade. Mass markets developed for automobiles and timesaving appliances like refrigerators.

The Republican era of optimism was epitomized by Calvin Coolidge’s relaxed attitude toward the Presidency. “If you see ten troubles coming down the road, you can be sure that nine will run into the ditch before they reach you,” he said. Treasury Secretary Mellon advanced a more sophisticated rationale for the old Republican doctrine of laissez-faire. Mellon, who dominated economic thinking through three Republican Administrations, argued that the old Populist idea of progressive taxation—higher rates for the wealthy, or “soaking the rich,” as Republicans called it—was destructive to general prosperity. Instead of using the income tax to compensate for maldistribution of wealth and income, he maintained, tax rates on the rich should be reduced drastically, in order to stimulate economic growth. The Republicans devised tax credits, refunds, and abatements to benefit private corporations, and they enacted four major reductions in income-tax rates, purposely skewed to benefit the upper-income brackets. The Mellon argument—denounced by Democrats as “trickle down” economics—was that everyone would eventually benefit as the wealthy devoted their savings on taxes to capital investment and new jobs were created. Mellon fell short of his ultimate goal—complete elimination of progressive tax rates—but his approach seemed for a time to be wondrously effective in stimulating new factories and expanding production. As the Republican prosperity unfolded, the Federal Reserve shared in the applause. Banking panics seemed to be a thing of the past. Inflation was vanquished. Economic performance was evidently aided by the Fed’s stable management. Informed opinion was in agreement: the promises made back in 1913 for the new Federal Reserve System had been more than fulfilled.

In this aura of self-congratulation, the darker portents of the nineteen-twenties were largely ignored. Farmers, unlike other sectors of the economy, never really recovered from the depression of 1920-21 and the drastic decline in commodity prices. They re-

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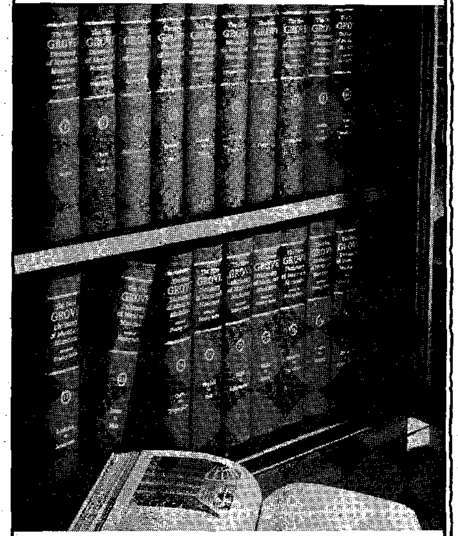

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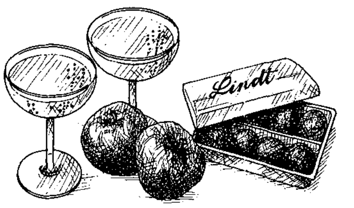
mained trapped by deflated prices and glutted markets. In 1920, farm families had received fifteen per cent of the national income; eight years later, they received only nine per cent.

Labor, too, was losing ground, if less obviously. As industrial production expanded robustly, workers seemed to be sharing in the new prosperity, but they were working longer hours for the same wages and borrowing more heavily to keep up. Estimates of unemployment ranged from 5.2 per cent to thirteen. As labor surpluses built up, the struggling labor movement suffered severely: unions lost nearly thirty per cent of their membership. That and other accumulating evidence suggested deep instabilities in the economy, but most people were persuaded to ignore them. The stock market, after all, was rallying to new heights—a sure signal of more good times ahead.

In this setting, the Federal Reserve established another precedent—its ability to obfuscate and confuse when it was under attack. Public discontent was blunted by long and complicated technical answers, which diverted attention from the Fed's own role in economic distress. The official answers were usually accurate in the narrow sense but grossly dodged the questions. These evasive techniques became standard procedure in the system. When accused of helping big banking interests in their conspiracy to advance interest rates, the Fed replied that high interest rates were an act of nature, caused by impersonal market conditions, and not by anyone's conscious decision. This became the stock response, offered by successive Fed chairmen in subsequent decades, whenever rates went up.

Benjamin Strong died in October, 1928, and just a year later the Federal Reserve System suffered its historic disgrace. The stock market crashed, and the American economy collapsed with it. The "new era" of permanent prosperity was abruptly demolished, being followed by the Great Depression, with unemployment at twenty-five per cent and desperate poverty for tens of millions of Americans. Tens of thousands of businesses were bankrupted, and the panic of bank closures also returned, destroying nearly half of all American banks. The Federal Reserve was blamed for failure to act both before and after the crash—first for letting it happen, then for failing to reverse the devastation.

The Fed's defenders liked to imag-



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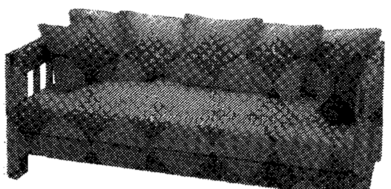

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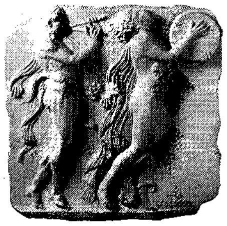

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ine—perhaps wishfully—that if Benjamin Strong had lived, the worst of the disaster could perhaps have been averted. Certainly Strong saw the outlines of the gathering crisis before others did. In the summer of 1928, three months before his death, he warned a colleague that banks and investors were caught up in a dangerous frenzy of speculation, borrowing heavily to make speculative stock-market forays, and bidding up prices so high that the rosy expectations could not possibly be fulfilled. "The problem now," Strong wrote, "is so to shape our policy as to avoid a calamitous break in the stock market, a panicky feeling about money, a setback to business because of the change in psychology, and at the same time accomplish if possible some of the purposes enumerated above." The Reserve Banks, he said, must dampen credit and restrain the speculative lending, but without setting off that "calamitous break." If financial markets did collapse, Strong added, it would be possible for the Fed to reverse such a crisis by "flooding the street with money." But without Strong to impose his will the Reserve Banks and the Federal Reserve Board were stalemated through most of 1929. In August, they belatedly voted a modest Discount increase, intended to slow down the rapacious bank lending. The speculative bubble continued. Stock-market prices went higher and higher.

On October 24, 1929—Black Thursday—the bubble burst: it was the "calamitous break" that Strong had feared. Within a matter of weeks, Standard & Poor's composite index of ninety common stocks fell from 245 to 162, wiping out more than a third of the index's value. Something on the order of seven billion dollars in bank loans to financial investors was rendered worthless. A "panicky feeling about money," in Strong's phrase, swept the nation and the world.

After the crash, the Federal Reserve System did nothing. At first, Strong's successors accepted the ruinous deflation as a natural—even a desirable—outcome. As the contraction deepened, however, they bickered among themselves about the correct response. Finally, rather late in the crisis, they tried briefly to reverse the decline, but abandoned the effort before it had a chance to succeed.

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bankruptcies in the economy, involving farmers and manufacturers along with the stock-market speculators, naturally extinguished money, and contracted the supply. From July, 1929, to July, 1933, United States money shrank in volume by nearly a third. The Federal Reserve could have intervened more effectively to reverse the contraction. It could have reduced interest rates sharply to stimulate renewed borrowing and encourage business activity. More important, it could have bought millions or billions in government securities, thereby pumping new money into the banking system to reverse the price deflation and re-start the dead economy. Instead, as President Herbert Hoover lamented, the Fed proved to be "a weak reed for a nation to lean on in time of trouble."

Long afterward, there was a general impression in political circles that the debacle resulting from the crash of 1929 could never happen again: the Fed would not permit it. If a similar collapse ever occurred, the central bank would simply begin pumping up the money supply until the crisis was reversed. When the crash occurred, it was said, the failure stemmed from the Federal Reserve's ignorance and impotence. Fed officials lacked sufficient knowledge of the economy to understand what was happening. They lacked the proper monetary tools to intervene successfully. (These claims were all widely rebroadcast after the stock-market crash of October, 1987.)

The mythology was comforting but, like most mythology, was not quite accurate. It was not that the Federal Reserve governors lacked the tools to reverse the waves of failure after 1929. They could have pumped money into the economy by open-market purchases —"flooding the street," as Strong had said—and that would have re-started the economic engine. But the governors, after arguing among themselves over whether to use this and other powers to halt the collapse, decided not to. The Federal Reserve's failure was a failure of human judgment, not of the mechanics of money. Unless one assumed that the Fed had subsequently become all-wise, such decisive errors would always still be possible.

The central bankers of 1929 did not view the economic collapse as an unfolding tragedy—at least, not in its opening phases. The leading commercial bankers who advised the Fed agreed. The Federal Advisory Council urged the central bank to let nature

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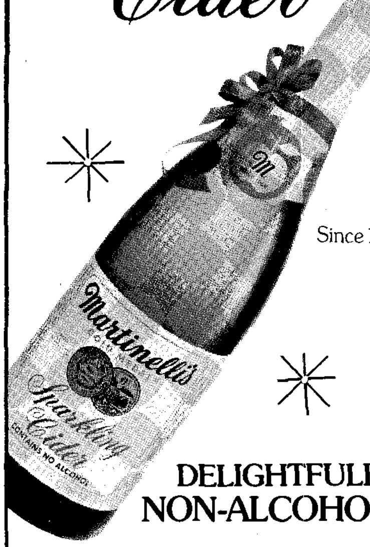

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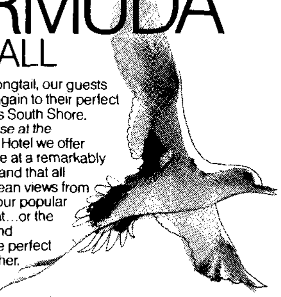

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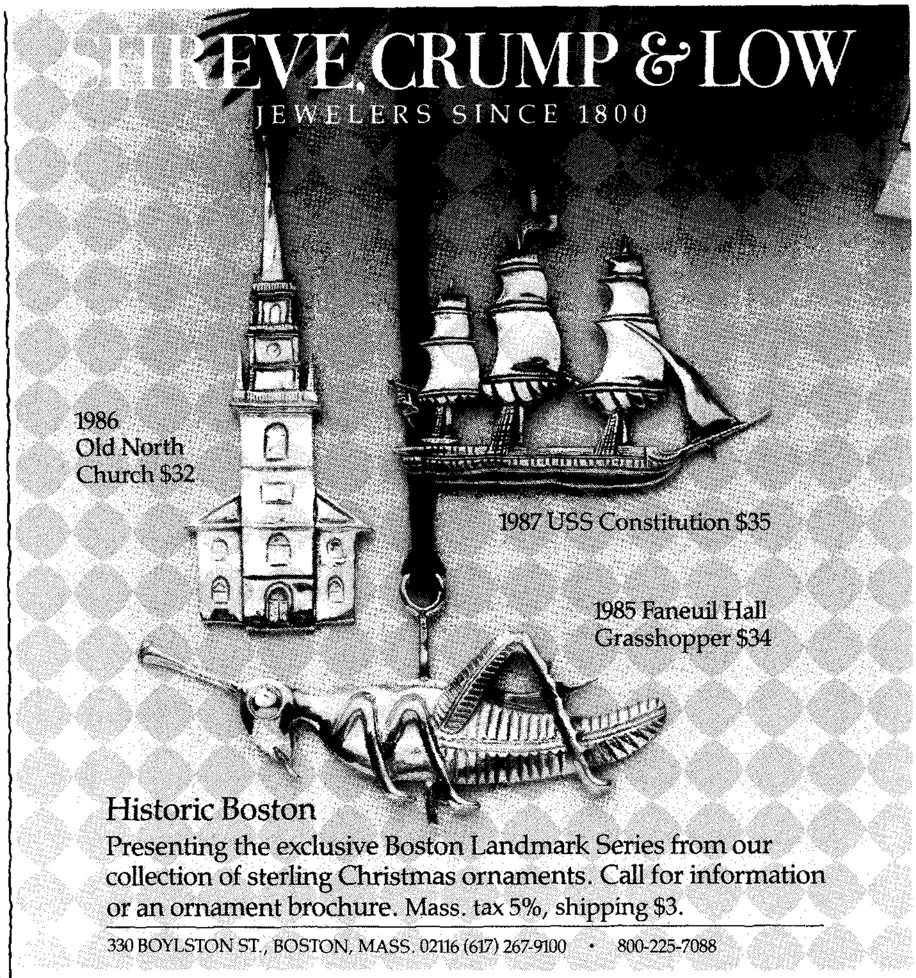
take its course. "The present situation will be best served if the natural flow of credit is unhampered by open-market operations," the council declared in November of 1930. Andrew Mellon made the same case. The way out of the Depression, he confided to President Hoover, was more failure and unemployment, more liquidation. "Liquidate labor, liquidate stocks, liquidate the farmers, liquidate real estate," Mellon said. The Treasury Secretary believed—and many other Fed officials agreed—that panic and recession were good for people. "It will purge the rottenness out of the system," Mellon explained. "People will work harder, live a more moral life. Values will be adjusted, and enterprising people will pick up the wrecks from less competent people."

As the Depression deepened, the Federal Reserve persisted in its passivity, in part because the Fed's money principles—the "real bills" doctrine—called for passivity. Again and again, in their private minutes and memos, the Reserve Bank officials insisted that the Fed's role was merely to provide Discount loans to the commercial banks that asked for them—to accommodate the credit needs of the economy. Of course, almost nobody was asking for new loans in 1930 and 1931. The economy was contracting, and the banking system did not need expanded credit from the Fed. On the contrary, banks found themselves floating in an excess of reserves—a pool of surplus lending capacity—because they could find nobody who wanted to borrow. Bankers invested their surpluses in bonds, and were therefore most sensitive to any move to lower interest rates. The Federal Reserve, urged on by shortsighted bankers, was feeding the contraction rather than resisting it.

In early 1933, while Franklin D. Roosevelt awaited his Inauguration, a new wave of collapsing banks was under way, accompanied by still higher unemployment and many more business failures. As the Democrats came to power, the national economy lay ruined, and the American banking system lay ruined with it. Also destroyed was the reputation of the Federal Reserve System.

ON a Monday morning in the late summer of 1931, the lobby of the First National Bank of Ogden, Utah, was jammed with nervous depositors—people waiting in line to withdraw their money before the bank ran out of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funds. Another Ogden bank, older and more distinguished, had failed to open that morning. Prudent citizens assumed that First National would be next—one more victim of the bank panics sweeping the country. The bank president, a man of forty named Marriner S. Eccles, told his tellers, "We can't break this run today. The best we can do is slow it down. People are going to come here to close out their savings accounts. You are going to pay them. But you are going to pay them very slowly. It's the only chance we have to deal with the panic."

All day, as people waited nervously to get to the windows, the tellers accordingly moved with maddening lethargy. They paid out withdrawals in small bills and counted slowly. They looked up the signature of everyone, even customers they had known for many years. As closing time approached, the bank was still jammed, and the tension increased. If the bank closed at the regular hour, scores of disappointed depositors were going to be powerfully angry. If Eccles kept his bank open longer, it might well run out of money.

Just in time, an armored car arrived at the door, delivering cash from the Federal Reserve's branch office in Salt Lake City—"as in the movies when the Union cavalry charges in to save all from the Indians," Eccles wrote in 1951, in his memoir "Beckoning Frontiers." He made a great show of ushering the armed guards to the vault. Then he mounted a counter to address the crowd:

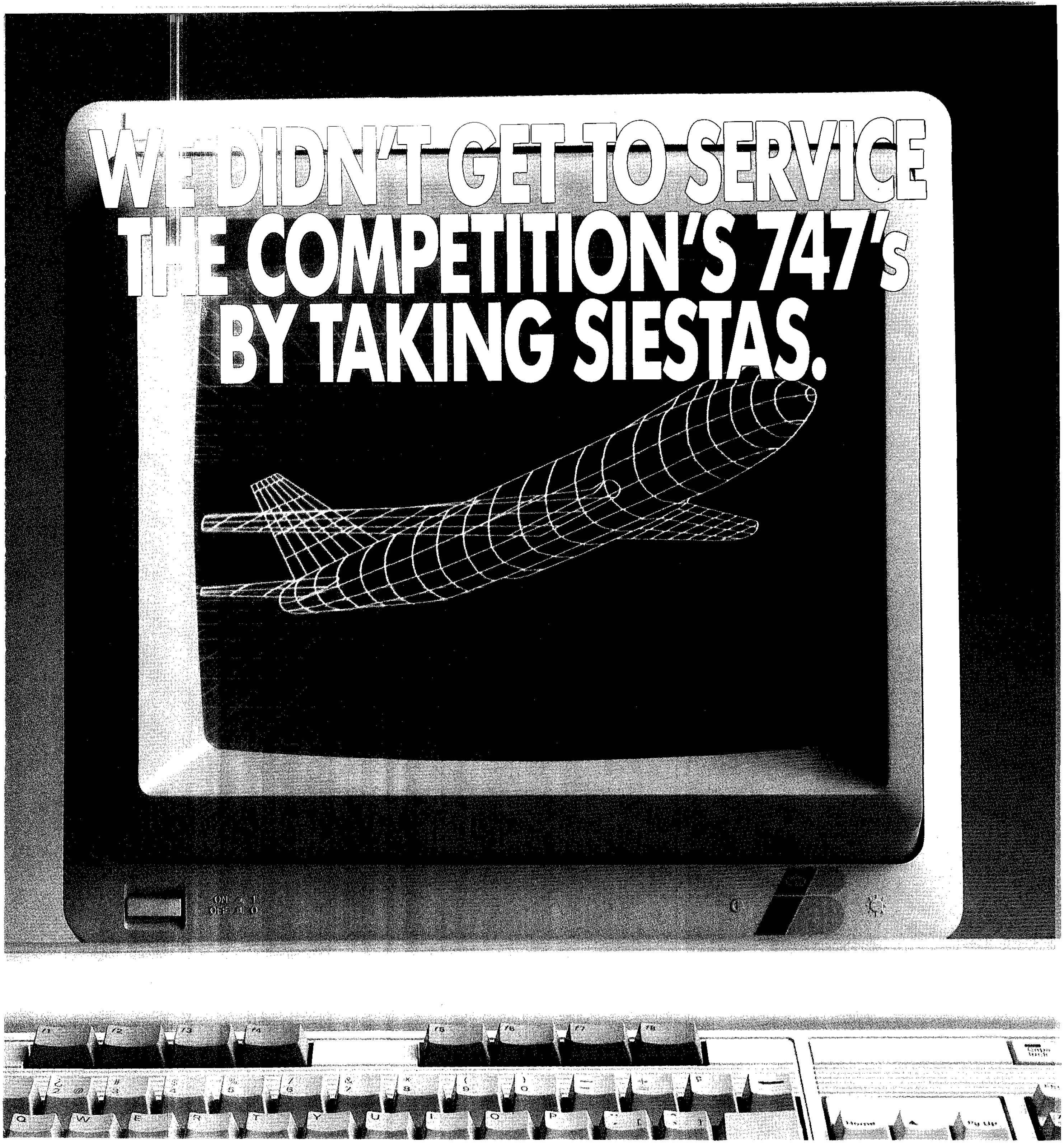
> Many of you have been in line for a considerable time. I notice a lot of pushing and shoving and irritation. I just wanted to tell you that instead of closing at the usual hour of three o'clock, we have decided to stay open just as long as there is anyone who desires to withdraw his deposit or make one. Therefore, you people who have just come in can return later this afternoon or evening if you wish. There is no justification for the excitement or the apparent panicky attitude on the part of some depositors. As all of you have seen, we have just had brought up from Salt Lake City a large amount of currency that will take care of all your requirements. There is plenty more where that came from.

"This was true enough," Eccles recalled saying to himself. "But I didn't say we could get it." The Federal Reserve did have plenty more cash, but none of it belonged to Eccles and First National of Ogden.

Marriner Eccles' theatrics succeeded. The crowd dispersed. Reassured depositors went home without withdrawing their accounts, and his bank survived. The nightmare recurred again and again, however. Like thousands of other American bankers, Eccles spent three years in continuous crisis, staving off the periodic "runs" that followed the crash of 1929. He was more successful than most. The Eccles family had a chain of twenty-six banks, scattered through towns and cities of the Mountain West, and they did not suffer a single failure. "To do so, we had to adopt a rough and distasteful credit and collection policy," he noted in his memoir. "Living with oneself was not a pleasant experience under those circumstances."

The trauma profoundly altered Marriner Eccles and his view of the world. "I awoke to find myself at the bottom of a pit without any known means of scaling its sheer sides," he recalled. He was a Mormon and a Republican, reared in the conservative economic doctrines held by his father, a self-made millionaire named David Eccles: thrift and hard work and free enterprise. "A business, like an individual, could remain free only if it kept out of debt, and the West itself could remain free only if it kept out of debt to the East" was what his father preached. Through eclectic reading and his own native intellect, the younger Eccles gradually arrived at explanations for the puzzling collapse of 1929 and the continuing Depression. Bankers like himself, he decided, only added to the problem by calling in loans and forcing the liquidation of their borrowers. Indeed, every individual enterprise, by doing what seemed sound on an individual basis, contributed further to the contraction. Within months, he had arrived at a radical conclusion: "The only way we could get out of the depression was through government action in placing purchasing power in the hands of people who were in need of it."

Eccles' analysis contradicted everything his father had taught him. The robust economy of the nineteen-twenties had vastly expanded America's ability to supply goods; roads, public utilities, oil, manufacturing and other productive facilities—all had grown enormously. The problem was not insufficient supply or inadequate savings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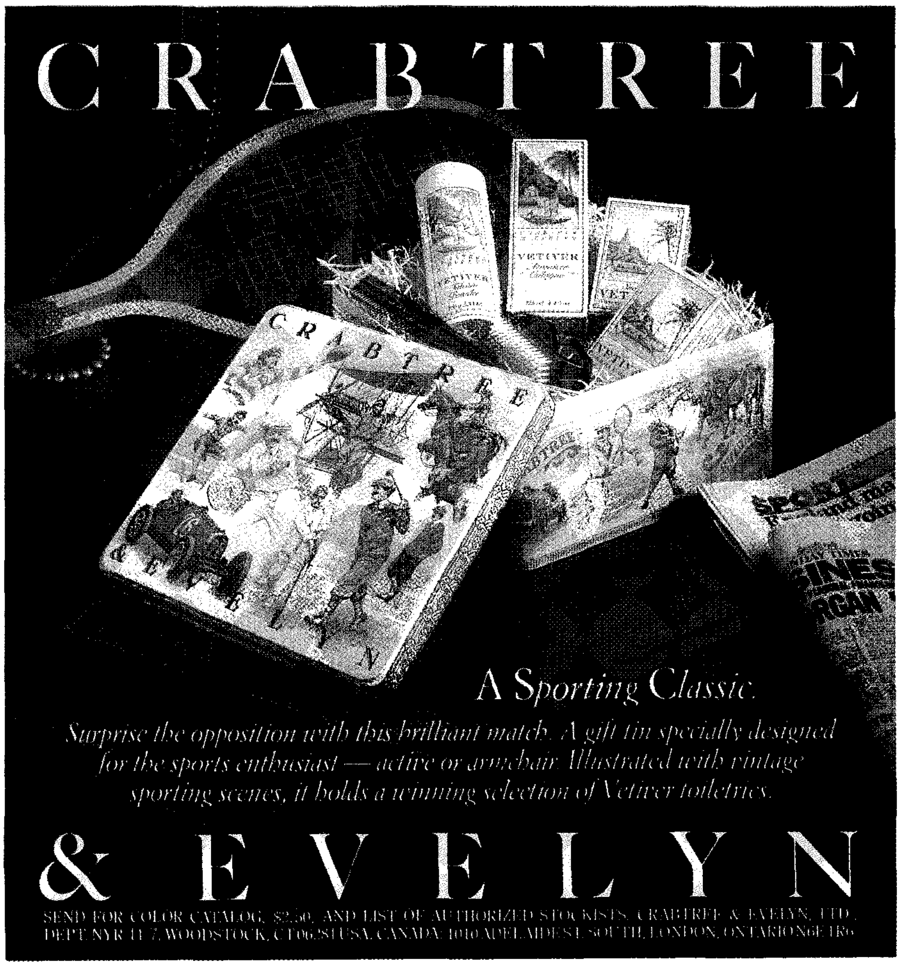

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for investment, as Eccles' father would have assumed. Rather, it was insufficient consumer demand for the products that America could now make. The fundamental weakness of the nineteen-twenties' prosperity, in other words, was not that Americans were profligate, spending too much and saving too little, but the opposite. "We did not as a nation consume more than we produced. Far from it," Eccles declared. "We were excessively thrifty." The maldistribution of incomes guaranteed that millions of potential consumers—workers, farmers, everyone who did not earn enough to join the ranks of the wealthy—would before long exhaust their purchasing power. "While the national income rose to high levels," Eccles reasoned, "it was so distributed that the incomes of the majority of families were entirely inadequate and business activity was sustained only by a rapid and unsound increase in the private debt structure, including ever-increasing installment buying of consumption goods." When the consumers' chips were gone, when they could no longer borrow or buy things, the producers would naturally curtail their production of goods. More factories were then closed, and more people lost their incomes. The game was over.

The solution became dazzlingly obvious to Marriner Eccles. His father's creed of thrifty individualism, perhaps right in its own time, was not valid for a modern industrial economy. As a millionaire himself, Eccles was certainly not hostile to the private accumulation of wealth, though he did resent the stubborn adherence to the status quo preached by his fellow-bankers and by businessmen. They insisted that depressions were "God-given and not man-made" events, and that no one should interfere in the process, least of all government. "It became apparent to me, as a capitalist, that if I lent myself to this sort of action and resisted any change designed to benefit all the people, I could be consumed by the poisons of social lag I had helped to create," he later wrote.

In Eccles' view, it did not matter greatly who owned wealth or how much they owned. Money itself was neutral as an economic force—positive if it was put into transactions and investment, harmful if it was hoarded in idle savings. What mattered was for people to keep their money moving. Wealthy investors or bankers, following individual reflexes for self-preservation in the contraction, would not put their idle money in motion on their own initiative. Why should they reinvest, reopen factories, or lend to new enterprises when unsold products were already stacked up in surplus? Why should anybody make more goods to sell when nobody seemed to be buying anything? The economic problem, then, was how to start money moving again—how to get money from those who had a surplus (but could not possibly spend enough of it) to those who did not have enough (and, out of harsh necessity, would spend money promptly if they got some).

The only mechanism that could accomplish this transfer, Eccles decided, was the federal government. The government could borrow idle capital held by the few and put it in the hands of the many: laborers and contractors, farmers and manufacturers, even the unemployed and the destitute elderly—people who would spend it. The government could do this simply by buying more things itself, such as roads and buildings, or by sending out benefit checks to eligible recipients—veterans, the unemployed, the old. Instead of paying for the goods and services or the welfare through taxes, the government would borrow the money—for if it raised taxes to pay for the spending, that might dilute the intended economic impact, taking money out of the private economy with one hand and putting it back with the other. Thus, Marriner Eccles proposed deliberately doing what his father had always preached against—living on borrowed money, or what was better known to later generations as deficit spending. In this respect, he was a homegrown precursor of John Maynard Keynes.

When Marriner Eccles testified before a 1933 Senate Finance Committee hearing looking into the causes of the Depression, he found a receptive audience. In addition to the new economic principles, Eccles set forth an agenda specifying ways the federal government could spend more money: through unemployment relief, public works, agricultural allotments, farm-mortgage refinancing, and settlement of foreign war debts. He also proposed reforms for long-term stability: federal insurance for bank deposits, a centralized Federal Reserve System, tax reform to redistribute income, a minimum-wage law, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and federal regulation of the stock market and other economic sectors. "We shall ei-

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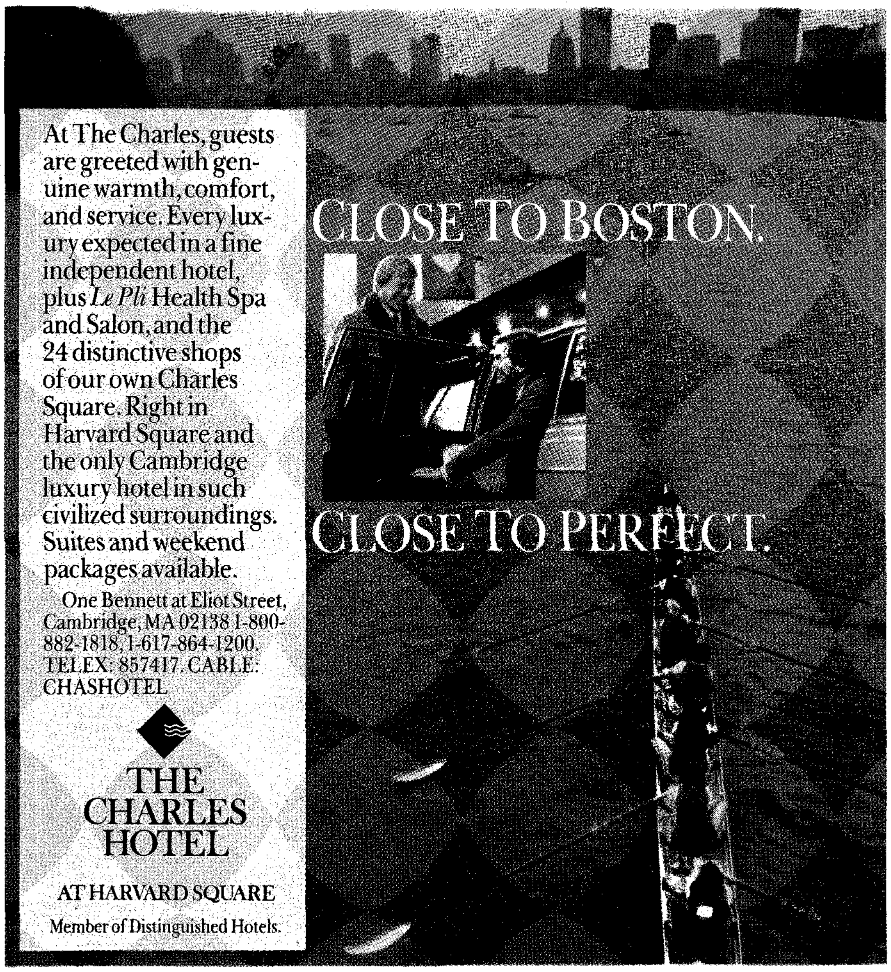
ther adopt a plan which will meet the problem of unemployment under capitalism or a plan will be adopted for us which will operate without capitalism," he told the senators.

In one sitting, a Mormon Republican banker from Utah had described almost all the reforms that were to become known as the New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The left-wing intellectuals who had clustered around F.D.R. as advisers instantly recognized that here was a kindred spirit. Despite Eccles' background, they invited him to join the inner circle that was drawing up legislative plans for the new Roosevelt Administration. Only in America perhaps—and then only in crisis—could such an odd political convergence succeed: a creative coincidence that enabled this unschooled but brilliantly innovative mind to collaborate with liberal reformers and socialists on how to save America. One summer, Marriner Eccles was struggling to keep his small-town banks from failure. The next summer, he was at the center of American political power—an intimate of the President, and a principal architect of the New Deal reforms.

IN the legislative upheaval of 1933, the American Bankers Association led the fight against one particular proposal—federal insurance of bank deposits. "Unsound, unscientific, unjust, and dangerous," its members warned. The New York Reserve bankers and other Fed officials objected that the measure would intrude on their authority. Even the new Roosevelt Administration, reform-minded as it was, declined to endorse it. Congress went ahead and enacted the law anyway, and the measure proved to be the most important banking reform of the New Deal era. The panicky crowds that Eccles had faced no longer appeared. Their money was safe; with a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation sticker in a bank's window, citizens need not rush to make withdrawals whenever they heard rumors of collapse. Commercial banks, despite their original opposition, now enjoyed a double layer of government protection—the federal guarantee, which reassured customers, and the Federal Reserve's Discount lending, which relieved temporary crises of liquidity.

Other reforms enacted in 1933 were designed to insulate banking from the runaway speculation in the stock market which had finally collapsed in the



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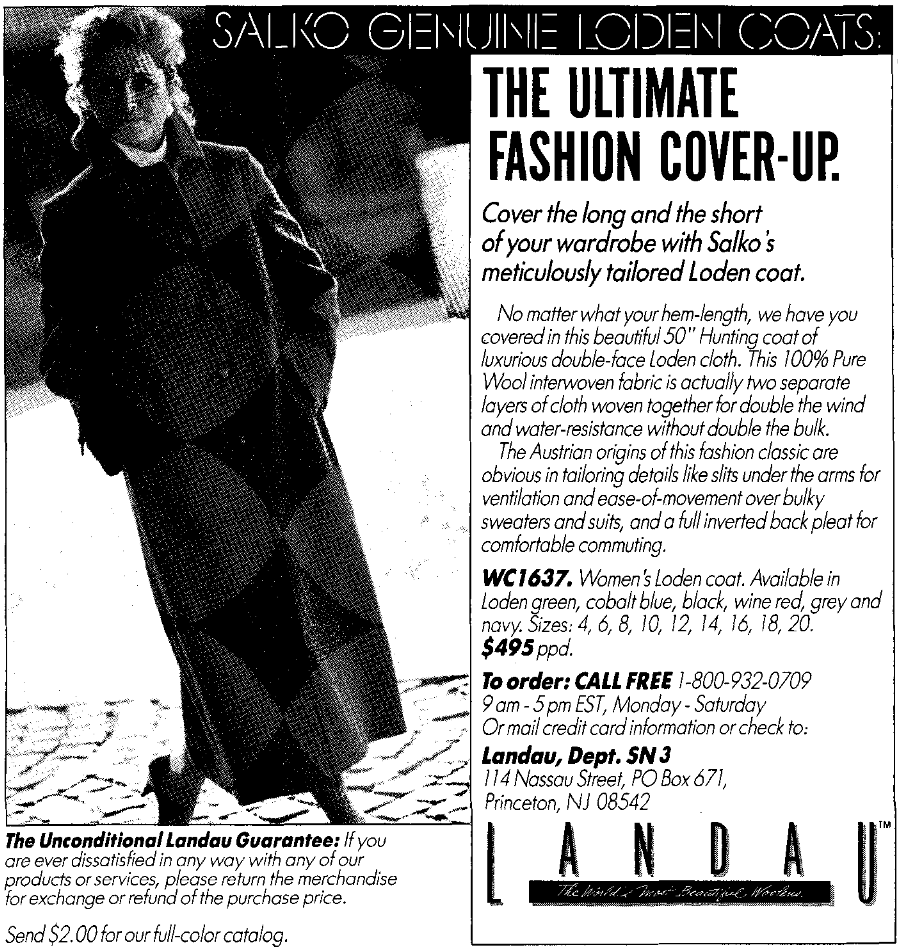

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autumn of 1929. The Federal Reserve was empowered to set collateral rules for credit in the stock market, eliminating the highly leveraged transactions in which speculators had been able to buy as much as a hundred thousand dollars in stocks with only ten thousand dollars in cash.

At the same time, the banking industry was effectively split in half—compelled to choose between the short-term lending of commercial banking and the raising of long-term capital through issues of stocks and bonds, which could now be done only by investment banks. Before 1933, when the major banks typically did both, they were frequently accused of conflict of interest, in floating a new issue of corporate stocks or bonds and then hyping the sales by pushing dubious securities off on their own deposit customers and trust accounts. The Glass-Steagall Act of 1933 forced a separation.

The commercial bankers, despite their perennial rhetoric promoting deregulation, have been silent ever since about the government's two most intrusive roles in their marketplace. Commercial banks long to be "freed," but not from federal deposit insurance or from the Federal Reserve's Discount lending. Yet to establish a genuine free market in finance, a "playing field" that is truly "level," banks would have to give up both protective subsidies. Without those privileges, commercial banking would doubtless be more competitive. There would also be many more failed banks.

When Marriner Eccles laid out his blueprint for reforming the Federal Reserve, in 1934, F.D.R. bought the whole package, and added one condition of his own: Eccles must agree to serve as chairman of the reconstituted central bank. "It is only fair that you should know that formidable opposition has developed," Roosevelt told him. "However, I don't give a damn. That opposition is coming from the boys whom I am not following."

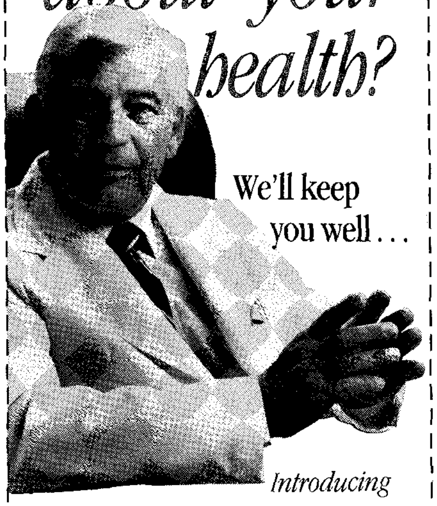
Eccles replied, "Well, Mr. President, if you don't give a damn, I don't see why I should."

Wall Street banking fought Eccles on two fronts—Senate confirmation of his appointment and the legislation reforming the Fed—but he won both struggles. The essence of the 1935 Federal Reserve Act was to acknowledge the reality that had already emerged, haltingly, over the previous two decades; namely, that the Federal Reserve's money-supply regulation directly and powerfully influenced the course of the entire economy. Since that was so, such decisions could not be left to willful bankers operating twelve scattered Reserve Banks, each trying to defend his own local interests apart from the whole. Control must be centralized in one place—in the seat of the national government, Washington, D.C.

The Board of Governors was given bureaucratic authority over the Reserve Banks: the power to oversee their internal affairs and to override or ignore their policy decisions on everything from staff salaries and plans for new buildings to changes in the Discount rate. Western banks, led by the Bank of America, supported Eccles' reforms, because they, like Eccles, resented Wall Street's domination of the Fed. The twelve Reserve Bank presidents—with the exception, in practice, of the New York Fed—became subordinate to the seven political appointees in Washington. The Fed's protocol of elaborate courtesies attempted to obscure this relationship, but everyone at the big conference table understood it.

At the same time, however, the Board of Governors was given further insulation from political control. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency, both representing the elected Chief Executive, were removed as members. This change seemed minor to Eccles, since he himself was a close adviser and political ally of the President, with the practical status of a Cabinet officer. Under Eccles' successors, however, the distance between the Fed and the White House grew wider. With no Administration representative involved in the making of monetary policy, the lines of political communication became fuzzier and less reliable. Public accountability became murkier, too. In essence, a President had no direct hand in shaping Fed policy yet was held politically responsible for its results.

The control of monetary policy was formalized in a new creature, the Federal Open Market Committee, in which the Reserve Banks, despite their reduced status, retained some clout. With seven of the twelve votes, the governors could dominate the F.O.M.C., but consensus required more than a bare majority. If the gov-



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ernors were divided, the five votes allotted to the Reserve Bank presidents could be decisive. The Reserve Bank presidents, who voted in annual rotation, could still exert some pull on policy—usually in a conservative direction. When the political scientist John T. Woolley examined F.O.M.C. decisions covering the years 1965-81, he found that ninety per cent of the dissenting votes cast by Reserve Bank presidents were in favor of tighter money. The governors, in contrast, cast sixty per cent of their dissents to promote an easier policy. Governors were conservative-minded people themselves but, on balance, less conservative than their colleagues from the Reserve Banks.

In purpose and operation, the modern Fed began in 1935. Eccles advocated changes toward an activist money policy that stimulated the economy in recession and restrained it when an expansion threatened to become an inflationary bubble—a policy that economists describe as "countercyclical." The Fed's duty, he said, was "to assure that adequate support is available whenever needed for the emergency financing involved in a recovery program, and to assure that a recovery does *not* get out of hand and be followed by a depression."

Discount lending was, as the great contraction had demonstrated, a useless tool for this purpose; indeed, the rise and fall of Discount borrowing followed the trends of economic cycles instead of pulling against them. Both on the upside and on the downside, the Federal Reserve would thenceforth rely principally on open-market operations to regulate the money supply and influence the economy through interest rates. The Discount rate, though still important to the money market and to the Fed technicians who monitored it, would cease to be the main valve by which the Fed added liquidity to or withdrew it from the banking system. Government debt securities replaced short-term commercial notes as the principal financial paper in Fed transactions. United States Treasury notes and bonds became the main assets in the Fed's own portfolio.

The change in Fed operations inevitably pulled the Federal Reserve closer to the financial world—the bond traders of Wall Street, who would buy United States securities—and thus allowed it to be more distant from the commercial sectors of the real economy. The Fed's own market interest was now mainly government

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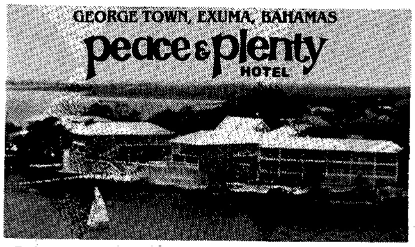

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notes and bonds, not the short-term commercial and agricultural loans that it was originally founded to serve. The political consequences were impossible to measure, but it seemed likely that this shift would influence the Fed's monetary decisions. Central bankers worried about all things, but they would worry more about the temperament of financial investors in the bond market, less about the implications of Fed decisions for businessmen heading commercial ventures.

IN 1949, when Paul Volcker was an undergraduate at Princeton, majoring in economics, he chose to write his senior thesis on the topic "The Problems of Federal Reserve Policy Since World War II." The two-hundred-and-fifty-six-page essay was a scholarly account of how America's central bank, yielding to the financial imperatives of the Second World War, had lost its power to control money and prices. Volcker predicted—correctly, as it turned out—that something had to give. Either monetary discipline must be restored or the United States would face continuous inflation. "Although the inflation problem continually raised its head in a disconcerting manner and demanded attention, the countermeasures taken have not appeared to be a realistic attempt to combat the danger," Volcker wrote. "The policies followed have been largely passive."

If Marriner Eccles had read the undergraduate's analysis, he would not have disagreed. During the war, as the federal government borrowed hundreds of billions, the Federal Reserve under Eccles explicitly supported the Treasury debt financing with its monetary policy, pumping more liquidity into the banking system so that private buyers would be able to absorb the new government securities. Yielding any pretense of independence, it followed Treasury's instructions. The central bank's money-supply management was "pegged" to one purpose—low interest rates. The interest rate on the longest-term government bonds was held at a steady two and a half per cent throughout the war, and short-term rates were correspondingly lower. (Ninety-day T-bills paid less than half a per cent.)

If market pressures threatened to push rates higher, the Fed simply bought more Treasury issues itself, thus adding more money to the financial system and preventing the price of money from rising. In effect, it demonstrated that if there was any Treasury paper the private market would not buy, then the Fed itself would buy it. In 1933, when F.D.R. took office, the national debt had been $22 billion. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, in 1941, it had been $48 billion. By V-J Day, in 1945, when the war ended, the national debt was $280 billion.

Paul Volcker, the economics major, concluded that "in order to have an anti-inflation policy worthy of the name" the Federal Reserve must stop "pegging" interest rates at a fixed level, and allow them to rise to reflect market pressures. Inside the government, Marriner Eccles was making the same argument—and becoming increasingly unpopular for it. "I regret that the Federal Reserve did not take a more independent position despite Treasury resistance," Eccles wrote in his memoir. "There was no justification for our continued support of the Treasury's wartime cheap-money policy."

During the war itself, Eccles had quarrelled regularly with Treasury on how to finance the mobilization, but he

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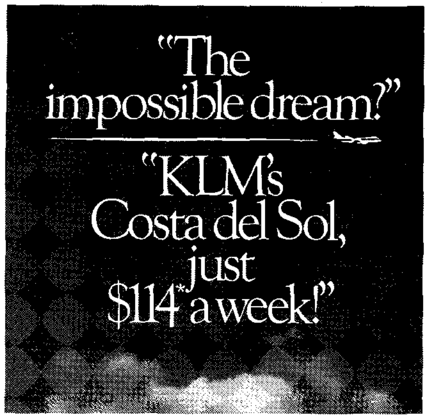
had been compelled to acquiesce. The Federal Reserve had played a similar role in supporting the government's borrowing for the First World War. Lincoln had printed the greenbacks to help pay for the Civil War. History and politics argued that a nation at war, its survival threatened, will do whatever it needs to do in order to win, and worry later about the financial consequences.

The economic consequences of the Second World War were bountiful for America. Keynesian liberals looked upon the experience, justifiably, as the finest hour for their doctrine—full confirmation of what was possible with central planning and government manipulation. Every war had produced robust economic growth, but this one resembled an industrial revolution. In only five years, the nation's annual output increased by more than a hundred and twelve per cent. In 1941, the gross national product expanded by twenty-five per cent, and, the following year, by nearly twenty-seven per cent. (Annual growth of five per cent would be considered exceptional in later decades.) The Federal Reserve was totally accommodating throughout. It never let money or interest rates get in the way of economic growth.

The operative principle was Keynesian economics on the grand scale: create new supply by first creating new demand for it. The government borrowed and spent in unprecedented volume, and the government's spending created the market for new products and newly emerging technologies. To meet the necessities of war, the government, in effect, force-fed the rapid development of new productive facilities in many industrial sectors. These became the major industries of America's postwar prosperity—electronics, petrochemical synthetics, aircraft frames and engines, shipbuilding, steel, and nuclear power, among others. The new industries created by the war constituted the platform that launched what has been called America's global hegemony, the era of multinational corporations based in the United States and bestriding the world economy.

For consumers, the war mobilization was a time of sacrifice: automobiles, houses, and appliances were simply not produced; meat and sugar and gasoline were rationed; wage levels and prices were administered by Washington bureaucrats. With limited ways to spend their rising incomes, families saved more of their



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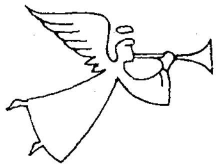

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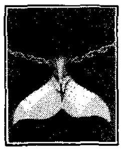
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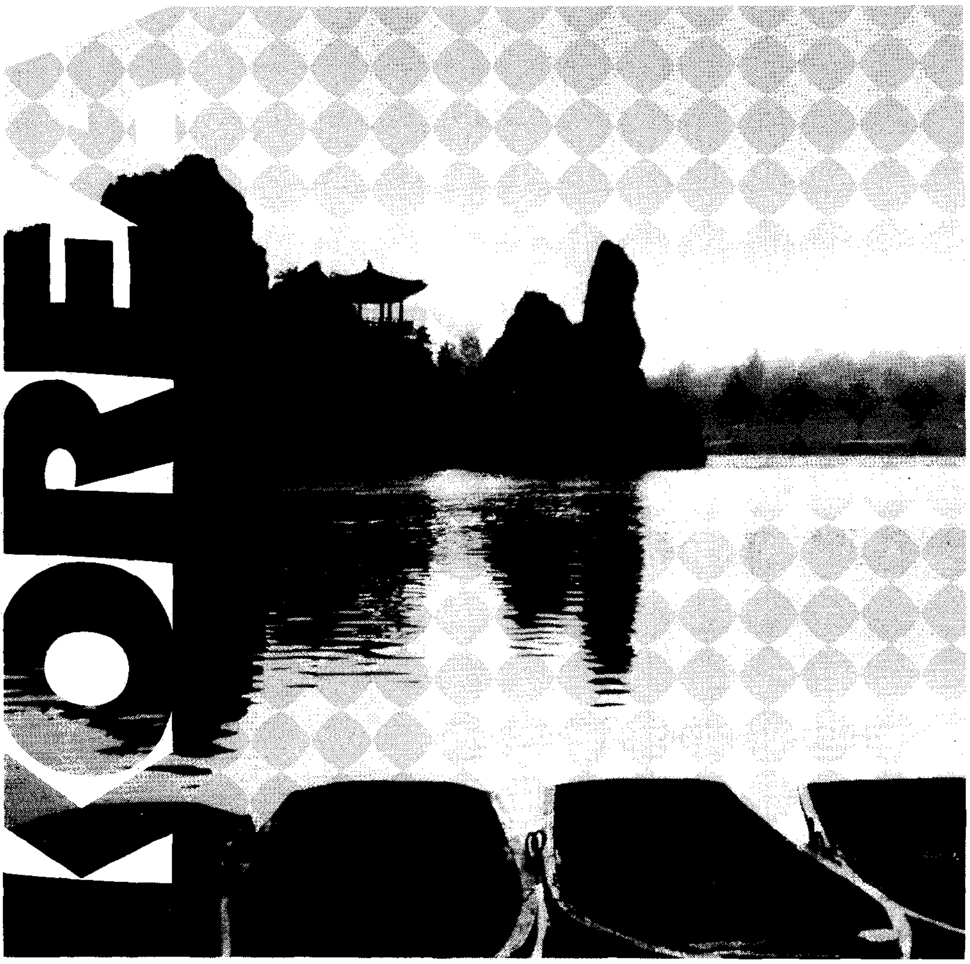
money (partly by buying war bonds: lending the money to the government). In 1943 and 1944, personal savings reached record levels—twenty-five per cent of incomes. After 1945, this pent-up consumer demand drove the postwar prosperity; private citizens replaced the government's war as the principal customer for American production. Once again, people could spend their money on the things they had been denied: cars and vacation trips, suburban houses and appliances—a new cornucopia of goods.

The war was a model of the possible. In theory, if a national consensus of purpose developed, if people would accept temporary limits on their economic choices and regulatory controls on wages and prices, the nation could literally rebuild itself, almost overnight. By making the right choices, America could practically double the productive capacity of its economy, and advance innovation, and dramatically multiply new wealth and incomes. These economic choices, however, were really political questions: Who would make the sacrifices, and who would reap the rewards? Whose consumption would be restrained, and whose production would be encouraged? All this would require the consigning of extraordinary powers to government, such as can be tolerated, perhaps, only in war. No one—not even the most ardent Keynesian planner—has ever figured out how to bring into being a comparable combination of creative sacrifices in peacetime or how to sell the idea of such a thing to a free society.

IN the postwar period, Eccles, who was concerned about inflation, argued so strenuously for raising interest rates that in 1948 President Harry Truman refused to reappoint him as chairman. He was succeeded by Thomas B. McCabe, who ultimately also resisted doing the President's bidding. The crisis came early in 1951, when the Federal Reserve Board refused to commit itself to holding down interest rates in the future. Truman called the entire Federal Open Market Committee to his office for a chat, and afterward the White House announced that all had been resolved amicably—the Fed would continue to fix interest rates at the same old levels.

But all was not resolved. A few days later, the Fed again resisted, and the President assented to a negotiated settlement between officials of Treasury and the central bank. The results were announced in March of 1951, as the Treasury-Federal Reserve Accord. The agreement was a delicate compromise in which Treasury acceded to slightly higher rates and granted minor flexibility to the Fed. Eccles, who, though no longer chairman, was still a board member, took part in the bargaining, and the principal negotiator from Treasury was Assistant Secretary William McChesney Martin, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange. That March, Martin was appointed the new chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and he held the chairmanship through five Presidential elections.

The initial impact of the accord was quite small—a slight upward creep in interest rates. Within two years, however, Martin and other Federal Reserve officials claimed for themselves a more sweeping interpretation of the accord; it was, they maintained, an assertion of full independence for the central bank. By that time, the liberal Democrats were gone from the White House, and Dwight Eisenhower was President. The Democratic policymakers who wanted easy credit and



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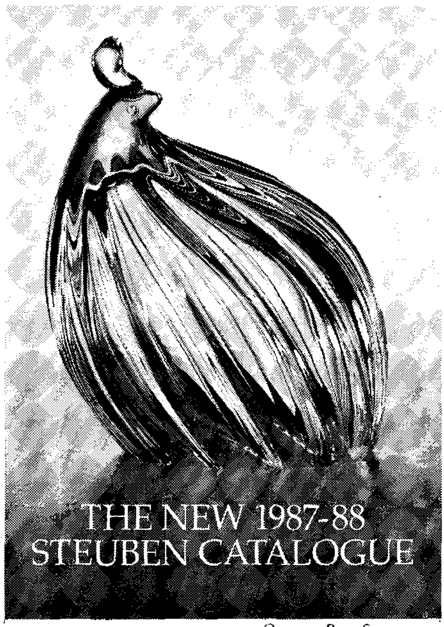

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low rates had been replaced by conservative Republicans, who shared the Fed's anxieties about "sound money" and supported higher interest rates. Essentially, the accord marked a crucial juncture in the life of the Federal Reserve, and in the course of the postwar economy. In practice, the Fed did become independent. The central bank no longer felt required to hold interest rates down or to follow the direction of the executive branch. The independent Federal Reserve would ease or tighten rates as it thought necessary. The price of money rose steadily in subsequent years, responding to supply-and-demand perceptions in the financial marketplace and to nudges from the Fed. "Our purpose," William McChesney Martin declared, "is to lean against the winds of deflation or inflation, whichever way they are blowing."

Representative Wright Patman, Democrat of Texas, the chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, described the Fed's post-accord activities somewhat differently. "The Federal Reserve," he complained, "would spend the next ten years sending interest rates in orbit."

THE new Federal Reserve chairman was a disarmingly witty man, capable of neutralizing political attacks with pithy colloquialisms. The Fed's main role, Martin once confessed cheerfully, was "to take away the punch bowl just when the party gets going." His liberal critics winced at the thought. That, they complained, was precisely what Martin was doing during the nineteen-fifties: he blunted the postwar expansion with high interest rates, so that the economy never reached its full potential.

Three recessions occurred during the eight prosperous years of the Eisenhower Presidency, and the Fed was directly responsible for at least two of them. In 1953, when the inflation rate was less than one per cent, the Fed imposed a sharp tightening on money markets. Then it reversed itself, but too late to avoid a recession that lasted into 1954. Four years later, the Fed began leaning the other way—expanding money rapidly, to head off a contraction. But it was too late again; a brief recession occurred anyway. Exactly two years after that, in April, 1960, the economic recovery was halted—it was one of the shortest recoveries in recent times—and another recession began, six months after the Fed had virtually stopped growth in the money supply.

Whatever else liberal critics might say against Martin's cautious stewardship of money, they could hardly accuse him of trying to help the incumbent Republicans: all three recessions in the nineteen-fifties occurred during election years. Higher unemployment helped Democrats, for the most part, take away Republicans' seats in Congress—and, eventually, take over the White House. Vice-President Richard Nixon had urged the Eisenhower Cabinet to press Martin for easier credit during his 1960 campaign for President. After the election, Nixon called on Martin at the Fed and told him precisely whom he blamed for his defeat—the Federal Reserve.

The so-called New Economics that triumphed during the Kennedy-Johnson years was an abrupt change in the political climate surrounding the Fed—an optimistic declaration that the stodgy conservatives of the Eisenhower era had underrated America's potential. John Kennedy obliquely criticized the Fed itself during his campaign, but his winning theme conveyed the essence: a promise "to get the country moving again." The liberals' indictment of Federal Reserve policy was spelled out in detail by Wright Patman, among others: Excessively tight money had nearly doubled the interest rates on government bonds over the preceding decade, from 2.3 per cent in 1950 to four per cent in 1960. Yet unemployment had crept higher, approaching six per cent, and the nation's economy was operating far below its capacity; inflation, meanwhile, was a bogus fear—in 1960, prices were rising at the unthreatening rate of only one and a half per cent. "Interest rates have climbed steadily, with slight interruptions, during the entire post-accord period," Patman said. "The period has been marked, then, by a continual shift of income to the banks, other major financial institutions, and individuals with significant interest income. The rest of the country provided this income."

Patman was a distinctive critic, because he was one of the very few politicians, even among liberal Democrats, who were willing to attack the money question in old-fashioned terms—to protest the gross redistribution of the income flowing from higher interest rates, the shift of wealth from the many to the few. For this, Patman was called "the last Populist"—a label that mixed nostalgia and derision. In an era of general abundance, his attacks

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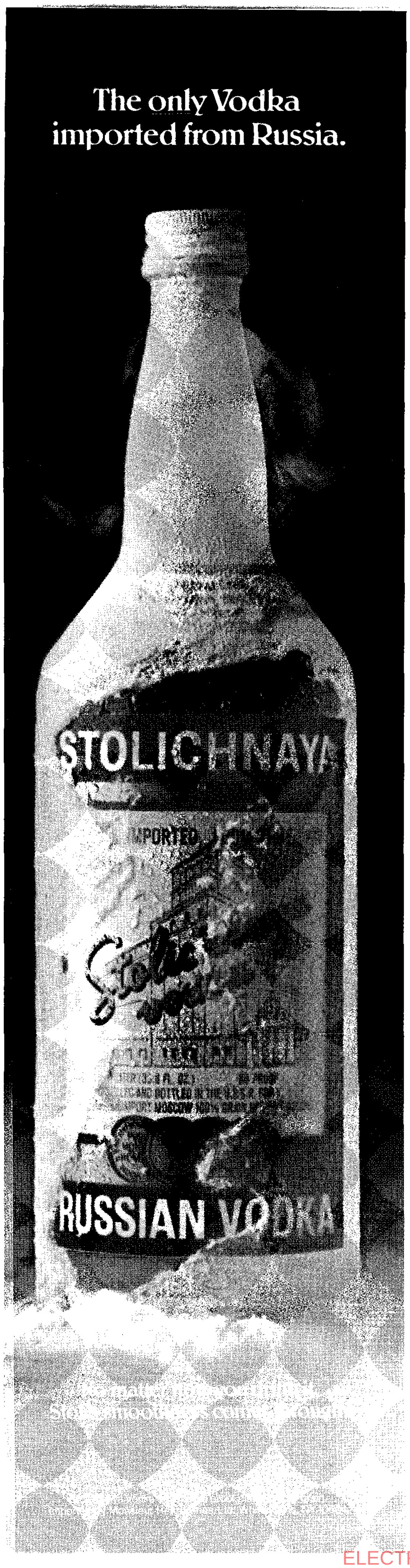

on bankers and high interest rates were dismissed as cranky demagoguery from the distant past. Interest rates were now regarded as a question to be resolved by scientific management and natural market forces, not by the raw politics that pitted haves against have-nots. But Patman's complaints also spoke to the broader economic goal articulated by John Kennedy and his Keynesian advisers. "By instituting a high-interest policy," Patman explained, "a country chooses to grow more slowly than it otherwise could." The economic policy launched by Kennedy and carried on by Lyndon Johnson asked monetary policy to stand aside—or, at least, not to interfere with the increased growth that an activist fiscal policy would make possible.

The New Economics worked. As the Kennedy-Johnson tax cuts and spending increases delivered more aggregate demand to drive the economy, it seemed for a time that economists really could "fine-tune" endless prosperity. For a hundred and six months, from February of 1961 to December of 1969, the nation enjoyed its longest era of uninterrupted economic expansion. Stocks soared in a long bull market, driven by rising corporate profits, and workers enjoyed steady real growth in personal income, and declining unemployment. In a generous mood, the national government expanded its commitment to help those who were left out of capitalism's growing bounty—the poor, the elderly, and racial minorities.

As the nation approached full employment, a discreet combat developed between the White House and the Federal Reserve. Martin and his colleagues worried that when the economy reached its full capacity and could no longer absorb rapid growth the natural law of supply and demand would produce inflation as various markets bid up prices for scarce materials and bid up wages for scarce labor. The Fed tried to restrain the White House without provoking open conflict; the White House leaned on the Fed to be more accommodating. The clash became public briefly in late 1965, when Lyndon Johnson summoned Martin to his ranch and delivered a melodramatic lecture on the danger of raising the Discount rate.

The White House economic advisers devoted considerable attention—and much memo writing—to the question of whether the Fed chairman was "on the team." They also selected new governors for the Federal Reserve Board, who would be more liberal and perhaps pull Martin in their direction. In 1967, when Lyndon Johnson was thinking of replacing Martin as Fed chairman, Gardner Ackley, of the Council of Economic Advisers, sent the President a reassuring memo. Ackley had talked privately to other Fed governors and had been assured that "Bill [Martin] was increasingly becoming a follower of the 'New Economics,'" and that "now that the 'New Economics' is firmly in the saddle in both places, Bill can be counted on to coöperate."

In reality, the New Economics was already unravelling, but not because of William McChesney Martin or the Fed. The hubris that led the United States into the war in Indo-China may have also infected some liberal economists. The chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Arthur Okun, boasted, "When recessions were a regular feature of the economic environment, they were often viewed as inevitable. . . . Recessions are now generally considered fundamentally preventable, like airplane crashes and unlike hurricanes." By 1968, however, the confident managers of the economy had already waited too long to take the measures that their own Keynesian doctrine prescribed as necessary—raising taxes or reducing spending, in order to dampen aggregate demand and avoid an overheated economy.

Paul Volcker was one who recognized the error early. On graduating from Princeton, he had worked as an economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Later, he had moved to Chase Manhattan in the same capacity, and from there gone on to the Treasury Department. In the summer of 1965, having resigned as Deputy Under-Secretary of the Treasury and returned to Wall Street banking, he sent an anguished memo to Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler. Volcker's message, as he paraphrased it from memory, was, "My God, if taxes aren't increased now, the whole of the New Economics is going to be in disrepute."

Volcker at that time was a "team player" in that he agreed with the Administration's goals, but he was not completely swept away by its presumption. Years later, he told British journalist Stephen Fay, "It is almost impossible to reconstruct the mood, but there was a feeling of exuberance in the economics profession, because it really thought it had the business of the cycle of boom-and-bust licked. Everyone was caught up in it, though I don't think I shared it entirely. But I was from a different background, more financially oriented, and in the Treasury we were naturally more cautious than the advisers in the White House."

The crucible for Keynesian economics came early in the Vietnam War, as Volcker's memo suggested, when military costs escalated rapidly alongside the Great Society's new spending commitments for domestic programs. The test was whether the politicians and economists who were the managers of the New Economics had the steel to do the hard part—restrain fiscal policy when inflationary pressures became evident in the economy. It was all very well to ask Congress to cut taxes and increase spending—these were hardly sacrificial acts for elected politicians. But would they be willing to do the reverse when the economy required it? The answer was that they would not. In American politics, the Keynesian idea seemed to work fine on the upside, not at all on the downside. When the elected politicians refused to restrain through fiscal policy, then the nasty chore naturally gravitated to monetary policy and the Federal Reserve.

IF historians were to search for the precise date on which America's singular dominance of the world's economy ended, they might settle on had to have a breathing space," Volcker said later, "but I looked hopefully for a reconstruction of the orderly system." He spent the next two years in globe-trotting negotiations, trying to patch back together the orderly system of international currency exchange, but his efforts failed. Afterward, Volcker saw the breakdown of Bretton Woods in larger terms: it was, he said, a failure of American leadership, an unwillingness to confront the nation's economic excesses and to impose self-discipline.

The essence of foreign exchange, when all the daunting complexities were set aside, was an ancient controversy among trading nations, about how to keep everyone honest, how to insure that a nation's money actually had the value that the nation claimed it had. A government willing to water its own currency by inflation could gain enormous windfalls at the expense of other nations, both in currency exchange and in trade advantages: a sound coin would be exchanged in trade for a dishonest one. Country-to-country disputes over relative currency values were older than capitalism itself. For centuries, the neutral arbiter had been gold, a precious substance that did not lose intrinsic value and, unlike paper money, could not be manufactured at will.

The Bretton Woods treaty, which had been devised in 1944 by Keynes and his American counterpart, Harry Dexter White, used the dollar as the disciplinary system to punish dishonest currencies, and the ultimate enforcer was gold. The values of the franc, the pound, the Deutsche mark, the lira, and other currencies were fixed at agreed-upon ratios to the American dollar. If Britain or France or any other country watered its currency, it would be forced back into line by the fixed exchange value with the dollar.

By 1971, because inflation had weakened the dollar's value, the United States had been paying out billions in gold to foreign claimants for more than a decade, and the reserves stored at Fort Knox had been seriously depleted. For two years, the Nixon Administration struggled to make adjustments that would restore the old order and allow a devalued dollar to resume its role as the fixed star in the international constellation of currencies. Finally, in March of 1973, exhausted and unable to keep the international bargaining alive, officials conceded that the old order was dead. The United States gold guarantee was

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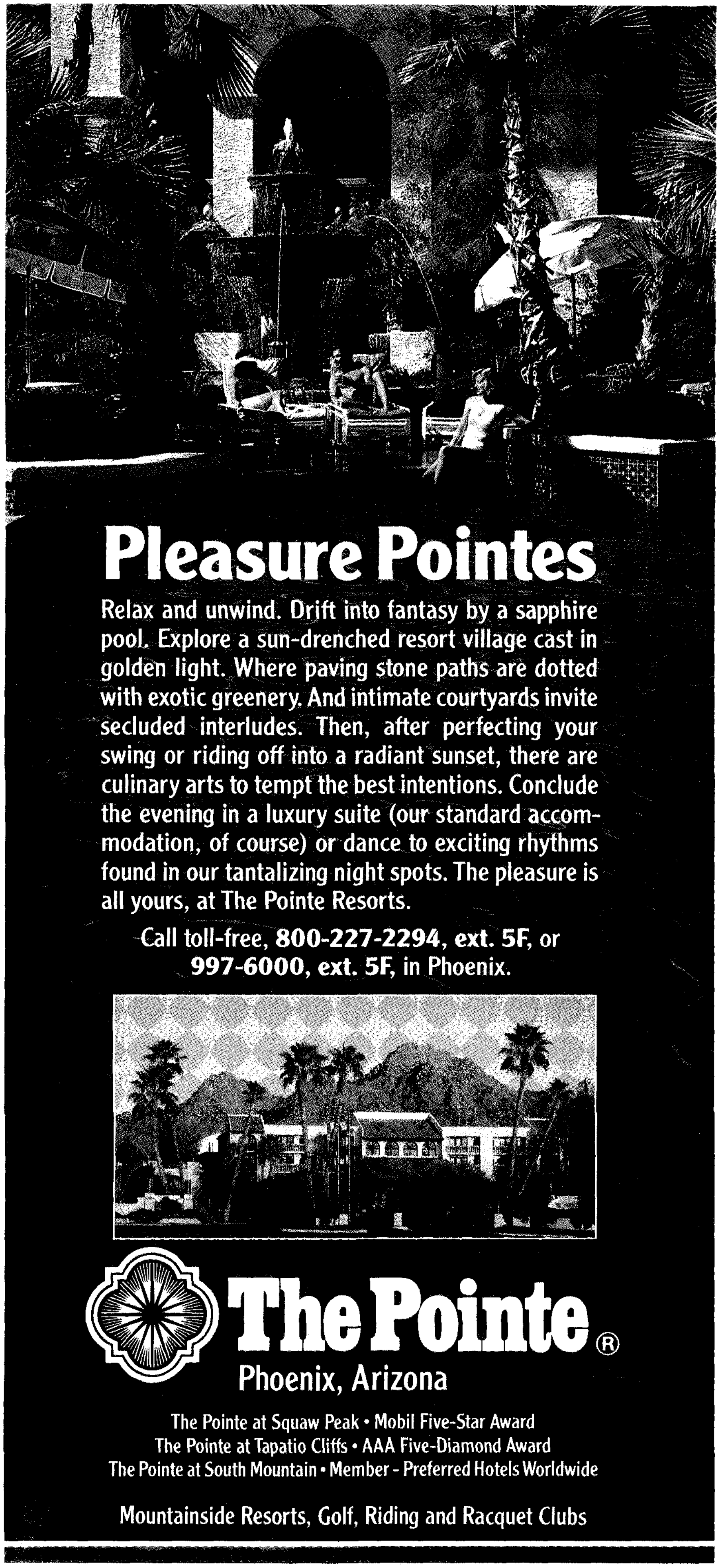

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permanently abandoned, and so were the fixed exchange ratios among the other major currencies. Thenceforth, the dollar would find its own value in the currency markets. So would the franc, the pound, the yen, and all others. Fixed exchange rates were replaced by a system of floating exchange. A dollar was still a dollar, but its international value would fluctuate daily, depending on the judgments made by millions of economic players on what a dollar was really worth compared with other kinds of money.

Paul Volcker was at the table during the whole process of retreat and unravelling (and was later stigmatized, somewhat unfairly, by central bankers for his role in dismantling the certitude of the dollar backed by gold). Volcker himself, however, was a reluctant advocate of the new system of floating exchange rates. He had proposed alternatives, but could not persuade the political leaders to adopt them.

The floating exchange rates permanently destabilized global commerce, creating artificial advantages and real losses almost at random. Currency values were pushed up and down in ways that no business executive could reasonably foresee. Every multinational corporation became, perforce, a gambler in the currency markets. In the process, the dollar went through a devaluation that altered real returns for everyone else conducting international transactions in dollars.

The immediate consequence was dramatic and frightening. In the fall of 1973, six months after the dollar was permanently floated, OPEC quadrupled the price of crude oil. Americans blamed greedy Arab sheikhs for the higher gasoline prices, but, in truth, they could have justly blamed their own government's monetary policy. The OPEC price escalation was a direct and logical response to Nixon's fateful decision. Oil was traded worldwide in dollars, and if the United States was going to permit a free-fall in the dollar's value, the oil-producing nations would receive less and less real value for their commodity. The dollar had already lost a quarter of its value in only three years, and seemed headed toward even steeper decline. In large part, Saudi Arabia and the other OPEC nations were grabbing back what had got away from them—and tacking extra dollars on the price to protect themselves against future United States inflation. The *Wall Street Journal* ob-

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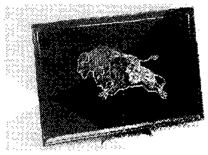

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Richard Nixon's reëlection campaign.

Members of Nixon's White House staff, which liked to play "hardball" with both its allies and its adversaries, did not trust Burns to deliver on his own, and in the year before the reëlection season they threw several pointed messages at him. Early in 1971, concerned that the new Fed chairman was behaving as independently as the old one, two White House staff members paid separate calls on Burns and told him what the President wanted—money expansion that would allow the economy to reach full employment by 1972. Burns protested that their behavior was improper, and he complained to the President. That summer, those in the White House fired another "shot across the Fed Chairman's bow," as one Presidential aide put it. A fictitious story was planted in the press that Burns had asked for a twenty-thousand-dollar pay raise at the same time that he was urging wage and price controls for the nation. The story also claimed that the President was considering a proposal to double the size of the Federal Reserve Board—a not very subtle threat to dilute the chairman's power.

The tactics were crude, but Nixon's broad political strategy for 1972 was successful. The President's popular standing and his reëlection prospects were being undermined by the performance of the economy, which was new and puzzling—a listless recovery, in which both unemployment and inflation lingered at awkwardly high levels. Nixon's strategy was to pump up the economy for the campaign year with larger federal deficits while keeping a lid on inflation by imposing wage and price controls. In August of 1971, when the President announced the controls—freezing the rising prices that were so disturbing—the Nixon Administration simultaneously embraced a stimulative fiscal policy, of increased federal spending, to drive the economy faster. Thus, for the short run, at least, voters would enjoy relief from both afflictions—inflation and unemployment—in time for the 1972 election. To succeed, however, the strategy depended upon a coöperative Federal Reserve. The Fed must be willing to provide "a rate of monetary expansion sufficient to move the economy up on the desired path," Nixon explained in his memoirs. And a high official at the Treasury, where Paul Volcker was in charge of monetary policy, recalled, "The word went out

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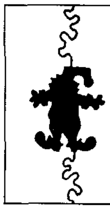

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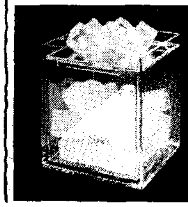

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WHEN Richard Nixon was elected President in 1968, he innocently assumed that he could immediately appoint his own chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. William McChesney Martin, who had held the job for nearly twenty years, informed the President-elect that he was mistaken. Martin's term did not expire until early 1970, a year after Nixon's Inauguration, and Martin said he intended to serve out his term. In Nixon's mind, the Fed chairman was the man responsible for his first political defeat, in 1960. His displeasure deepened in 1969, as the Federal Reserve tightened credit forcefully, despite White House complaints, and the nation entered a recession late in the year. On January 31, 1970, Nixon was finally able to put his own man in charge of money and credit, and presided proudly over the administering of the oath of office to his longtime adviser Arthur F. Burns. Nixon wished Burns success in his job as chairman of the Federal Reserve, then added a touch of deadly serious humor. "I respect his independence," the President assured the audience gathered at the White House. "However, I hope that independently he will conclude that my views are the ones that should be followed." The audience applauded vigorously. Nixon smiled, and turned to the new Fed chairman. "You see, Dr. Burns, that is a standing vote for lower interest rates and more money."

Burns delivered promptly. Two weeks later, presiding at his first meeting of the Federal Open Market Committee, he argued strongly that the weak economy needed a substantial and overt easing of credit. In the first "go-round" of discussion, when governors and Reserve Bank presidents expressed their preferences informally, the majority favored only a moderate relaxing of credit. On the final vote, after Burns reiterated his strong convictions, the majority voted with him, eight to four, and the Fed provided the "lower interest rates and more money" that the President wanted.

Inside the Fed, Arthur Burns came to be both admired and disliked for his force of character. Unlike Martin, he was blunt and blustery—an autocratic leader, who trampled on the traditional "collegial atmosphere" of the Board of Governors. Since Burns was a Columbia University economist and a former Eisenhower adviser, his credentials and intellect were not questioned, but his bullying manner was. Associates reported that he could be cruel, humiliating staff economists with nasty remarks about their competence. They also said he was capable of shamelessly juggling the monetary numbers—deliberately mismatching interest rates with money-growth projections—in order to achieve an F.O.M.C. consensus.

Outside the Fed, Burns won an exalted reputation as the stern enemy of inflation. He delivered many eloquent lectures on the subject, castigating Congress and other audiences for their lack of self-discipline. Among his colleagues at the Fed, however, there was considerable cynicism about the chairman's pious rhetoric. If it was fair to indict the central bank for regularly yielding to inflation over a period of years, for failing to resist short-term political pressures for economic growth, then Arthur Burns was as guilty as any chairman. When he took office, in 1970, inflation was running above five per cent. Eight years later, when he left, the inflation rate, despite a long and severe recession in 1974, was headed toward nine per cent and was to rise higher. His stewardship was recorded indelibly in America's prices: the Consumer Price Index, which assigned 1967 prices a value of 100, was at 110 when Burns took charge of the central bank; when he retired, it was at 182 and rising. Yet his reputation as an inflation fighter seemed to inflate right along with the value of money.

An uglier accusation surrounded his tenure—a belief, shared especially among Democratic politicians, that Arthur Burns had deliberately manipulated monetary policy in order to help reëlect his old friend Richard Nixon. Burns and his fellow-governors—including governors who had opposed Burns' policy positions at the time—strenuously denied it. If Burns made mistakes in 1972—and the governors all agreed that he had—the mistakes, they said, were based on honest convictions about where the economy was headed, and not on partisan bias. No one, of course, could definitively settle the question of motivation, but politicians could interpret the evidence for themselves: when Arthur Burns erred, his errors were all tipped in the same direction—that of providing a prosperous climate for

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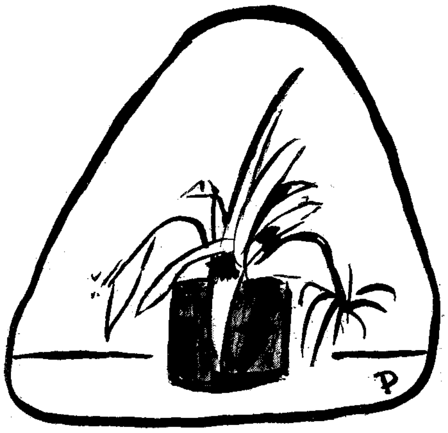
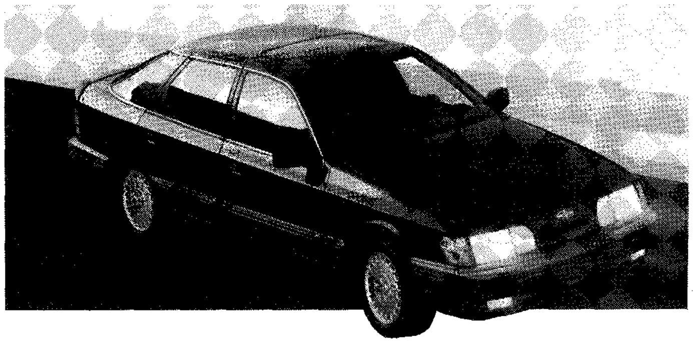
that 1972, by God, was going to be a very good year."

The Federal Reserve came through. Money growth, which had averaged only 2.9 per cent a month in the last quarter of 1971, jumped to a monthly average of 8.5 per cent in the first quarter of the election year. Given the usual time lag of monetary stimulus, generosity in the winter meant that the economy would respond robustly by the summer and fall. Over all, the Fed permitted money expansion throughout 1972 which was about twenty-eight per cent faster than that of the year before. The Federal Funds rate, which was tightly controlled by the Fed and affected the banks' overnight borrowing of reserve funds, crept upward slightly, but the Federal Reserve Board did not raise the Discount rate. The Discount rate was lowered to 4.5 per cent and held there until after the election, despite repeated pleas for increases. During 1972, the Board of Governors rejected twenty-two recommendations from the various Federal Reserve Banks for an increase in the Discount rate.

Inside the Federal Open Market Committee, Arthur Burns' colleagues argued repeatedly with him through the spring and summer about the potential consequences of his policy. A determined minority warned him that a new outbreak of inflation was ahead in 1973 if the Federal Reserve did not apply restraint then and there. The White House, they pointed out, was already hinting that price controls would be lifted early the next year. Once the regulatory lid was taken off prices, an inflationary burst would surely follow—fuelled by the generous money policy that preceded it. Their warnings, expressed in minutes of the F.O.M.C. meetings through 1972, proved to be an accurate forecast of what did occur after Nixon's electoral victory. For the past fifteen years, Federal Reserve governors have

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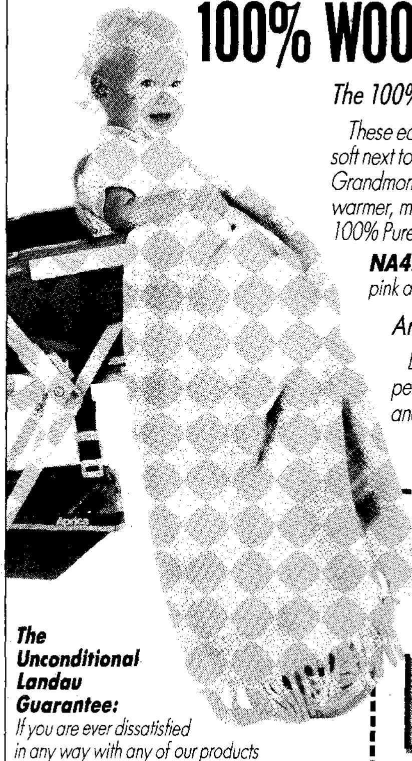
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labored, with scant success, to convince skeptics that the Fed's policy errors of 1972 were not based on politics.

The American public felt the eventual consequences: 1973 was a very bad year. As the Nixon Administration phased out its controls, prices resumed their escalation. The embattled dollar weakened further on international exchange markets, and the United States government abandoned its two-year struggle to stabilize it. In the fall, OPEC responded to the devaluation of its dollar income by employing the long-threatened "oil weapon"—a boycott that traumatized Americans with lines at their gas stations and the quadrupling of oil prices, which naturally led to higher prices for nearly every other product. The United States inflation rate reached 8.8 per cent in 1973, more than twice the previous year's rate, and by 1974 it rose above twelve per cent. The Federal Reserve, for its part, pushed up interest rates in an attempt to restrain the boom it had helped to stimulate the year before. By November of 1973, the economy, confronted by tight money and the "oil shock" from OPEC, had sunk into contraction.

The nation had not experienced anything like it since the nineteen-thirties. Industrial production shrank by nearly fifteen per cent. Unemployment accumulated for nearly a year and a half, reaching a peak of nine per cent—more than eight million workers without jobs—in May of 1975. In all, the economy's output declined by nearly six per cent. As the contraction continued, inflation eventually began to moderate, but it hardly went away. As the buildup of idle labor and surplus goods retarded wage and price increases, inflation fell from above twelve per cent to below five per cent—still well above the inflationary conditions that had prompted Richard Nixon to impose controls in 1971. There seemed to be a new plateau of distress, on which neither unemployment nor inflation subsided to "normal."

"The word 'sordid' is probably too strong," a former aide to the chairman has reflected, "but what Burns did immediately after Jimmy Carter's election in terms of monetary policy can be documented. There was a rapid shift in monetary policy, and it was designed to ingratiate Burns with Carter, so he would be reappointed chairman."

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shortly after the election of 1976 the Federal Reserve eased credit. The Discount rate was cut, and money growth accelerated smartly. In fairness to Burns, the same evidence suggested that he had not played political games to help keep Gerald Ford in office. The recovery that began in 1975 had been frustratingly slow, but as the economy gradually gathered momentum Ford's prospects steadily improved. He had lost narrowly in the end, though the extra monetary stimulus might have put him over the top.

Burns was a Republican, appointed by a Republican President. According to one Fed associate, he "wanted desperately to be reappointed by a Democrat and go down in history as a bipartisan chairman, like Bill Martin." Like Martin, Burns had one more year to serve before the new Democratic President could appoint a chairman to a new four-year term. During that year, Burns discreetly courted key members of the Carter Administration, hoping to win their friendship and approval.

The courtship failed. Carter and the liberals in his White House—particularly Vice-President Walter Mondale—distrusted Burns on several counts. They were not about to take the risk of letting him control money and interest rates during their term in office. In early 1978, Carter appointed G. William Miller, the chief executive of Textron, as Burns' successor.

The Burns campaign for reappointment had ironic consequences for the Carter Presidency, though Carter himself seemed unaware of them. The easy-money policy begun by the Fed in late 1976 and extended into 1978 laid the groundwork for the inflationary run-up that engulfed President Carter a year later. The double-digit price inflation that ultimately helped to defeat Carter was widely attributed to inept management by Miller. In hindsight, many officials at the Fed have privately conceded that Arthur Burns himself had earned a large share of the blame.

IN 1978, as inflation escalated again, Paul Volcker brooded about the future of the American economy. He was now the president and chief executive officer of the New York Fed. A lecture he delivered at New York University was a gloomy meditation on what lay ahead. The future would not be like the past, he warned. Something was changing in the collective psychology that shaped everyone's eco-

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nomic choices. After a long era of prosperity and confident risk-taking, Americans were shaken—by inflation, by the oil-price shock, by the nineteen-seventies' long, severe recession. A "long cycle" of caution and uncertainty was unfolding. Volcker went on:

> The evidence seems to me pretty clear that there is some tendency toward swings in the tempo and mood of business activity over relatively long periods of time—say, periods of ten to twenty years. Those swings may be influenced by a variety of more or less objective events, such as changes in population, wars and their aftermath, waves of technological innovation and so on. But those swings also appear to be influenced by less tangible, even psychological, phenomena. . . .
>
> A long period of prosperity breeds confidence and confidence breeds new standards of what is prudent and what is risky. For a while, the process is self-reinforcing, sustaining investment and risk taking. But it may also contain some of the seeds of its own demise; eventually natural limits to some of the trends supporting the advance are reached and the advance cannot be sustained so easily. We find ourselves with more houses and shopping centers and oil tankers and steel capacity than we can readily absorb. Financial positions are extended and the economy has become more vulnerable to adverse and unexpected developments. . . . The mood turns conservative and uncertain.

The Bible spoke of seven good years followed by seven lean years. A controversial Russian economist, Nikolai Kondratieff, had once theorized that capitalism underwent "long waves" of fifty years or so—an extended cycle of innovation and upward thrust, despite minor recessions, and then a long era of general collapse and decline. The long cycle of growth, he claimed, would eventually exhaust itself, and when that happened capitalist enterprise required a consolidating period of depression and retrenchment before it could regain vigor and growth. Modern economists, including Volcker, did not embrace the idea of the "Kondratieff cycle," but they did accept what students of business cycles, Arthur Burns among them, had identified as "long swings," of from ten to twenty-five years, when economic growth and capital formation reached a peak and then retreated to an era of slower expansion.

Volcker, in his careful manner, added a particular insight of his own: if a new "long swing" was unfolding, its duration would be crucially influenced by what was inside people's minds—the psychology of investors, consumers, businessmen, even government. They could resist the new real-

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ity and plunge on confidently with risk-taking, and they would be disappointed. Or they could adjust to the inevitable and accept the more modest prospects that the new reality imposed.

Volcker's rumination was a profoundly conservative statement. He rejected the euphoric optimism of the New Economics, and even the belief that human actors could somehow alter the deeper tides of economic fortune. If people failed to honor natural limits, he warned, they were destined to suffer turmoil and crisis. Volcker was articulating, in a sophisticated manner, the classic view of the central banker—that order and stability required a moderation of aspirations. The essence of his address might have been written by Nicholas Biddle in 1832, in rebuttal to Andrew Jackson's attacks on the "Monster" bank, or by Benjamin Strong in the nineteen-twenties, to silence angry farmers. "If it is true that the difficulties of the recent past can be traced in part to a kind of overconfidence generated over a long period of prosperity—and that is the burden of my lecture—then it can also be true that a more conservative and cautious approach can help lay the base for renewed and sustained growth of the economy," Volcker said.

These dour admonitions were the philosophical key to Paul Volcker's mind—the framework that would guide his performance as Federal Reserve chairman. Volcker would position himself to confront these intangible moods and feelings. His goal, he said long afterward, was to persuade the economic players, including financial markets and political leaders, to change their minds about the future, to rein in their expectations and accept less. The balmy, confident days were over. The new era of caution was real. The "long swing" of retreat and disappointment and failure would continue, Paul Volcker believed, until everyone had got the message.

—William Greider

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

◆

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[*From the Washington Post*]

Northampton St., 3900 block, 3:30 p.m. Aug. 31. Two women, dressed as nurses, entered a man's house through an unlocked door, hugged him and kissed him, asked for water, then used hand cream to pull the ring from his finger. They then fled.

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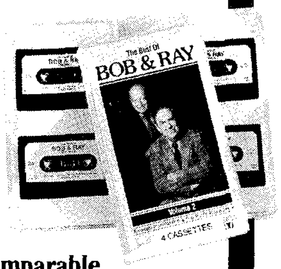

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

“‘CHRISTMAS won’t be Christmas without any presents,’ grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.” This year, as the bright phaeton of Christmas enters, stage left, it gives off enough light to read by, while, sitting in a pile of loose dollar bills, we open the dictionary to search among the definitions for one to fit this, our sixty-third season. Turning the pages past “durable,” and “overplease,” we settle, just short of “practical,” on making this a practicable Christmas, with gifts for women that, if they aren’t Marmee’s stout pair of army shoes, are, at least, “of use in the actual play.”

“I GOT your message, about the angels,” we heard, peeking through the door at 1225 Madison Avenue (89th). We stepped hopefully in. In tall cupboards, and here and there on polished tables, seventeenth-century Italian and Spanish *putti*, mostly of gessoed and painted wood, lolled and gambolled. Mirrors gazed back from crowded walls. In this city, where beatitude is scarce, Betty Jane Bart, the proprietor of the shop, Betty Jane Bart Antiques, finds that angels sell very well. They fly out of the shop. Depending on their size and their quality (subjective, combining beauty and age), their prices range from $750 to $2,000. Virtue, too, being rare, it is encouraging to find some of its family here, on the roof of a seventeenth-century maquette—a model of a stage set that might be used as an elaborate china closet. It is of gilded wood and has three glass doors that open to a mirrored back. The whole, which is a foot deep, three feet across, and thirty inches high, is topped by a trio of onion domes, and letters above the glass doors mark the interiors as the residences of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The maquette is $4,500. Prices for the mirrors, whose frames were carved on the Continent during the Enlightenment, start at $750, and $1,800 will buy a pretty Swedish courting glass, set in a walnut frame, that measures twelve by fifteen inches. A scene of castles and winding rivers is painted on the inside of a glass frame within the walnut frame; the mirror is an example of the sort brought back to America in the eighteenth century by sailors for their sweethearts.

This season, many women lucky enough to have both a full-length looking glass and a few minutes of privacy have spent the latter standing before the glass, hoisting their skirts, and examining their knees. For them, Cora Ginsburg, Antique Textiles, Needlework, & Costumes, 819 Madison Avenue (68th), has on hand an implement of black-lacquered steel, a sort of clip, dating from Queen Victoria’s reign, that is called a skirt lifter. The clip is attached to one’s hem; a lanyard appended to it is threaded between skirt and petticoat and emerges from the waistband, or perhaps through a hole made for this purpose, through a pocket. Originally for keeping finery out of the mud, the clip may be adapted to other uses, for simply by holding the loop end and lifting a hand, one can raise a hem as far as one pleases. The price is $75. Nestled close to the skirt lifter in the glass showcase, over which it is impossible not to pore—its contents seem to illuminate, like flashes of Morse code, the social grammar of a bygone time—is an evening purse on which is written in multicolored French beading, “I die only to be born again.” The bag measures three by five inches, its central motif is a phoenix rising from the flames, and its legend might serve, economically, as an epitaph for fashions as well as the fires of the heart. Dating from around 1780, the bag is $1,150.

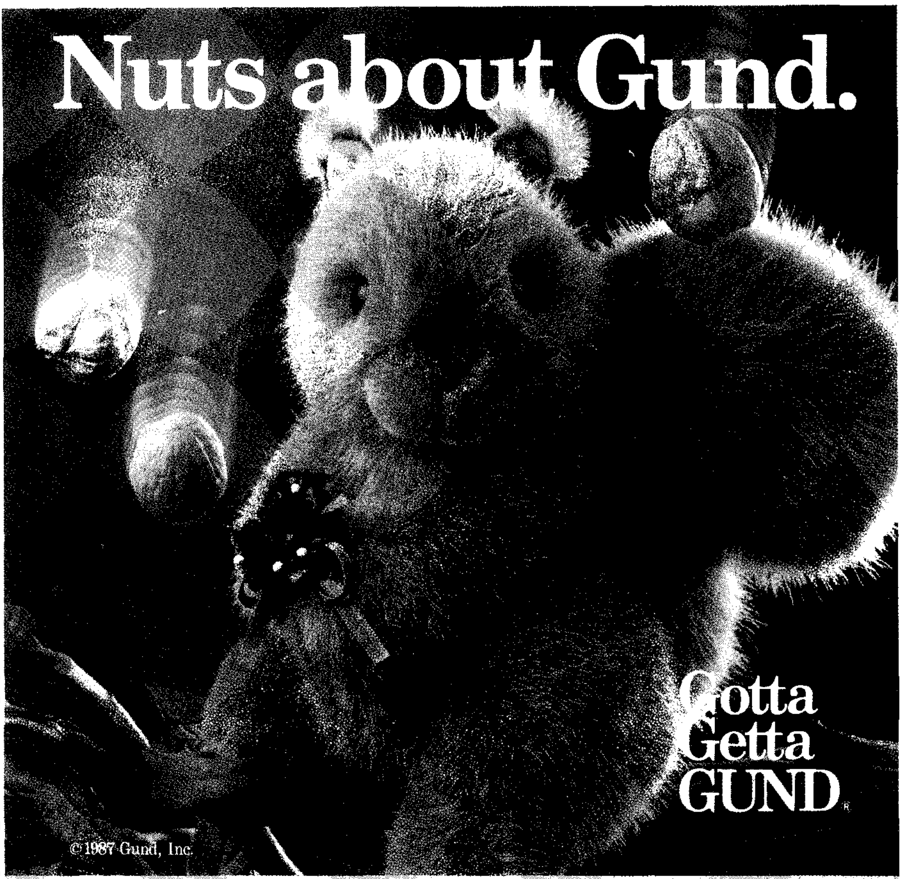
“Having a cashmere shawl was better than having landed property,” Titi, Mrs. Ginsburg’s assistant, told us, and we peered with interest at a peacock cashmere shawl dating from 1850, the peak of the popularity of shawls in Europe; next, we admired a pup-tent-size example of English Spitalfields silk brocade printed with crescent-shaped beds of flowers and bordered with cobalt-blue hand-dyed fringe; and finally, a handsome shawl of brown satin, four feet square, with a border of black stripes. All are in good condition; the prices are $1,500, $850, and $250, respectively; and any one of the shawls would be welcome around the shoulders on a wintry evening.

Dressed for the November winds, we took only a few brisk, no-nonsense strides before stopping, longingly, at the three-storied marvel that houses the irreproachable designs of Giorgio Armani, at 815 Madison Avenue (68th). Skirts here, we saw, slipping our lifter into a coat pocket, hover decorously, on a woman of average thigh, an inch or so above the knee, and are to be topped with blandishing blouses in crêpe de chine, with softly falling collars, from which the face rises like a flower, priced from $250 to $300; a particularly lovely one is pale green, and its collar has overlapping wings. The back of the collar of a bisque cashmere sweater has three horn buttons and a slight rib ($800). Here, too, is an elegant suit of ingenious design, in a soft greige silk strewn with pewter-colored bouquets. The V-necked, fingertip-length jacket has three buttons—one in the set-in waistband—and no lapels. The skirt is a graceful pouf falling from six sewn-down pleats. The price is $1,985, but Armani also offers exuberant silk pocket squares priced at a tiny $30 each. “Come on,” we heard behind us. “Just buy some stuff.” A young man in a motorcycle jacket was offering his own reply to his girlfriend’s murmur to a saleswoman, moments earlier: “I like the

BOLOGNA
THE SANDWICH

look, but I don't know how to achieve it." For our part, we hurried out, clutching our wrapped-up handkerchief, and turned the corner, to pay a flying visit to Lee Anderson, whose store, at 23 East 67th Street, is tucked down a few stairs from the sidewalk, and who manages consistently to turn out some of the best frocks in town, any of which might be worn to great effect by a woman who despises a drab dress but casts an equally cold eye on any hint of flashiness. Here is, for example, a dress of silk-and-wool covert cloth in pussy-willow gray, the bodice inset with a cascade of cream spun silk, closed with mother-of-pearl buttons. The skirt is calf length, the belt has a matching pearly buckle, and fixed on the shoulder is a corsage of silk violets, from Miss Anderson's store of vintage French flowers. (A white piqué rose is $30; other blossoms range in price from $15 to $80.) The dress is $495. Blouses of ivory silk are hand-printed with motifs called Cheeky Dot and Cheeky Stripe, both with smatterings of pink bows, and another with raining hats. Details are scalloped jabots, back buttons, and Peter Pan collars; the price per blouse is about $295.

WE hurried north on Madison toward the lofty spaces of D. Porthault & Company, at 18 East 69th Street, just around the corner, to flip through the pajamas on the sunny second floor. Here we found, for $242, a pair in white cotton with a print of red lips issuing exclamatory violets. Believing, as we do, that the time of day when nightclothes are put on is the time that most benefits from a little conversation, we were pleased to think that these promise to evoke a word, or even two. A second pair, also of cotton, is avian rather than human in theme: blue-green parrots, pheasants, ducks, starlings, and herons, with predominantly yellow beaks. These are $248, and the ducks appear to be swimming. The shop also has a selection of robes, made of terry cloth, which are distinguishable from those garments left all summer in the shed near the pond by their sumptuous wide lapels, cloth of lush quality, and a tropical richness rivalling Gauguin's "Ia Orana Maria." The price for a robe with two patch pockets, is $467. A thick, shawl-collared white robe frosted with pink-going-to-red stars is pocketless, and $399; and a lighter-weight cotton robe that might double as a tea dress has a froufrou of white



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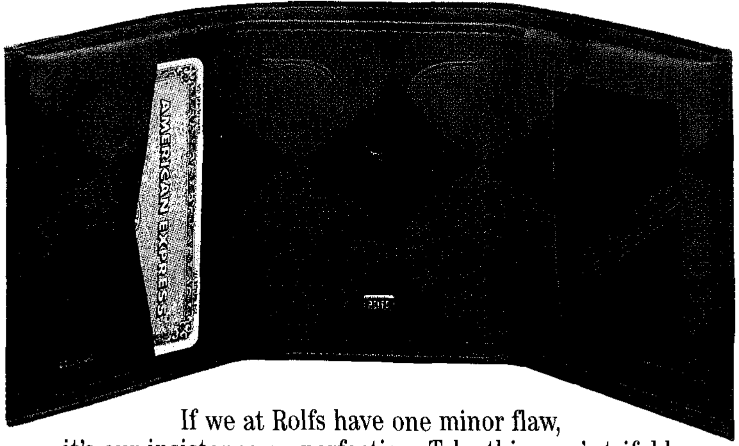

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Outside, stopped by a red light, we ruefully watched a gang of five buses lurch by, and decided, instead of heading uptown, to drop in at Dianne B., at 729 Madison Avenue (64th), where we admired not only the red roses—cloth, not silk, but satisfactorily cabbagey—by Colette Malouf ($20 a stem, with a convenient pin, on a backing of red velvet) but a stole, a party dress, and a pair of gloves. The stole—by Romeo Gigli, the Milan-based magus of the ethereal, for Callaghan—is an oblong of emerald silk moiré which is, of all things, down-filled. Measuring two and a half by six and a half feet, the stole does a good job of wrapping the shoulders, and has a practical pocket in each side. It can also be had in chartreuse, and the price is $330. The party dress is by Shaw Behzad, of Paris and New York, who has winningly hoisted a rather plain bit of sculpted black wool Astrakhan to the level of all-out charm by marrying it to pie-plate-diameter pouf sleeves that billow from shoulder to elbow. The poufs (on three separate dresses) are pink taffeta, tangerine silk organza, and wine silk ombré; from elbow to wrist black wool takes hold. The dresses are $800, fully lined. Finally, there's a pair of black kid gloves, by Miller Roberts, each embroidered with a curling gold lizard. The lizard has a red tongue, and the gloves, which are $165, might be a good gift for any woman with reptilian interests.

Maud Frizon, whose felicitous shoes have long been on display at her American flagship store, 49 East 57th Street, and also in Paris, and who has long had a notable fondness for snakeskin, has eschewed it almost entirely, perhaps because of cost, at her new satellite shop, Miss Maud, 851 Madison Avenue (71st). There is also a Miss Maud in Paris, and the shops were inspired by reports relayed by Madame Frizon's daughter—her friends complained that the Frizon prices were too steep—and the new shops' function is to supply shoes to princesses, rather than queens. Alas, at prices ranging from $175 to $325, the footwear is still not cheap, and seems, perhaps because of the aura of economy, to lack the joie de vivre one associates with Frizon, which has made it possible to say that if a woman lived in Frizon shoes she lived in Versailles. The stockings, however, do not disappoint. White alphabet-soup

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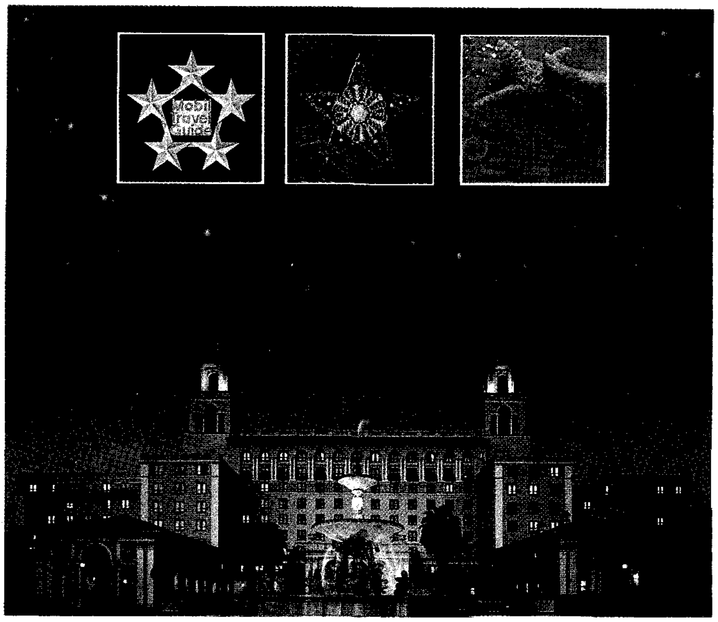

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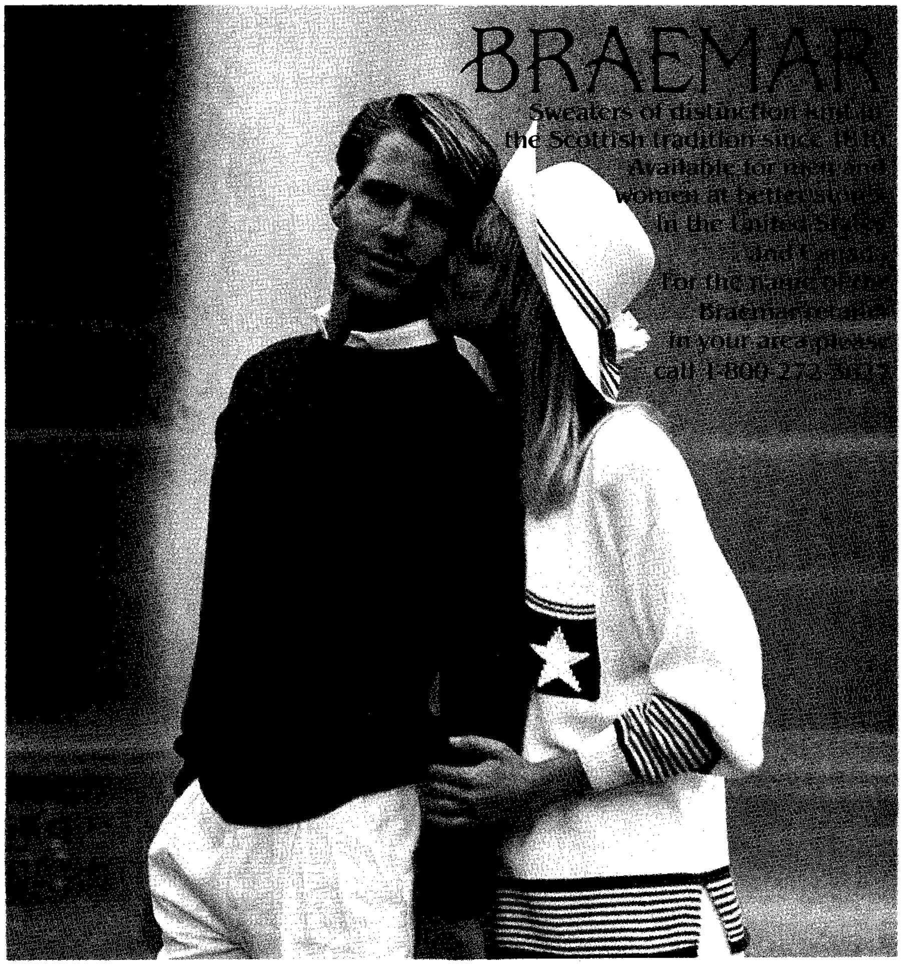

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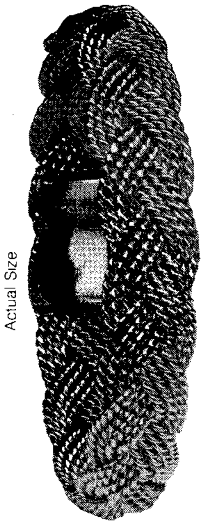

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letters noodle on a pair of black tights ($44); sheer stockings, also black, have a gold leather bow on the left ankle only ($40); among shiny, Lycra "Magic Marker" stockings, the colors include heliotrope ($18); and the panty portion of a third pair of black stockings is black Chantilly lace ($60). A print of tiny white court shoes (Frizon's signature) marches around the waistband of these last, and the construction is such that if the stockings run they may be cut off, and the panties saved. Miss Maud also sells boots. A black suède pair covers the knee and hugs the thigh (one had forgotten these ways of covering up), and tuxedo satin stripes run down the sides; $700. Impossible to disdain is a pair of New Year's Eve black leather pumps. Appliquéd on the left shoe below the ankle is "1987," the numbers in alternating blue and black suède; the right foot, we are delighted to say, reads "1988." The price, per wearing, is $225.

Stepping lively, we crossed Madison and entered the environs of the Great Salt Marsh, at No. 888, a store that is celebrating its second anniversary. Here, rising up through the petrified remains of bygone tastes, reign the creations of Joey Squeeze, a New York hat artist—among them a purple silk top hat swaddled in lavender tulle and trimmed with antique gold passementerie, which sets off one pink and one white ostrich feather. Stuck into the tulle is a French porcelain figure wearing a violet morning coat and a resigned expression. This is called the Amadeus Mad Hatter, and it is $230. Francine Gentoff, another milliner here, has come through with a red velvet pillbox trussed by a shirred spray-painted silver ribbon, its side adorned with a knot of rhinestone-encrusted velvet, and its crown stuck through with an antique silver mechanical pencil; $150. Miss Gentoff also likes what used to be called, before people stopped looking for them, "found objects;" for example, a nonworking watch is fixed to a lady's homburg of chestnut wool felt. A brown ribbon spattered with green glitter paint, a bunch of acorns and leaves, and a thumb-size turn-of-the-century photograph of an unidentified gentleman complete the trimmings, and the whole would serve well as a prop for the first scene of Mrs. Dalloway's day produced as a rock video; $275. Anne Moore is the designer of some flamboyant Minnie Mouse hair bows with attached clips. Of fuchsia

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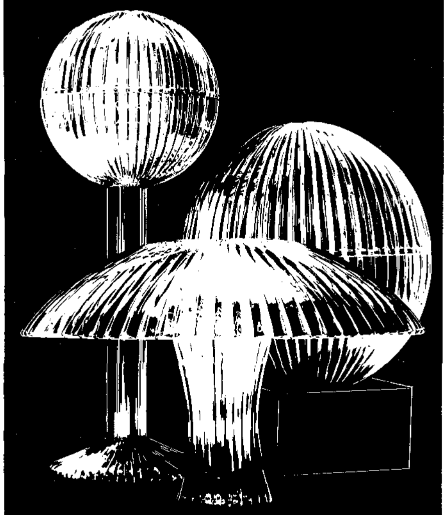

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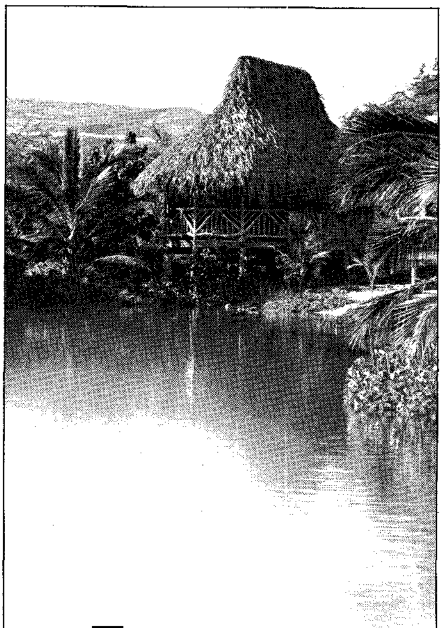
silk organza or green-and-black awning-striped taffeta, they are a relief to the eye that is wearied by an endless parade of demure black velvet bows attached to innumerable pageboys. One called a pillow bow, in black-and-white rayon Prince of Wales check, is softly stuffed. Prices range from $85 to $150, except for a brown velvet one, the width of a hand-span, attached to a foot-long raft of pheasant feathers, which is $240.

AFTER making our adieus, we stepped next door to the florists Shepard-Clark, Ltd.—who share a postal address with the Great Salt Marsh but have altogether different quarters—in search of some real roses. "At Christmastime, people tend to be more traditional," said Elizabeth Clark, speaking from her greenery. Nevertheless, she regaled us with the names, and a few descriptions, of some recent hybrid roses: Vivaldi (creamy with a pink tinge, opens beautifully), Bahama (creamy and yellowish ivory, palm-size when it opens), and Nicole (burgundy velvet inside, petals tipped with cream). These roses, and one called White Masterpiece, are about $6 apiece, depending on the market, and a dozen are priced accordingly. For longer-lasting emblems of beneficence, Shepard-Clark sells rosemary (for remembrance) as dwarf topiaries in three-inch pots for $35 or in ten-inch pots for $150. The same figures apply to myrtle (sacred to Venus) and lavender, and, with pruning and tending, any of these plants should last for years. Here, too, in time for Christmas, are pots of Serissa—a small-leaved plant with tiny white flowers—for between $35 and $45; and pink or white cyclamen is between $35 and $50. Mrs. Clark is also enthusiastic about decorated trees—fresh boxwood branches or live Alberta spruces. In ordering, one chooses whether to festoon the branches Della Robbia style, with a combination of lady apples, Seckel pears, and pine cones, or tropically, with little orchids in water tubes. The trees range in price from $75 to $500, start at a height of twelve inches, and go up to three or four feet.

At Ares Rare, 961 Madison Avenue (75th), we examined, with the help of Silly Putty and a magnifying lorgnette, the intaglios of a group of practicable eighteenth- and nineteenth-century signet rings. "They used whatever they had," said Ares



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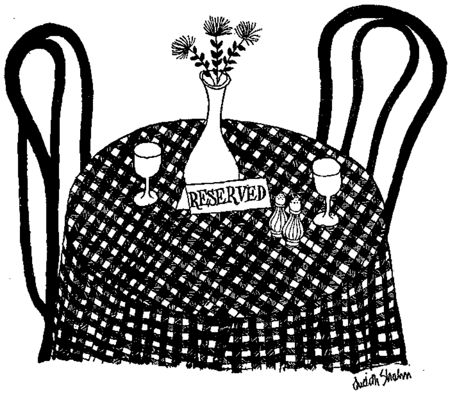
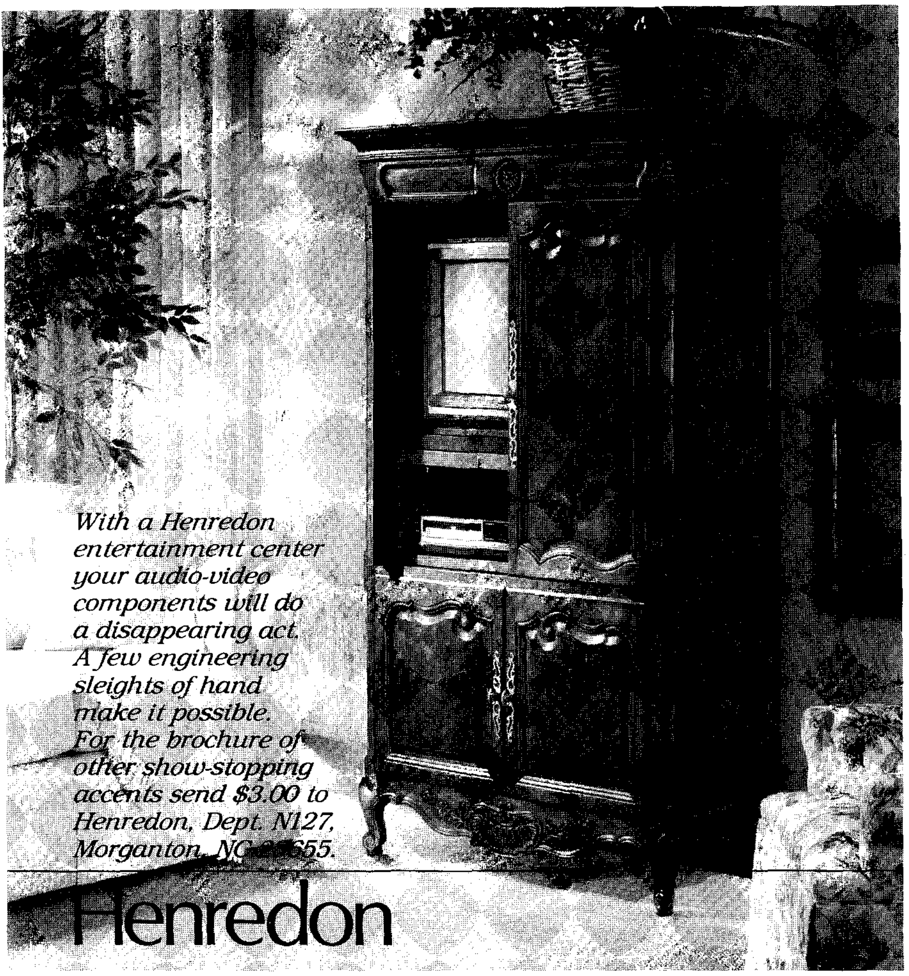
Halpin, referring to the use of two types of small diamonds (eleven old-mine—that is, with thirty-two facets rather than fifty-four—alternating with eleven rose-cut) to circle a banded onyx ring. Pressed into the Silly Putty, the intaglio, lovely in itself, revealed new details: a man and a woman, standing face to face, held an arrow, tip downward, between them. The ring might be a suitable gift for a lady with whom one has called a truce. Prices for the signets start at $975, and other rings include a pre-Victorian banded agate intaglio of a naiad pouring water into a basin, and a nineteenth-century head of Artemis gazing, as if through moonlit leaves, from a circle of emeralds. Also green is a six-millimetre pearl found at the turn of the century off the coast of Japan; it tops a cravat pin, which could also be stuck into even the most sober lapel ($600). Another product of the Japanese we saw exhibited here, in a glass-fronted étagère, was a curious pair of *shakudo* fan pins, bronze with gold and silver inlay—a decorative method used more commonly on samurai swords. On one of the pins a silver moon rises, on the other a gold sun sets. They are meant to be worn one above the other, but are sold separately, at $350 each.

Five blocks up and one across, in the several gift shops of the Metropolitan Museum, a search yields other objects relating to plant life. For holding a cut posy, the shop can supply a cobalt-blue flask in the shape of a chestnut but larger—five and a half inches high. This half-pint-size vessel was originally used by field workers to carry spirits—a use to which it might still be put, if one added a cork. It's $28. Wandering into the bookshop, we found among the museum's many new publications "Pleasures of the Garden," by Mac Griswold (Abrams; $19.95). Ms. Griswold, who, according to a note on the jacket, grew up

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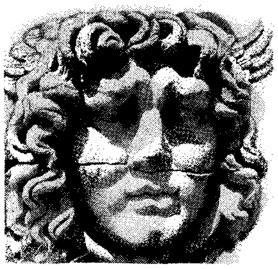
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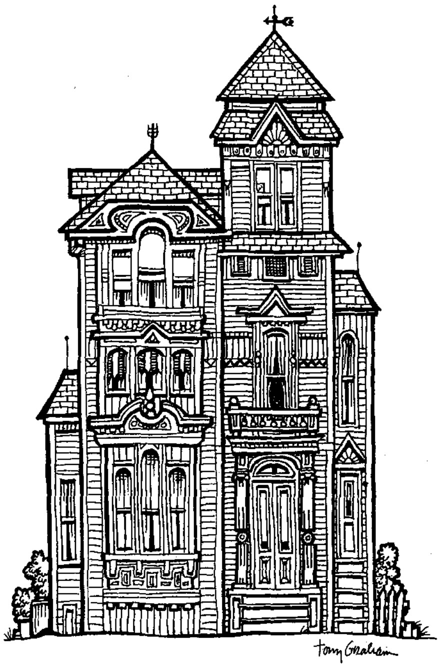
"among the estates of America's Gilded Age in Far Hills, New Jersey," has put together a book that is chatty, informative, and beautiful to look at; its pages reproduce many paintings from the museum's collection, some of which are not generally on view. Chapters include "Gardens of Paradise," in which we learn that the Virgin Mary was allegorically referred to as an enclosed garden (*hortus conclusus*), and "Perennial Pleasures," of which one is a Georgian caricature print of the hairdo of the Duchesse de Choiseul, who "appeared at court with a coiffure over three feet high, which displayed a whole garden with a brook (made of mirror), a jeweled clockwork windmill, flowers, and grass." And on the well-edited shelves here we also found a copy of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Secret Garden" (Godine; $14.95), a book that can be given with impunity at Christmas, as a confirmation, rather than a reminder, of what is and isn't dross. This thought is stated more frankly by a book-shaped ceramic hand-warmer, reproduced for the museum in the Borough of Lambeth, London. Precursors of hot-water bottles, hollow books of this type had a stoppered hole in the top in which one might now put a sprig of heal-all; the one here is decorated with a frieze of blue flowers and has yellow borders, and lettered in blue is the sensible sentiment "The Gift Is Small, Good Will Is All." The price is $10.

The Smith & Hawken catalogue is another source of horticultural gifts, some of which can brighten nooks and crannies before the first thaw (Smith & Hawken, Mill Valley, California 94941). Bunches of dried flowers of unusually good color include blue salvia, white larkspur, and pink globe amaranth. Each bunch is $5.95, and a mixed bunch, of seven varieties, is $36. For those who may have spent the summer gathering their own blooms and hanging them upside down, only to find that their efforts yielded nothing but dusty brooms, this catalogue offers "The Book of Dried Flowers," by Malcolm Hillier and Colin Hilton ($19.95), with over two hundred color plates and instructions in how to go about it properly. Leaving nothing to chance, Smith & Hawken also supplies a seed collection, so that the garden will have the right kind of blossoms for drying. Called Shepherd's Everlasting Flower Collection, it includes, engagingly, love-in-a-mist, Bunter Bright Bikinis, and money-plant Moonlight Mix, for $7.50 a packet. To put them in once they're harvested, there are French galvanized-steel flowerpots, eight, twelve, or fifteen inches tall, which have the pewter sheen of old milk cans and are priced from $18.50 to $25.50; and for trailing herbs, which one can also dry, there are terra-cotta pots by Rookes, of Stoke-on-Trent, which are molded in the masklike visages of what we took to be Oberon and Titania, and are to be hung on garden walls. These are $29 the pair.

WHILE the sun, though in its winter arc, was still high in the sky, we headed east to Trouvaille Française, which specializes in antique clothes and linens, French and American, and predominantly white, and which one may visit by appointment only, by calling 737-6015. All the treasures here have been collected by Muriel Clarke, who has a good eye for both the chaste and the luxurious, and an hour with her is made the more agreeable by the pleasure she takes in the assemblage and by her exceedingly reasonable prices. Here, on racks and in wardrobes in a high-ceilinged foyer, is a fine selection of long-tailed American linen and cotton shirts with narrow lace edging on the collars. They were worn originally by farm boys, and now cost $45; amply proportioned, they would fit small and medium-sized contemporary women. Cotton eyelet petticoats, to be worn underneath a skirt now but alone in summertime, are $75. A large collar of Irish crocheted lace—really a shawl—with beguiling bas-relief roses is $95; other collars, including jabots and long ones that tie like scarves, cost from $35 to $65. And, slightly tattered from fending off long-ago sunbeams, a black spiderweb parasol cover, lined in ivory satin, is $35. From a later period, an Art Nouveau black silk damask stole, almost six feet long and a third as wide, is gorgeously woven in gold thread with cattails and rushes; $500. A collection of small antique—or, at least, vintage—porcelain boxes are decorated with flowers and edged with scalloped brass. The shapes include round and oval ones for pills, long ones for hairpins, and a square one for stamps; another is a tiny china handbag with a chain strap. Prices go from $45 to $125.



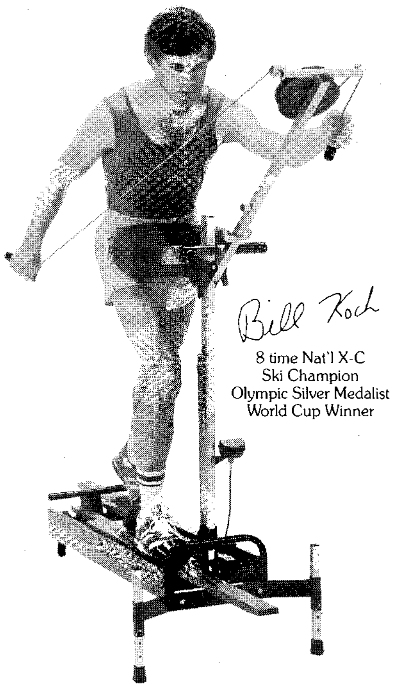
Hubert des Forges, at 1193 Lexington Avenue (81st), has, hanging on one wall and in boxes on the floor, a huge selection of American samplers. "When You Meet Temptation Turn to the Right," in red cross-stitch, is supplemented by a count-to-ten row of numbers underneath, and a stagecoach; bluebirds perching on potted plants, which are interspersed with Christmas spruces, decorate "Give to the World the Best You Have and the Best Will Come to You;" and below a stitchery birdbath, behind a Dufyesque blue gate, is the legend "Remembrance Is the Sweetest Flower That in a Garden Grows." The prices run from $95 to $225.

Heading toward midtown on Lexington Avenue, we stopped in at No. 862 (64th), Cherchez, which is always awash in floral items, regardless of the time of year, and picked up an address book. Inspired by "The Landscape Alphabet," lithography plates by L. E. M. Jones, which were printed in London in 1832, the book, published by Abrams, is $11, and in it the letter "C" follows the image of a Cliff rising from a Curling sea, with a Crescent of Clouds hanging over it, and "H" is a bridge strung between two trees. Part of Cherchez's appeal is its theme of opulent upkeep; while there, even lick-and-a-promise types can imagine themselves going straight home to stick pomanders into drawers. For novices, Cherchez has padded hangers covered with blue floral-print cotton already impregnated with the store's own Field Flower Fragrance ($10 for two hangers) and wooden acorns doused in the same scent ($6 for five). For more enterprising souls, it has a number of dried bits of pleasantly odorous plant life, in two-ounce lots, that can be mixed for potpourri. Choices include orange peel, orris powder, and Roman chamomile, which looks like bits of honeycomb; the prices are from $1 to $3 per bag.

“YOU'RE like Cinderella here,” we heard a customer remark half an hour later as we stepped up to the handbag counter at Henri Bendel to examine a black leather satchel covered, as if by gaily colored butterflies, with seven leather bows in orange, green, pink, red, yellow, purple, and smoke. Measuring ten by twelve inches, the bag, which, thanks to a roomy interior, a snap, and two inside pockets, combines fun and practicality, could be successfully carried off only if it were to be accompanied by a certain fluttery charm, and, as such, it exemplifies the style of its designer, which is Bendel's itself. The price is $200. Hats are much in evidence this year, and here we found a problem-solving $600 hatbox by the Italian firm of Manelli. Of white or black leather with luggage trim, it has sturdy leather handles and is lined with tartan in shades of cappuccino and Apennines green, and the hat, once in, can be tied down with ribbons. Though inanimate, some objects are so fraught with dramatic possibility that they seem to possess independent wills; here such an aura hovers over a black ostrich train case. It has a removable mirror fitted into the interior of the lid; otherwise, it is empty. It measures seven by twelve inches, space enough to hold a few gold bricks, and the price, with combination lock, is $1,650. It would be difficult not to remark on the latest evening-bag creations of Judith Leiber. Her efforts now take up not one but two locked cases, which shine like glass menageries touched by a Midas finger. This season, a gold-metal turtle pavé with rhinestones shuts with a garnet clip; a gold fish opens along its fin, and has rhinestone gills and a jade eye; and a bag shaped like a moon shell is opened by pushing at the place where the creature, if real and left alone, would come out. Miss Leiber has been at this kind of thing long enough so that her creatures have begun to spawn: the cat bag has had a litter of kitten pillboxes, for instance, and the rabbit a whole lot of bunny key rings. These offspring are of gold metal and less bejewelled, and prices for the collection start at $55 (key ring) and slither to $2,000, for a minaudière snake with a glittering garnet eye.

We levitated dreamily past the ruffles aswoon on a choir of Holly's Harp silk dresses (serenely the same, except for prices that, like an arpeggio, climb higher and higher, from $825 to $2,000) to the third floor, where we were awakened from our reverie by a chorus applauding some circus-tent dyed-leather miniskirts. A woman will probably buy such a skirt for herself if she wants it, but we can report that they are $200, and that the colors include kelly, red, yellow, fuchsia, winter white, and the orange favored by Toulouse-Lautrec. We turned to a sweater by Alison Taylor, one of several sent to Bendel for Christmas from England. All are hand-knitted, and our favorite is a bark-colored thistle knit overlaid with vertical rows of darker French-knot nubs, like the starts of new branches. A practical cardigan, with horn buttons, its price is $375. Moccasins that come in their own pouch at Shoe Biz Upstairs (country cousin to Shoe Biz, on one) are $70, in bud pink, black, and tan.

TIFFANY, that shiny citadel, is celebrating its hundred-and-fiftieth year of existence, and though it is being amply fêted (at last count, some two dozen events were scheduled), the store had no recourse but to invent for itself a commemorative gift (glass, china, silver, and gold having been already doled out to commemorate shorter anniversaries), and for that purpose has mixed up a perfume—two years in the making, we were told. The scent is blended from both floral and fruity notes, and it comes in a square Art Deco crystal bottle that echoes, so it is said, the lines of the façade of the Tiffany store itself. The stopper and the edges of the bottle are silver and gold; it comes in the familiar blue box; and its name, we are happy to say, is without the histrionic overtones now fashionable for scents, being simply Tiffany. An ounce is $200 (depending on the day, about half the price of gold), a quarter ounce is $70, and $55 buys one and seven-tenths ounces of *eau de parfum*, which may be translated literally. Also at Tiffany, and putting her name on things, is Paloma Picasso, whose sterling-silver designs are based on Xs, loops, and scribbles. Loop earclips are $230, X earclips are $175; the "love and kisses" pin—a row of Os and Xs—is $185, and ten dollars more buys the scribble pin. Many of the designs are also available in gold, at somewhat more advanced prices. Of these pieces, we liked a choker with an 18k. double-



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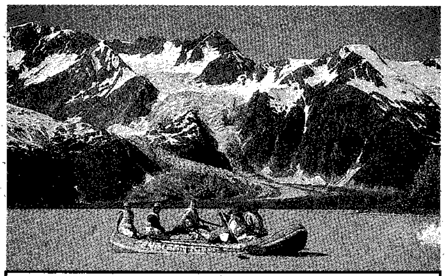

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ring clasp; it has five twisting strands of cultured freshwater pearls, suggesting dewdrops, and costs $1,475.

Clutching our barely checked-off list, with its own symbology of disapproving Xs and appreciative Os, we entered Bergdorf Goodman, a stone's throw away, and headed straight for Houbigant, which, we are pleased to report, has seen fit to revive, after thirty years, its own lovely floral perfume Quelques Fleurs—now called Quelques Fleurs l'Original—and until now available only in whiffs from old embroidered handkerchiefs. The name appears unobtrusively on the bottom of a lead-crystal bottle, and the prices are $70 a quarter ounce, $185 an ounce, and $85 for the dusting powder, with a swansdown puff. The Bergdorf perfume counter combines a comprehensive choice with an appealing lack of confusion; since someone planning to buy a bottle generally knows what it will be, we mention only, for those who hoard scraps of evidence that not all has changed, that Joy, by Jean Patou, at $230 an ounce, is still among the most expensive scents (a mere $40 gets six and seven-tenths ounces of body lotion, though). The winner is Golconda, about which we dutifully recite, by way of explanation, "The fabled diamond fields of India inspired JAR's Jeweller of Place Vendôme to dream, and then to create, this inestimable jewel of Paris." Sold by the ounce, times being rough on romantics, JAR has been forced to give an estimate, and has come up with $320; and Golconda is exclusive, we were informed, to Bergdorf and "the Hotel de Ritz, Paris." Also at Bergdorf's, Tina Chow, of restaurant fame, has presented an unusual first collection of jewelry, her aims being both aesthetic and therapeutic, and, as far as we can tell, equally successful. The pieces are chiefly composed of beryl, aquamarine, tourmaline, amethyst, and rock crystal left in their natural, uncut state and bound in lattices of hand-knotted woven rattan or black bamboo, and they may be worn around the neck or, in the case of a kumquat-size piece of rock crystal, slung from the waist, in the style of an *inro,* the medicine box worn in Japan. Mrs. Chow has cut, or has had cut, other pieces of crystal into huge pyramid rings (the triangles are one and a half inches high) and christened them Temple and African Queen. The rings are extremely fragile—one in the case had already been chipped, as if by air—and such a gift

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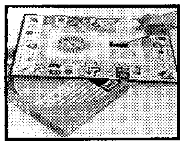

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ould provide a wonderful solution 'Don't move them") for a woman ho, having given up both smoking nd drinking, has been wondering hat to do with her hands. The llection is priced from $350 to 3,800, and Miss Chow has signed a atement that reads, "I do not think f them as fashion jewelry but more as ersonal amulets and power pieces. I elieve they are healing pieces and ols for clearing oneself, aids to edication and visualization."

VISUALIZING two stone lions decked out in wreaths, we headed down o the Forty-second Street Library. A oman who on her interior journeys as often had companions from the orld of books might be pleased to eceive a gift card informing her that or $35 she had become a Friend of he Library, and adopted a book, hich is how the trustees have chosen o describe the act of paying for a book urchase, as well as contributing to the ost of its cataloguing. The basic $35 nembership includes a subscription to he *New York Public Library News*, a imonthly. For $100, the recipient's ame will appear on a bookplate in the dopted book, and its title will be diulged, so that she can read it. For rivate bookish activities, the gift shop t the library can provide bookmarks f gold-washed brass, including one ased on an adaptation of the guardian ngel on the baptismal font of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Diine, and a heart shape, copied from a offit in the window of the mosque of bn Tūlūn, in Cairo; they are $6.50 ach. And for writing, rather than eading, there are boxed sets of paper rom the Women's Studio Workshop, n Rosendale, New York, where it is nade by hand-dipping a frame into a asin of ground cotton pulp to which orn, cattail, and onion-skin fibres ave been added. Five sheets and envelopes are $13, and ten foldover cards with seals are $15.

In addition to the public libraries in the city, the General Society Library (20 West 44th Street), founded in 1820, has over a hundred and forty thousand books, keeps up with new titles, and is quiet. Books may be borrowed for two weeks, and—a boon to those who have lain awake at night worrying about overdue library books—they can be renewed by phone if they're not in great demand. A membership is $25; and here, too, it is possible to become a Friend, the amount due being then $50. This in-

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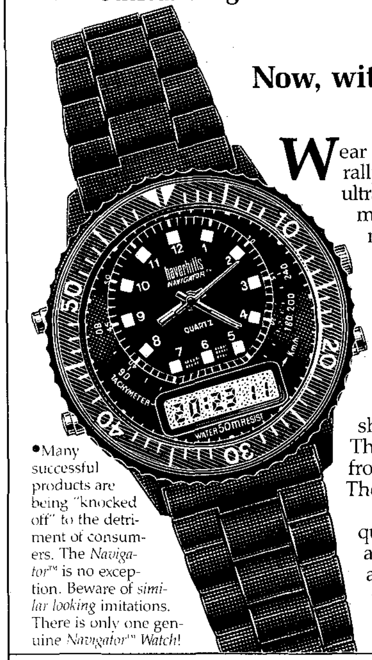

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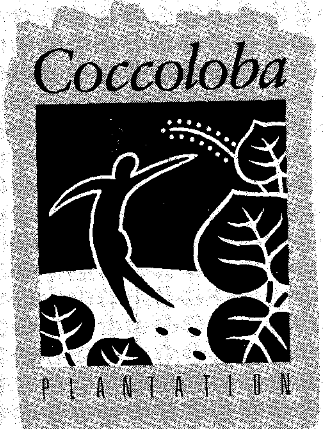

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cludes a book bag, which could be wrapped, symbolizing the gift. (For those whose diurnal tasks do not include trips to midtown, the library has an uptown equivalent in the New York Society Library, at 53 East 79th Street, which may be called at 288-6900.)

Women's Workout Gear NYC, at 652 Amsterdam Avenue (92nd), is distinguished from most emporiums devoted to sport by a telling absence of backslapping heartiness. There is almost nothing in the store that would fit men; even sweatpants have been redesigned—smaller at the waist and longer in the seat. Our eye was caught by the most colorful stock here; namely, unitards by Dance France—magnolia and a cerise-and-turquoise print—of cotton and just nine per cent Spandex. The price is $50. Capezio unitards, as the staff helpfully points out, are eighteen dollars cheaper. (Colors include pink and cobalt.) For women who consider their own heft insufficient, Women's Workout Gear NYC can provide weighted gloves, by Saranac Pro; up to one pound can be loaded into pouches on the back of the hand. The price is $27. Exercise mats by Triangle, which are especially good because they are very firm and don't slide, come with their own carrying cases; $37.50 each. And for floor work involving heavy metal the Precor 615e rowing machine, which the store recommends, because the "oars" are a comfortable distance apart for a woman's arms, records the average and maximum strokes per minute (though tactfully not the minimum) and keeps track of the total number of strokes and of minutes travelling downstream. The price is $350. The Precor 820e stationary bicycle, on which similar statistics are recorded, is suggested, because the bicycle weighs fifty pounds and, unlike other models we've seen, can be rolled rather than having to be dragged; $495. To wear for outdoor biking, the triathlete Anita Jacobson has designed, for her own firm, Alitta, black nylon-and-Lycra bike pants. A Christmas shopper who is concerned about someone's safety might pick up a FlashGear front-zip reflecting vest, by Lone Runner Sports; the price is $16, and the stick-in-the-mind color is Day-Glo green.

"Some people hate to finish," said Gwen Byrne, who, like Paula Shirk, the owner of Women's Workout Gear NYC, is a recent arrival on the upper

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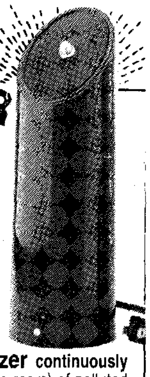

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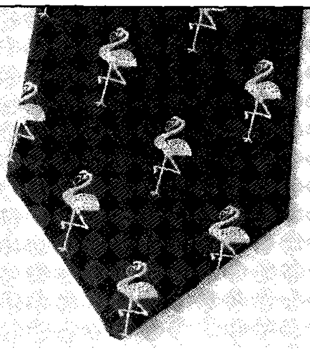

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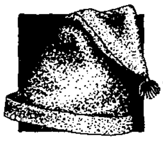

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West Side and, like her, is interested in exercise—of the fingers, that is. For a fee of $40 to $70, depending on the intricacy of the task, Miss Byrne and her staff—at Gwen Byrne, 529 Amsterdam Avenue (86th)—will finish knitting a sweater that was begun with the best of intentions but left half done. For those who knew enough to throw up their hands in the first place, custom sweaters, which Miss Byrne describes equably as "of any size, any texture, any coloration," may be ordered here, at prices ranging from $240 to $600. And for women who know what they are getting into (the rules include being able to count stitches without moving one's lips), and are in search of inspiration, here on the Gwen Byrne bookcase is "Classic British K-N-I-T-S," by Madeline Weston (Crown; $19.95), a compilation of forty traditional patterns from Ireland, England, and Scotland, with an ably written, informative text, tracing the history of knitting, and of picturesque stitches, such as the Aran Island "Tree of Life," "Heart-in-Home" Gansey, and Old Shell Shetland Lace. Enthusiastic but less accomplished knitters might welcome "The Better Sweater: Knitting with Gwen Byrne; Book One—Unique Patterns for Novice Through Expert," by Miss Byrne herself (Arbor House; $7.95). Some of the designs in "The Better Sweater" are available, custom-made, in the shop, as is the yarn with which to make them; and vintage buttons to dress up old sweaters, such as half-inch mother-of-pearl (by the card only) and Czech hand-cut glass—$5 apiece.

WE took the No. 1 train down to the Women's Store at Barneys New York, where silks and knits are also featured, though in less homey surroundings, and farther from mortal price range. On the sixth floor, in the Valentino boutique, a long-sleeved front-tucked blouse of black wool ($900) has imperious ruffles at neck and sleeve; it is shown with a silk-velvet-covered belt with an emblematic good-luck pavé rhinestone hasp ($230). In the Chanel boutique, a hollow run by Mr. Lagerfeld but haunted by Mademoiselle, is a holly-berry cashmere sweater. Four gold buttons ride up each arm to the elbow; it pulls down over the hip; and the price is $1,130. On the fifth floor, Sonia Rykiel has presented a cropped tabby-colored sweater that looks not only as if it would fit a baby but as if it had

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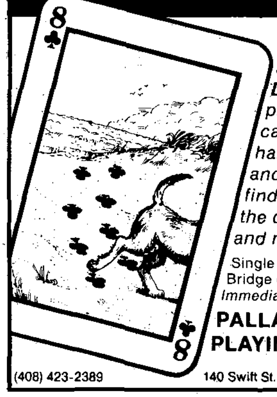

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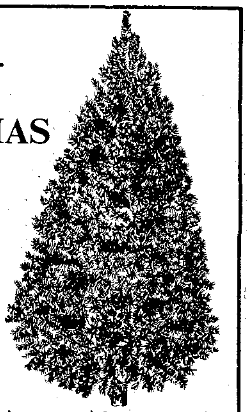
been put on and taken off by one, for its seams are on the outside. The sweater, which is edged briefly in cream, has a matching layette cap with a petite pom pom; the prices asked are $605 for the sweater and $175 for the cap. More substantial is a fifteen-by-twenty-inch bag of black quilted suède, leather-lined, with a zip close, leather handles, and an interior pocket big enough to hold a four-by-six-inch black suède evening bag—and inside *it* is a black felt drawstring bag, with a caramel leather label stamped "Made in France." The price for the big bag is $405; the smaller one, which has a rhinestone heart on its flap, is $175, and someone heading for the dance floor could check the former and carry the latter. Across the way, in a forest of thick knits, the imaginative firm of Missoni has produced a garment that, being reversible, is more, rather than less, than meets the eye; the price is $1,295, which enables the buyer to receive two sweaters for the price of four or five. On one side is an abstraction of purple clematis climbing a moss-covered wall; on the other, Como-blue bands alternate with flecked black marble. On four, we came upon a confectionary ball gown by Anouska Hempel. It has a short, two-layered, bitter-and-milk-chocolate pouf, to which a strapless black velvet bodice is connected by shirred bitter-chocolate taffeta with a rose at center front. It looks like an ice-cream sundae, and the tooth-fairy price is $6,750. Also in this corner, for drop-dead evenings, are rayon taffeta skirts by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo; they are teal with purple piping, the price is $450, and they are meant to be worn over a flamingo net petticoat, which costs another $450. Separately or together, they look like the kind of thing Mother used to run up in response to a note sent home explaining that one was to be Gumdrop in the Christmas play. In a calmer mood, the clothes that Barneys has chosen this year from the collection of Romeo Gigli combine natural fibres with nylon polymide—an addition that makes the clothes hug the body impulsively, rendering them difficult to wear. Nevertheless, they are pretty on some, and on the hanger: a tucked-gauze fieldmouse-colored blouse with a tall Lady Jane Grey collar and tentacle sleeves is $410, and a matching skirt that embraces the hips and closes in a cincture about the knees is $495. On three, a blouse by Andra Gabrielle displays her unjaded attention to detail. Of magnolia silk



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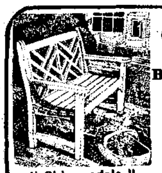

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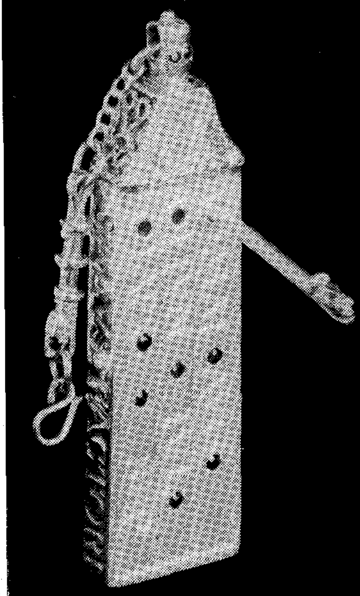
hantung, it has a grosgrain bow tie, nd even the underside of the collar is inished with an olive-branch stitch; 225. On two, $510 is the price of a otton-velvet paisley Pierrot jacket vith four juggling-ball-size buttons, y Howard Partman for San Francisco, and in the CO/OP on one are ome crocheted cotton gloves at $15 a air; the colors are olive, goldenrod, nd old ivory.

'COMPLICATED clothes are for a different era," said Zoran, osed cross-legged on a gym mat on the loor of his showroom, in a warehouse t 214 Sullivan Street (Bleecker), mile below the Barneys aerie. A latoon of industrial clothing racks nly partly blocked his staff, busy at ows of sewing machines. Zoran, who rrived here from Yugoslavia sixteen ears ago, is claimed as a compatriot y women whose sense of self-worth is nversely proportional to the amount f time it takes them to dress, for any ccasion. "It's just logic," he continued, from deep in his beard. "Minikirts for the young, longer skirts for he old." We held up, questioningly, a oat from our tour through the racks. Zoran shrugged. "Just your basic white silk taffeta evening coat," he said. The clothes, a wardrobe of ieces, are shown by appointment only. A heavy cashmere cabled sweatshirt is $700. (Q: "What would you call this olor?" A: "Beige.") A silk charmeuse T-shirt is $350. A little black dress of wool gabardine, knee length, with a scalloped back, is $500. A silk tank top cropped to reveal, between it and a waistband, a sliver of skin is $125. A gray silk velvet short skirt that shimmers is $550. A three-quarter-sleeve cashmere T-shirt is $500. And a pair of gray flannel trousers with an elastic waist is $350. The garments, which would streamline the early and wee hours for any woman of any age, are all one size but, Zoran explains, "different shapes." The snow-white coat is $650.

Tucked like lucky pennies into the pockets of the city, even in districts where shopkeepers are kept awake by dancing visions of money trees, there are stores where the idea of dress, while not unimportant, coexists with, as Marianne Moore wrote, "what was originally one's object—substance at the core." (This is the centennial Christmas of Moore, who once asked St. Nicholas for a dress or a suit made from the underwool of the Arctic ox.) In SoHo, the picnic ground of the



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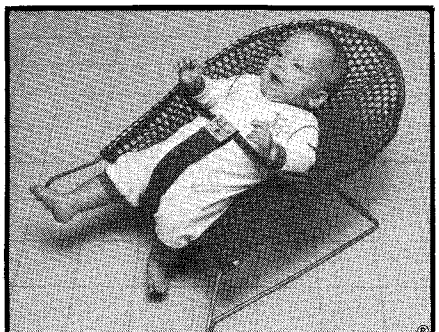

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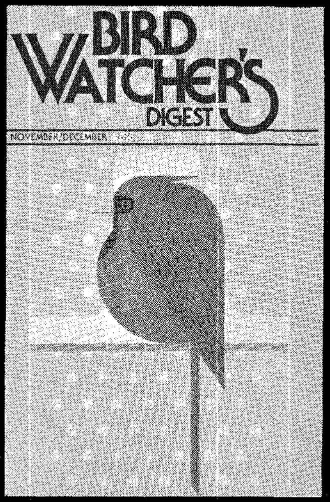
ne'er-do-well-to-do, such pennies are rare, but down a flight of lilac-painted stairs at 124 Thompson Street (Prince) is Marianne Novobatzky, who, like Zoran, doesn't advertise, who began her career here as a textile designer (in Budapest she was a fashion designer), and who says things like "I could never find anything to wear, which is why I sank my money into this wretched basement." Madame Novobatzky now designs, in her light-filled, anything-but-wretched cellar, which has a doting angel over the full-length looking glass, both couture and ready-to-wear, and her clothes, mainly in deep-hued wool, are like glowing solitaires. A petal-blue angora-wool straight chemise has a double-teardrop back closure, with two covered buttons; the price is $200. A cyclamen wool crêpe dress, also cut simply, is outlined in striped velvet piping—russet, emerald, and marine. The price is $210. As we spoke, Madame Novobatzky was busy choosing sets of different jet buttons for a group of black wool Astrakhan jackets that flare, like tops, over the hips. The linings are checked jacquard, and the price is $320. Here, too, are theatrically hand-painted silk scarves (Madame Novobatzky does the painting), luxuriant with hothouse or oil-on-troubled-waters motifs. They measure five and a half feet by eleven inches, and are practical, because scarves of this sort often pick up dip when they lean over the hors-d'oeuvre tray, and these are washable. The price is $45, and the silk also surfaces as the stuff of birds-of-paradise camisoles, with spaghetti straps, for $85.

STEPHEN SPROUSE, an enfant terrible of Seventh Avenue, expelled from there in 1983 for big dreams and insufficient inventory, has returned this year, backing in hand, to open a three-story rec room at 99 Wooster Street (near Spring) and display his new clothes, which, with the exception of a group of time-to-go-to-work suits, look a lot like his old ones. Prices free-fall as one walks down the stairs, and, starting at the top, where we were aided on our tour by a helpful staff ("This is Italian wool melton. That's m-e-l-t-o-n"), we saw a banana-yellow overcoat, with a leopardlike print. The price was $950, as it was for another coat, on which Mr. Sprouse's penchant for traditional patterns in color combinations no one but him has thought of is evident. The background is salmon pink, and the



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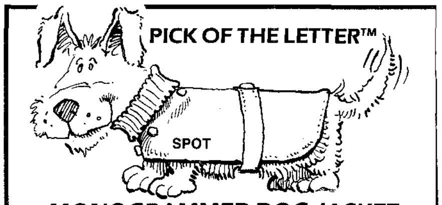

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rint—black, purple, and yellow—is amouflage. Camouflage is also the ıotif—and works just as well—on a linky sequin tank top ($425), to be vorn with a few inches of black sequin kirt ($650). Having sped down to the econd floor (the steep stairway at the tephen Sprouse Store is painted silver, nd the vista from the landing includes he emergency exit), we were struck by Mr. Sprouse's interpretation of the litle black dress. The message of the leated skirt, cut like a maternity mock, and barely skimming the hips, s carried to its obvious conclusion in he bodice, which is laid bare to reveal he breast. The price is $195. Skipping ack rooms crowded with suits and ilk blouses, we continued down the insely stair, and, feet on the ground, ent over the cosmetic counter. Lipticks are $7 (Day-Glo tamarind, lavnder, azure, and puce), eyeshadows 10 (iris, kelly, and peacock blue), and Lollipop League cropped sweater in tripes of red, yellow, purple, and range mohair and nylon, hanging nearby, is $95. Labor-intensive, an rts-and-crafts minidress made to rder entirely out of gold or silver afety pins is $3,500. Gold leather umps are $475, and sterling-silver ips to put on them are $125.

Women who place the height of ivilization in a period other than the Summer of Love might welcome a gift rom Five Eggs, a tiny store that is a op and a skip away, at 436 West Broadway (Prince), and that specializes in traditional products from Japan, many of which, given a small place in the Christmas round, might serve as tokens to aid in a serene journey into the New Year. Plum-wood combs, wide- or close-toothed, are $6.50 each. Red-lacquered hair ornaments, like truncated chopsticks, to stick through a glossy bun, end in knobs, to prevent them from slipping through; $15. Blue fabric-covered notebooks that open up like accordions are $10 and $12. And for women who have rejected new suitors in favor of a worn-in plaid bathrobe Five Eggs can provide cotton flannel kimonos, in Ikat or floral designs, for $60. For morning ablutions, Japanese spa soaps—including Komenuke (rice bran), which contains wheat germ, and Vitamins B and C, is non-drying, and protects the complexion, and Kurozato (brown sugar), which contains wheat germ and Vitamin E and acts as a softener—are $6 a cake (purists will be glad to hear that the soaps are unrefined), and a pumice stone backed

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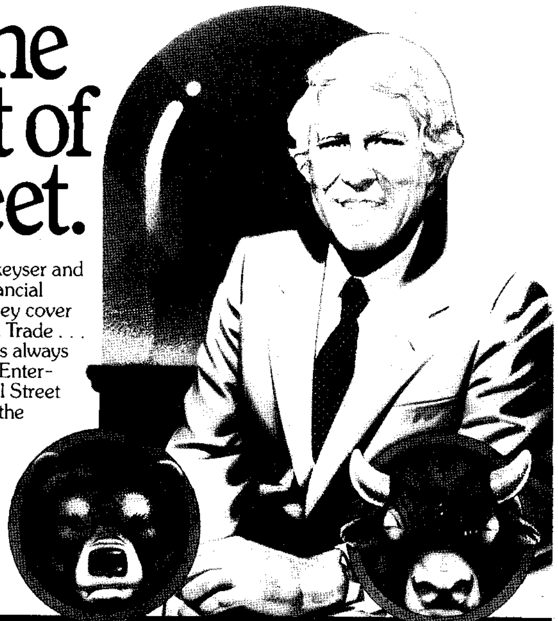

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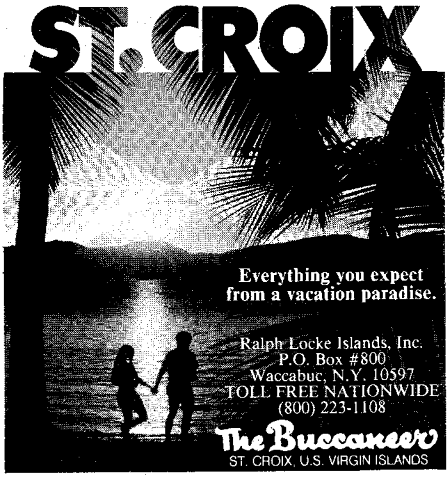

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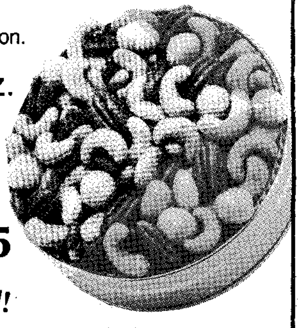
with a tiny brush is $3. Smooth-faced cherry-bark boxes—oval—to empty pockets into, measure about three by four inches and cost $12.50, and nesting boxes, covered with shiny gilt-printed papers, are $18 for a set of ten square ones and $16 for a set of smaller hexagonal ones, and into the smallest box of either would fit a green ceramic good-fortune frog—about the size of a soybean—which costs $2. (In Japanese, the word *kaeru* means both "frog" and "return." A person who carries the frog in his coin purse is certain to have his money returned.)

Adding our amens, we went around the corner to The Smiths, at 454 Broome Street (Mercer), who have put up for the winter a harvest of some of the best of the new designers and their own line of homegrown garments as well, and whose choices bespeak cultivated good taste. The Smiths, Tony and Elizabeth, are particularly strong in cashmere and in hats. A black Loropiana four-ply cashmere cardigan by Marina Spadafora has jet glass buttons; it is of superior quality, and the price is $795. A double-breasted cream jacket with slightly peaked lapels, of the same cashmere, but woven, is by the Smiths themselves; the price is $865, but it's like a Rolls Royce—there would be no pressing need to have another. Courtesy of a Dutch firm called Illustrious Imps is a shirt of heavyweight flat silk cream shantung that shines faintly, as if a lamp had been switched on within; the placket is closed by a row of antique pearl buttons, as different as tiny shells picked up on the beach, and the price is $239. Doe-soft hats include some from England by Susanna Wood—a navy boater with a sombrero brim has a wide grosgrain ribbon ending in a flat side bow. A black velvet cloche by Britisher Stephen Jones looks like a nocturnal lily, and Michelle Jaffe's brown fur felt picture hat is banded in black grosgrain. The hats range from $150 to $165; fur ones by Patricia Underwood are more (but a toffee-colored flat wool tricorne without fur is $185). And, for slightly less elaborate budgets, Miss Underwood has hand-loomed wool caps with attached scarves, to wrap oneself up against the cold. The colors are mustard, chocolate, black, and fir green; $75.

"IT'S *fun* working here," said Kenneth Harp. "It's not what you'd call a *high-stress* job." Alphabets, at 115 Avenue A (St. Marks), where we were exploring new territory before



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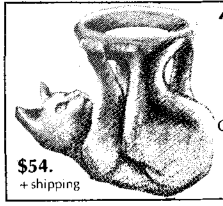

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oks in which one follows the narra-
ve action by flicking, rather than
ading, the pages; in its version of
e old tale, an animated Little Red
iding Hood ends up within seconds
the arms of the wolf. The book is
2.25, and a yellow or red plastic
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omic-strip cassettes and needs one
AA" battery is $7.95. The film strips
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nd cheap at the price. Alphabets also
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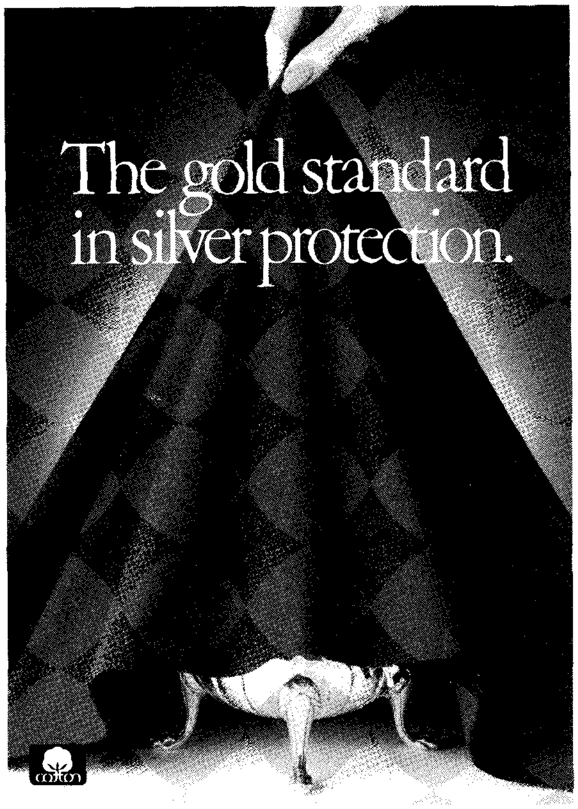
Following the line on one edge
iece—green for Tompkins Square,
nd gray for the street—we turned
est into St. Marks Place, dormouse-
ke, attracted, as we are, to bright
hiny things. House of Uncommons,
02 St. Marks (Avenue A), has a glit-
ering collection of colored paste, and
ere, for what could be called a trifle,
ne might pick up a few baubles for a
oman who yearns to put gewgaws
ot only on the Yuletide tree. For
Vallis Simpson types, a balcony-
haped brooch studded with five
hunky gemstones—tourmaline, ruby,
iamond, amethyst, and emerald—is
75; a nosegay of topaz chrysanthe-
ums is $40; and chevron diamanté
ress clips (shoe clips for a Twinkle
Toes) are $40. The prices range from
22 to $85, and finding ourselves par-
icularly fond of a diminutive blue sap-
hire swordfish ($28) we stuck it on
nd, thus crested, swam northeast
hrough the dusk to the window of
No. 109 (both the store name and the
ddress, on St. Marks), to peer at a
kirt, by Fooling Around, shirred like
a Regency drapery (to the knee). The
skirt, of black-and-brown paisley, is
rayon (the price is $100), and, with it,



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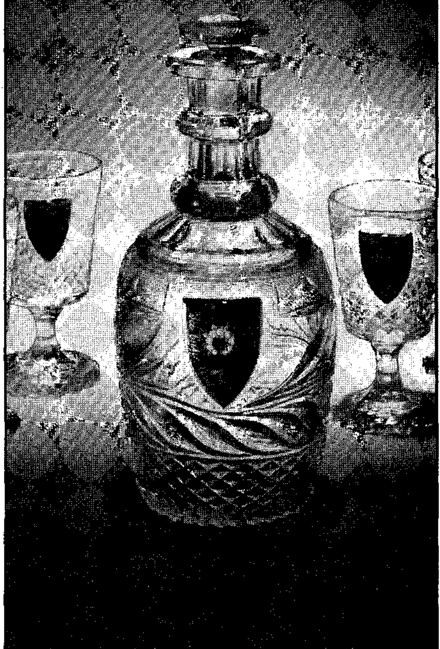

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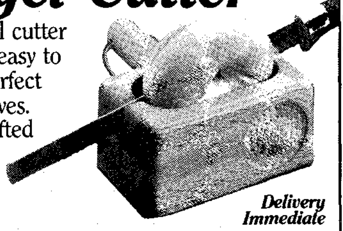

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we saw a red cotton blouse, by John Crancher pour L'Anarchie, with a tulip hem and a big cowl, that's silk-screened with newsprint. "Life After Punk," we read, and "1980." The top is $60.

Behind us, a glow in the sky—spotlit—meant that the phaeton was nearing, loaded now with the Christmas tree. But, pulled inexorably, we turned toward Enchantments (341 East 9th Street at Second Avenue), to choose from the stock of oils—Jupiter for wisdom, San Cipriano for returning lost love, Nine Cups, which brings long-term projects to completion—ones to suit those we know who count Noël as only one of their rituals. All are $5 per ounce, and for $38, at Katinka, 303 East 9th Street, half a block west, is a pair of slippers that fit all our requirements for a practicable gift. Stout-soled, red-leather-lined, the black leather uppers embroidered with gilt, they are from Punjab. The toes point heavenward.

THE CHILDREN'S CLOSET

As though waking from a bewildering dream and turning on the light, and discovering that the bureau, the mirror, and the lamp have returned to their expected dimensions, we open the door of the children's closet and, peering in, see with relief all this season's little poufs and pinafores scaled down to their proper size. Getting to grown-up girls: Those who wear sizes from 7 to 14 might like to make their appearance at an evening holiday party in a black velvet sheath that bubbles at the knee into a skirt of silk taffeta in black-and-ivory tartan. The skirt hugs the legs, the sleeves are puffs trimmed with gold and plaid, the seams where velvet meets taffeta are politely outlined with gold piping, and the whole, designed by I'm Wearing Klōz, is at Kids N' Stuff, 533 Amsterdam Avenue (86th). The price is $59. Household fashion arbiters who plan to stick to their promise that at Christmas everybody gets a new dress that is not a hand-me-down, and are experienced enough to know that, no matter how fetching and convenient the idea may be in the abstract, Christmas is chaotic enough without everyone in matching dresses, might head for Greenstones et Cie, at 442 Columbus Avenue (81st), and choose a few from its John Singer Sargent collection. Those by Françoise Bouthillier are of ivory, in a soft acrylic that falls in loose gathers from the yoke, which is mantled by a re-

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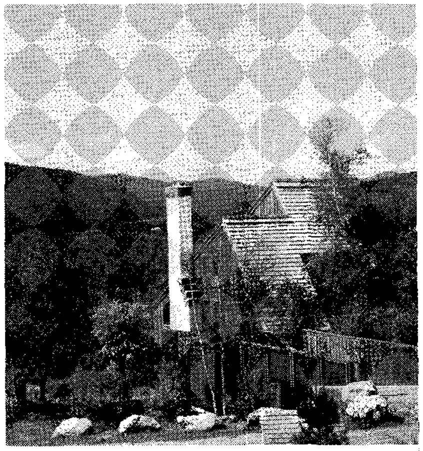

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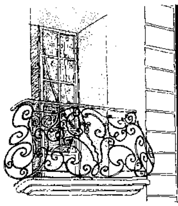

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ovable scalloped collar, also ivory it piped in robin's-egg blue. The esses run from 2 to 6x and the prices om $80.95 to $110. Here, too, is a ack cotton velvet smock dress; an tique linen collar sits decorously en on the round neckline. It is by rigid, and the price is $115.95. And r little sister, if she wears a size tween 1 and 4T, Janet Russo, a vorite Nantucket source who has oligingly opened a second shop, at 270 Madison Avenue (93rd), has run p a group of frocks made entirely of eekaboo eyelet. The colors are peach, rawberry, lemon, and lime, the resses look like scoops of sherbet, and e price per dress is $56. An explor-tory tour of the revamped Young eople's World at Lord & Taylor re-ealed, among other treasures, a sober r-green wool dress with mulberry im, an embroidered Peter Pan collar, nd mulberry-covered buttons, which iggests one that Heidi might have orn during her exile in Frankfurt t's by Sarah Kent, in sizes from 4 to x, and costs $85); a white turtleneck overed with little red hearts, at $8; nd two lines of Madeleine grosgrain-immed doeskin boaters, red and blue, y Carole Amper Classics, at $22.50. o cover what is sure to be under-eath the smallest sizes, Little eepers, at 2709 Broadway (104th), a ore whose practicality extends to a esale shop in the back, can supply aggy cotton panties, with three tiers f showoff ruffles. They cost $16, the esigner is Fix, and those who think a errière is best covered by a hand-mbroidered garden scene can pick up lace-edged pair of such panties at agic Windows, 1046 Lexington venue (74th), for $12 in sizes 1 to 8. n a family that happens to have a rother, he might, depending on his ge and degree of resignation, be put nto a round-collared white shirt, with hand-smocked band of Christmas rees—it's at Magic Windows, sized rom 6 to 24 months. The outfit, at 90, includes white flannel shorts that utton onto the shirt hem, but we vould substitute gray flannel shorts or rousers, for $29 or $39, in sizes 2 to 7 t Pamela Scurry's Wicker Garden's hildren, 1327 Madison Avenue 93rd). And over the shirt might be lung a red blazer, by Imp Originals, which comes with its own forest-green suspender pants for $59, in sizes from 2T to 5, at Wicker Garden—a store that, in keeping with the credo of this city, believes it is never too early to start the learning process, and does its

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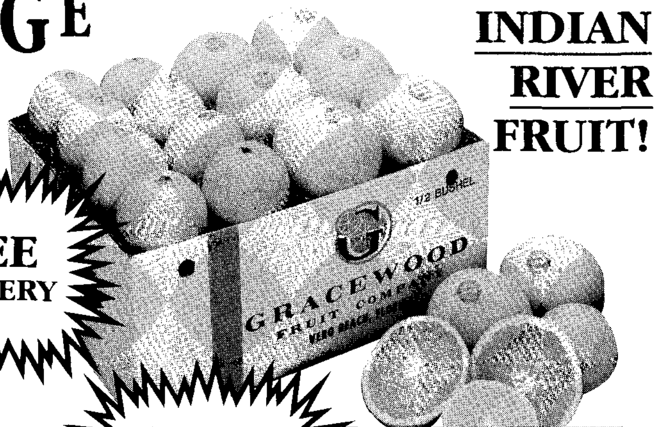

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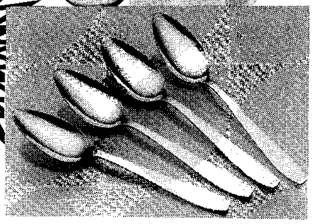

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part by keeping in stock a selection small silk foulard ties ($24). Shirts t go with them—pinpoint oxforc broadcloth, or tuxedo front, dependin on how much dog it is necessary to pu on—in sizes from 2 to 7, come in th usual array of solids and stripes, an cost from $13 to $78. (Nearby han some New York Mets jackets, at $48,

Crabtree & Evelyn contributes t that not-only-on-special-occasior stint under the bathroom looking glas by molding soap in the shapes of Alic in Wonderland figures—the Cheshir Cat, the Queen of Hearts, and Alic herself, at $10 for the three. There ar six Crabtree & Evelyn stores in th city; for untangling Alice's tresse they all offer satinwood-handled hair brushes, with natural bristles, fo $9.50. The firm stocks brushes fo babies as well; the price is the same Infants, for whom such an implemen is, as yet, an irrelevance, might b prettied up with an antique French lace baby bonnet, from Trouvaill Française. Kids and grownups lookin at hats seem to like them about equally a lot. This fall, Greenstones et Cie ha received a shipment that includes bot Sam Spade felt fedoras—plum an khaki are especially popular—and, fo the stroller set, Thinsulate-lined nylo caps that snap under the chin. Th caps come in hot pink, pale pink, ic blue, and shades in between, and hav detachable clear turquoise visors; $35 Matching mittens are $19. Both Mis Theodora, for Little Leepers, an Michael Rosenberg's grandmother for his store, Granny Made, 381 Amsterdam Avenue (78th), have bee busy this autumn knitting hats for really cold days. Granny Bert like stripes, which appear, both wide an narrow, and in colors like maize an violet, on thick cuffed caps ($25), an Little Leepers has snug caps with earflaps ($13); they may be ordered t match any snowsuit.

An alternative to a hat is a hood and, just a little tired of navy-blu duffel coats, we were pleased to see neon-yellow one with a tomato-rec fleece lining and red wood toggles; o wool melton, it is made in England, by LC Tailorware. The price is $88, in sizes from 2T to 4T, at Kids N' Stuff. For blustery perambulations, Little Leepers has one of the best (hooded) foul-weather suits in town, also in an unexpected color. By Ruka, a Finnish company, both the knee-length slicker and the pants (which have an elasticized waist) are bright green, and while by day they are otherwise per-

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ctly ordinary, at night they will ow, their own beacon of safety, in e beam of a headlight. They are sold parately; $29 for the jacket and $10 r the pants. Granting that hoodless-ess, too, has its charms, we report iat a cobalt-blue "quilted" calico cket, at Laura Ashley, 398 Colum-ıs Avenue (79th), also has a secret: a ue-flowered lining, to be divulged by ırning up the sleeves. The price is 70, for sizes from 3 to 12, and to slip nder it Kidz at Bendelz (first floor of lenri Bendel) will part with a sweater om its bin of farmyard sweaters, and-knitted in red, blue, and hay-olored wool; also $70. The cardigan weaters close with pewter buttons aped like cows, sheep, ducks, or actors. And alternatives that present iemselves to complete the outfit include cotton corduroy trousers—sun ellow, khaki, black, barn-door red, nd smoke—made and sold by Green-ones et Cie. The prices run from 39.95 to $42.95 a pair, and the sizes om 3 to 14. A red cotton miniskirt, y Flapdoodles, costs $10.50, in sizes rom 2 to 14, at Little Leepers. And hose who like the convenience of veralls but don't like all that hardware on small children will appreciate, t Little Leepers, an overall, made of otton fleece, that is scooped front and ack. The colors include teal, the price s $23.50, and—working within the erviceable notion that parents like to ee their kids in clothes that remind hem of what they wore in their own arefree days—the company that nakes it (with "no starch"), Wood-tock Wonders, has produced a tie-yed T-shirt, incorporating teal and urple, to go with the overall. Long-leeved, the shirt costs $17.25. A com-lementary acid-washed denim jacket, y The Widget Factory, for sizes rom 12 months to 4T, is $42 at a tore called Moon Unit, 2130 Broadvay (74th), where acid-washed lenim, versatile stuff, has also been nade up into a sturdy shirtwaist dress vith metal buttons, saved from ordina-iness by a two-tiered flounce on the kirt. The price is $45, and the de-igner is Star Time. (Kicky tiers also nake their appearance on a hot-pink sweatshirt dress at Wicker Garden, by Baby Boxers, for sizes from 2 to 6x, at $45.) And Moon Unit has a splendid pair of trousers, elasticized at the waist, made from what looks like revved-up mattress ticking—blue and white stripes. By Blue Moon, they fit sizes from 2 to 6, and the price is $37.

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standard attire for facing life's surprises are often in the baffling position of shopping for little girls who insist on wearing dresses to nursery school. For this group, here is a short list, aimed at pleasing conservative tastes. Laura Ashley Baby can provide a complete wardrobe, of which we list only a sampling: a puff-sleeved pleated pinafore in Black Watch tartan ($68, with a white cotton panty), a back-button jumper of royal-blue corduroy ($60), and a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar ($36), for sizes 2T to 10. At Kids N' Stuff is a cotton Liberty-type delphinium floral-print dress, by Petit Boy, with a white sailor collar, for sizes 6 to 24 months, at $64; and at Trouvaille Française are blue gingham smocks that French schoolgirls used to wear over their dresses but that look fine, at $35, in these loose times, on their own. That taken care of, there are days for anyone, nevertheless, when only a tutu will do. At Celandra, 1226 Madison Avenue (89th), a tutu of lavender, pink, or white-with-silver net comes in one stretchable size, for ages 2 to 7, and costs $15 ($16 for silver), matching tiara included. For pliés, Kidz at Bendelz has tights from France, in a rainbow of hues, that are *super-extensible*, or, as it has been explained to us, "more than usually stretchy," so that they'll fit people from ages four to six, barring runs. The tights are $6 a pair, and Janet Russo, on her upstairs level, has beaded, twinkly embroidered slippers, a few with dragon faces, to fit very small feet, at $21.

Putting slippers on is easier sitting down; Zona, at 97 Greene Street, proffers child-size straight chairs from Mexico, painted turquoise blue. They cost $125, and will hold up to a five-year-old comfortably. Five *months* is about the top size for an undemanding pair of hand-stitched fringed moccasins, also at Zona, whose leather is either birch or oak color; $22. Shoes—unbuckled Mary Janes—are the subject, as an overlay print, of a pink-and-white striped cotton shirt, $27; at Moon Unit.

A certain amount of single-minded attention has lately been devoted to solving the problem of how to get babies in and out of garments. Patagonia (P.O. Box 86, Ventura, California, 93002) has come up with something called the Snowbird Set, consisting of a pair of leggings, feet attached, a cuddly zippered shirt, and a hat. The material is Synchilla, which stays warm even when it's wet, and there is

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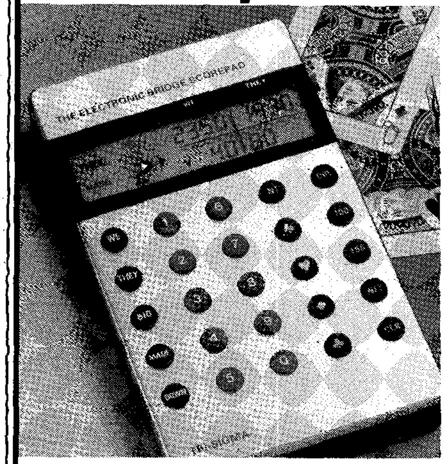

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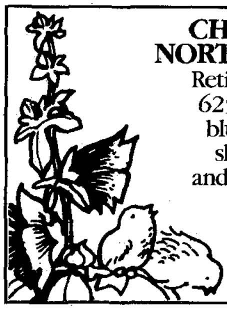

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ycra trim; the color is blue, and, in ontrast to one-piece suits that snap up e inside of the leg, the suit avoids the ecessity of laying the squirming baby own on his back for all checks and djustments. Snaps are just the thing, ough, for a white cotton sleeper, at Bendel's, which closes up the front ith numerical buttons—a red 1, a ellow 2, a blue 3—and costs $45. Also, to cover six- to eighteen-month- ld babies, there are sleepers hand- ainted with lifelike ducklings; from Zookeeper, they're $25 at Granny Made. And Nana Basha, a Califor- ian whose inspired designs might e considered for inclusion on any Christmas list, has presented in her ollection this year a snap-leg romper; ts lack of feet is more than made p for by its pretty, good-humored abbage-rose chintz. The price is $46, or sizes from 12 to 24 months, at Kids N' Stuff. A child who has reached the ge of complaint might be pleased vith a heavy cotton pullover, by Jean- ie Mac, at Little Leepers, which, ince the collar is really a standup polo nd not a turtleneck, will forestall an- uished cries that the shirt is choking im to death. The colors include rimson, and the price is $14. Al- hough we would always rather be ddressed directly by a child than by is T-shirt, we make an exception at his season for some shirts printed vith wood-block-style caricatures. For nfants, pink shirts ($5) picture a hild, ungarbed and clutching a bottle, tanding between two Doric columns; he legend reads "THE BODY OF A YOUNG GODDESS" (blue shirts are also vailable, on which "GOD" is substi- uted), and, for both toddlers and igger children, a pink, blue, or red T-shirt ($6) stamped with the figure of a narrow-eyed child pointing a finger and saying, out of the corner of his mouth, "MY MOM HAS AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM." The shirts are by Susan Baker—also a pamphleteer, who has written such texts as "The Birth of the Child of Choice" and "Diary of a Prime-Time Crier"—and may be ordered from the Susan Baker Memorial Museum, Box 163, North Truro, Massachusetts 02652; add $1 for postage.

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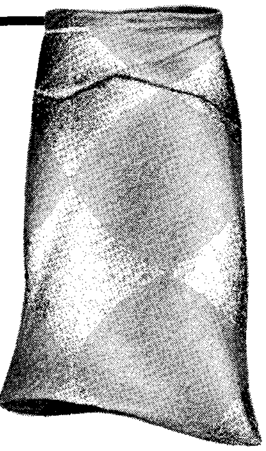

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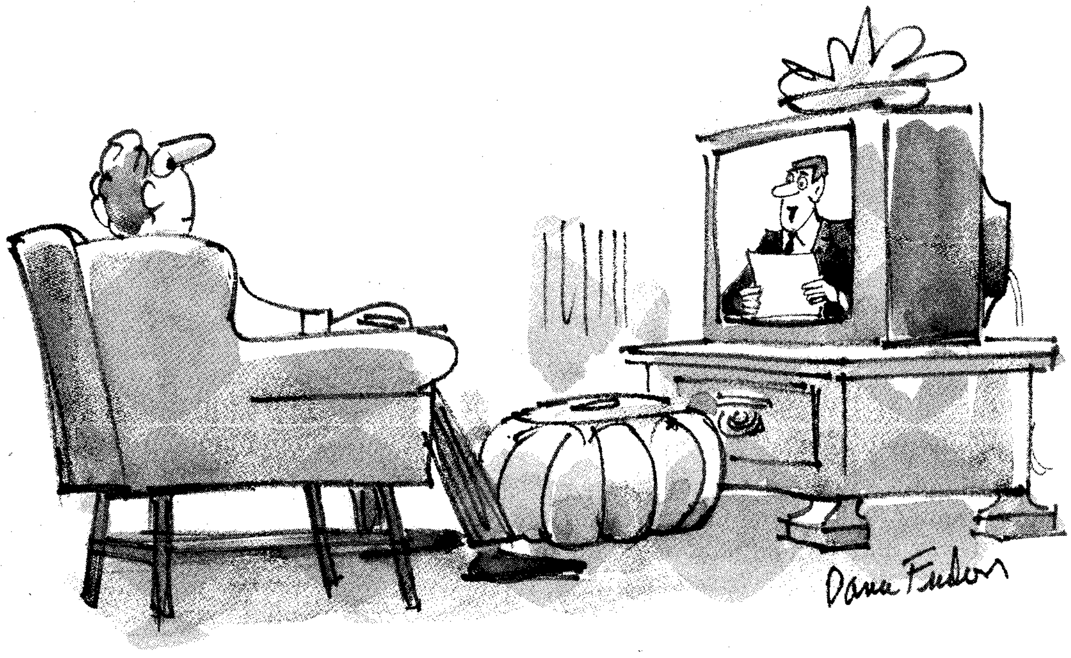
"SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID" is an apocalyptic carnival, a celebration of political fireworks—specifically, of race riots in London and other English cities in the Tory eighties. The picture was made by the team responsible for "My Beautiful Laundrette"—the director Stephen Frears, the writer Hanif Kureishi—but this time the writer dominates, and the film is off balance. It's literate to an almost loony degree. Everyone speaks his mind—or Kureishi's mind. The characters rattle off epigrams or semi-philosophical remarks about race and sex and colonialism; they're maddeningly overprecise about their conflicts. Kureishi, who was born in London in 1956, of an English mother and an immigrant Pakistani father, considers himself British, and from the sound of this movie he's British, all right. Nobody ever gropes for a word or stumbles over a phrase; everybody is linguistically confident and ready to go. When the characters are anguished, they just sound more clipped.

Most of the picture takes place in a decaying, racially mixed neighborhood, where a black woman, terrified by the police who charge into her kitchen to arrest her son, flings a pan of hot grease at one of them; another panics and shoots her, and the angry young blacks and Pakistanis riot, burning houses and cars, fighting the police with bricks and pieces of pipe. The plump, expensively dressed Rafi (Shashi Kapoor) comes from the airport straight into this uproar. A Pakistani who became a powerful figure in post-colonial Pakistan and was a minister in the repressive, martial-law government, Rafi wound up with a fortune; now he is fleeing threats on his life, and thinks that he can return to the courteous, tolerant, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He hopes for some human warmth from his son Samir—Sammy (Ayub Khan Din)—who lives in a comfortable middle-class flat in this ghetto, with his wife, Rosie (Frances Barber). And he hopes to reëstablish his relationship with Alice (Claire Bloom), whom he deserted when he went back to his country all those years ago.

Nothing is as Rafi had imagined it would be: the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. In interviews, Frears uses the term "radical chic" to describe Sammy and Rosie and their friends, who are Third World bohemians. Sammy, a coke-snorting accountant for hip artists, and Rosie, a social worker and Leftist journalist, have an open marriage. They live in the midst of political ferment because of conviction—mostly Rosie's. They live among people whom the system treats as garbage those are the only ones who mea anything—the garbage heap is wher it's at. Sammy, impressed by his wife' wisdom, explains the rioting in th streets to Rafi: "Rosie says thes revolts are an affirmation of the huma spirit. A kind of justice is being done. This example of Rosie's wisdom i given a twist when Sammy, finding hi own car burned out, kicks it an curses, and his father twits him wit "An affirmation of the human spirit?" But, in interviews, Kureishi says exactly what Rosie says, and that's wha the film—which he calls a declaratio of war against Thatcherism—says too. We are supposed to see the flame as a destructive-creative element. Th blacks and Pakistanis, not being allowed to run their own communities have no way to express their rage an frustration except by throwing brick and setting fires, even if what the destroy is their own housing. Kureish wouldn't want us to think he's naïve though: during the riot, the slumlord (who are eager to clear the area fo development and need a police crackdown) pay street kids to keep the vandalism going.

Rafi, Sammy, Rosie, and Alice al represent (and articulate) political positions. So does curly-haired Ann (Wendy Gazelle), an American photographer, who's Sammy's lover, an so do a pair of lesbians—one black one Pakistani—who hang out a Sammy and Rosie's place. And so does the angelic, light-skinned black Danny (dimply Rolan Gift, the lead singer o the British group Fine Young Cannibals) who has an affair with Rosie. Even the ghost of one of Rafi's old political enemies talks up. During all this mindspeak, the director keeps the imagery moving rhythmically. Often it's Godardian, and the compositions are pop and iconic. When Rosie and Danny kiss, their profiles fill the screen. When they have sex, so do Sammy and Anna, and so do Rafi and Alice, and the screen splits horizontally, with the three multiracial couples



"Today opened as November 10, 1987, swung wildly to March 7, 1996, and closed as December 5, 1902."

retched out on top of each other—a xual pousse-café. The Godard uches are playful and welcome, and e playfulness of the triple coupling is ightened by a comic effect: it's intert with the sashaying of four Rastarians (the Ghetto Lites) who face e camera as they sing a reggae veron of the Temptations' "My Girl."

The movie has a documentary maner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, d it's hyperconscious of art, of polics, of itself. It's as if "My Beautiful aundrette" had been shot on the sets d locations of "Sid and Nancy" and Absolute Beginners," with characrs from those movies wandering rough. At times, it's as if Swinging ondon had come back as a race riot. afi is given Rosie's study for his bedom; on the wall is a large photoraph of Virginia Woolf at her most minous, and during the rioting the ickering fires in the street are spectral ltar lights burning for Woolf. There's also a postcard of Vanessa ell on the wall, and you may spot a icture of Jacques Lacan.) Danny's ailer, in a squatters' shantytown, is overed with graffiti—statements in erman, French, and English. Just efore the start of the riot, a back-yard og runs in circles, chasing its tail. fter a while, you begin to think the icture is that dog.

Shashi Kapoor is marvellous as a an who adapts to whatever happens or adapts up to a point). Rafi is praccal and has a big stash in the bank. A ensualist who sucks on sweets and ants his pleasures, he's much like the lumlord uncle played by Saeed Jaffrey "Laundrette." When Rafi undresses o go to bed with Alice, his potbelly nhances him; he earned it—it's is true character. The belly (and the tash) swallowed up the idealistic revlutionary. When Rafi was in the govrnment, he sanctioned the torture of he opposition, and Rosie, who learns bout it, gives him no peace. She aunts Sammy by reading him details f his father's crimes; she tries to orce Rafi into admissions of guilt. At inner in a restaurant, she asks loudly, 'What does it feel like to maim, to ill, to torture, and what does one do n the evenings?" That's the way she alks. Why is the movie so exasperatng? For one thing, its superior tone is ntimidatingly, smugly clever, just like Rosie's.

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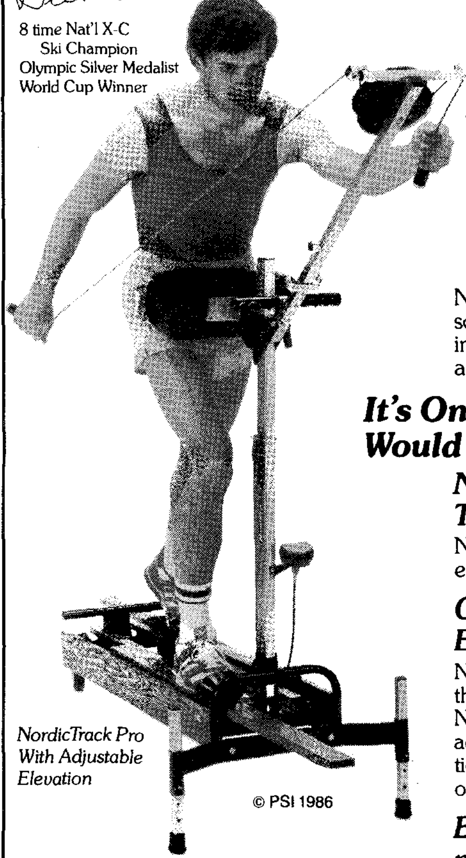

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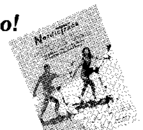

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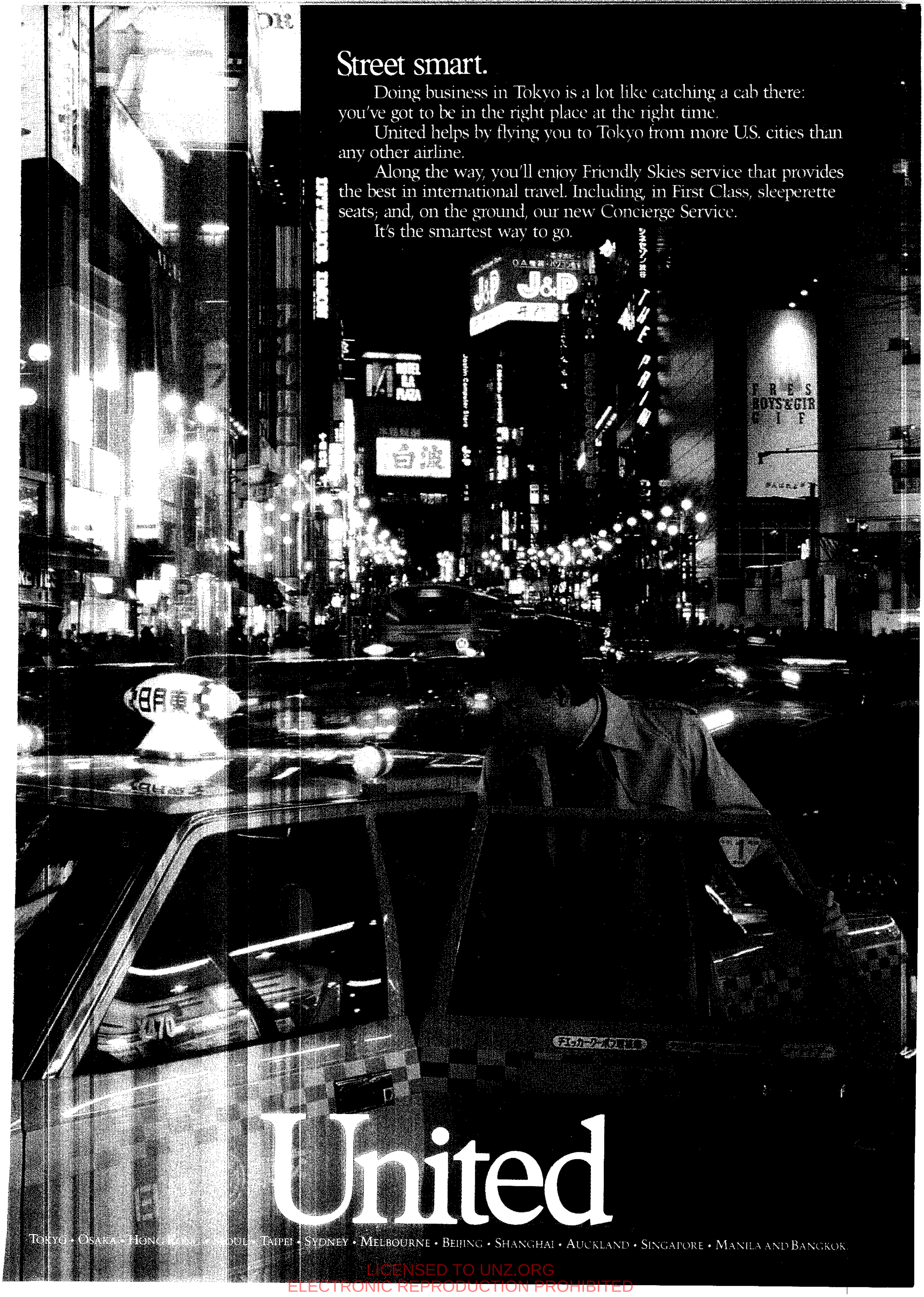
restless, and seductive. At first, you may think she has a wonderful camera face—Frances Barber has suggestions of Nancy Carroll in the early thirties and of Sylvia Sidney and Anna Karina. But the camera dotes on her honeyed gaze, and by the time Rosie surveys the crowd at a party she and Sammy give for Rafi, and narrows her eyes mysteriously—a horny Mona Lisa—you may feel you've had it with her. Barber has described Rosie as the sort of woman she would like to be in an ideal world—no wonder she looks as if she's getting ready to play Joan of Arc. Some of us may take Rosie for one of those people who perpetually seek grounds for indignation. What never comes into focus is that this courageous New Woman, who embodies Kureishi's political-sexual consciousness, humiliates her husband by making advances to other men in his presence, and, taking on the role of judge, torments and destroys Rafi. The film's tone toward her is neutral. Maybe Frears and Kureishi thought that their elliptical, documentary look at things was an objective approach, but all it does is smudge the issues. As Rafi is presented, his political sophistication is more believable than his bad conscience; he's a warm, entertaining scoundrel. Yet his fate is presented unaffectingly. Is the film saying that he brought it on himself by his moral emptiness? You can't tell; the moviemakers seem to think they're just looking at the passing parade.

Most of what "Sammy and Rosie" says about the frustration of the rioters seems to be right and to apply to our cities as well as to English cities, but are the riots the "fine assertions of the human spirit against democratic tyranny" that Kureishi has called them? Or are they more like an angry explosion? This isn't just a quibble, because if the rioting is a fine assertion it's being recommended—or, at the least, thought valuable—while angry explosions are frequently self-destructive. "Sammy and Rosie" appears to be Kureishi's attempt to demonstrate that the artist can be a political force, but the flickering little fires—they go on burning in the windows of dark houses—are mystical, decorative. And when the squatters water their sad-looking cabbage patch, or when the police come with bul dozers to knock down the shantytow you may think you're watching a T news rerun of street theatre in Berk ley in the late sixties. It's all affec less fun.

Kureishi's book, "My Beautif Laundrette and the Rainbow Sign" the script and an autobiographical e say about his ambivalence toward t British—takes part of its title from t James Baldwin epigraph ("God ga Noah the rainbow sign, No more w ter, the fire next time!"). Baldwin one of Kureishi's masters, and f Kureishi fire is rhetoric and imager But is it also fire? There's no em tional force driving this movie. The isn't even much wit in the film's cle erness. It's there in Kapoor's perfo mance, and in the cunning of Clai Bloom's line readings. (She has a g nius for bringing the most out of h dialogue, delivering it in a sane, ma ter-of-fact way even when it's orna and hectoring. And she makes yo laugh in delight at her skill—there's little witchcraft in it.) But the fil suffers from the curse of the Britis verbal facility, a terrible empty bri liance. I don't recall ever hearing s many failed epigrams in one movie.

"Sammy and Rosie" is upsettin because it has a great central them (colonialism at home yet keeps bringing th term "radical chic" t mind. When Seymou Krim first used thi term, in his 1962 essa in the *Village Voice*, and later, when Tom Wolf used it, it had narrow derisive—moneyed— overtones. It referred t the fashionable peopl who took up the caus of the oppressed—peo ple who were susceptibl to manipulation by thos who made them feel guilty. "Samm and Rosie" is so deeply unfocussed tha it doesn't do much except to demon strate that by now radical chic, as a se of attitudes, extends almost inevitabl to the "oppressed" themselves, whe they're hip and educated and angry Like the guilty rich, these self-designated oppressed identify with victims And this identification can make the sentimental and ineffective. Radica chic is a huge trap that can gobble up an artist like Hanif Kureishi and turn him into an advocate of affirmative self-destruction. I kept wanting "Sammy and Rosie" to achieve the



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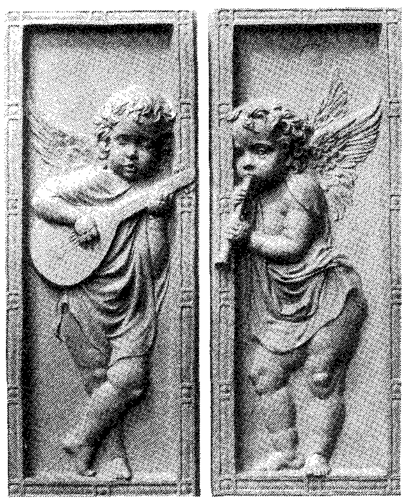
atiric vision of England that it was eaching for (and that it hit in the "My Girl" sequence), and I kept staring at Rosie, with her knowing half miles, and finally I was holding my hand to my head.

"TELL me she couldn't play Charlton Heston's daughter!" he projectionist muttered in my ear as Kelly McGillis pulled her lips back rom her teeth in "Made in Heaven" and smiled. It's a slow smile, because granite doesn't move easy. As a pure oul born in Heaven—the sort of lyrical, ethereal girl that Jennifer Jones used to play—she's flagrantly miscast. The idea is that the characters she and Timothy Hutton play have a love literally made in Heaven: he has died while rescuing a drowning family and met her up there. When their souls are returned to earth in newborn babes, hey have a spiritual need to find each other, though they don't remember the ove they shared. The movie is about inding perfect love, losing it, and stumblingly trying to recover it—in another life. With a theme like this, a picture is bound to attract an audience of hazy heads, no matter how nondescript it is; it could appeal to the romantic haze in all our heads if only it had been worked out more ingeniously—if the scenes took some shape, if they didn't dither and sag. The director, the fanciful Alan Rudolph, generally has a more consistent (and funkier) vision. He is reported to have had differences with the producers; there were three—Raynold Gideon, Bruce A. Evans, and David Blocker—and since Gideon and Evans wrote the script he may not be fully responsible for the film's sponginess. It spans thirty years, in a random sort of way. An example of its plotting: In her new life, McGillis writes a children's book about an imaginary friend, based on her subconscious memories of Hutton; we see him with a copy of the book and wait for the Aha! It never comes.

A batch of smart performers give the picture some flavor around the edges. For the first ten minutes or so, it's a sprightly, eccentric comedy, and Hutton moves along—a small-town boy with a nice, cowlicky quality and gleams of intelligence. He shows an actor's pleasure in the give-and-take with Ann Wedgeworth and James Gammon, as his parents, and with Mare Winningham, who's blissfully piggy as the girlfriend who ditches him when he loses his job. Winningham gives herself a moon face, with blank eyes and doughy cheeks; she's almost something out of "Eraserhead." The first scenes in Heaven flit by neatly, too: Maureen Stapleton is there, as Hutton's Aunt Lisa—as everybody's dream Aunt Lisa—who welcomes him rather offhandedly, because she has taken up painting and doesn't like her work to be interrupted. Then McGillis appears and guides him around the place (it's actually Charleston, South Carolina, with some special effects), and at the first sound of her heavy voice the whimsy congeals. (Misgivings show on Hutton's face like a shadow.) Eventually, David Rasche turns up, as a fellow who briefly courts McGillis, and his mixture of brashness and polish energizes a few scenes; you think, Who is this guy? And Hutton recuperates whenever he gets someone to act with—notably in his scenes with Amanda Plummer, who's alive and has a no-nonsense charm as a woman who runs a recording studio. The movie touches earth when she's onscreen, and earth is where you want to be.

A number of celebrities show up in bit parts: the singer and songwriter Neil Young as a truck driver, the novelist Tom Robbins as a toymaker, the cartoonist Gary Larson as a guitarist, the rock star Tom Petty as the owner of a roadhouse, the rock star Ric Ocasek, of the Cars, as a mechanic. They don't have any presence, but this movie can use all the quirky drop-ins it can get. It's a romance with a barely audible heartbeat. Ellen Barkin also shows up—uncredited—as the temptress Lucille, a female Lucifer; it's an expendable sequence, a mistake. Debra Winger (who's married to Hutton) appears in disguise in a sizable male role—as Emmett, the fellow who manages things in Heaven. With a red punk hairdo and pasty makeup and a hoarse voice straining for depth, she's almost unrecognizable, except when she smiles. But Hutton clearly has more rapport with this weirdly androgynous Emmett than he has with McGillis.

THERE has probably been no piece of casting this year more ineffably Hollywood than Cher as a busy, weary public defender in Peter Yates's "Suspect"—Cher as a dedicated drudge. Cher being Cher, when she represents a man accused of murder, in a Washington, D.C., courtroom, before a rigid, cold-eyed judge, she wears a black leather jacket, and



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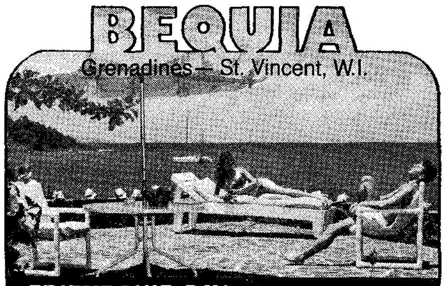

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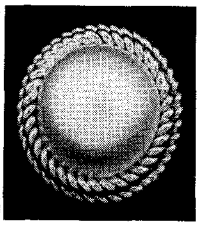

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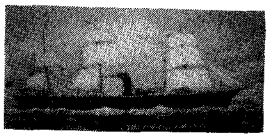

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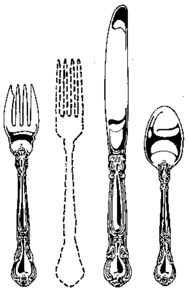

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her long thick hair is loose on her shoulders. She's all wrong for this public defender: her hooded, introspective face doesn't give you enough—she needs a role that lets her use her body. With the camera on her steadily here, you might be watching a still picture. After a while, you get the feeling that if she showed some expression she'd wrinkle, or crack. I heard someone whisper, "She isn't the undead—she's the unold."

It's the movie that's the undead. It's a laboriously set-up thriller: a clerk in the Department of Justice is found with her throat cut, on the bank of the Potomac, and the man put on trial for the slaying is a homeless Vietnam vet (Liam Neeson) who became deaf through the meningitis he contracted in the hospital, and also suffered a traumatic speech loss. His lawyer learns that he's a deaf-mute, then has scenes in which she goes on talking to him and asking him questions. Is there something wrong with her, too? It's impossible to know how we're meant to interpret the lamebrained job she does in court. She'd be lost if one of the jurors—a handsome, semi-cynical young lobbyist (Dennis Quaid) who knows his way around the bureaucracy—didn't do the detective work that helps her out. The screenwriter, Eric Roth, puts a woman lawyer at the center of the movie, as if this were going to be a switch on older courtroom thrillers, and then he provides a man to do the thinking and to rescue her when she gets in trouble. You can't call this feminist backlash, because there's no hostility in it; it doesn't have the nastiness or the kick that hostility would give it. If the moviemakers had just pushed the Quaid character a little further—if he had wanted to help her but wanted to show her up, too—they might have had the hair trigger for a thriller. (And Quaid might have had something to play.) Probably these fellows were just so proud of not having made the woman a bimbo that they didn't notice they'd made her a lummox.

—PAULINE KAEL

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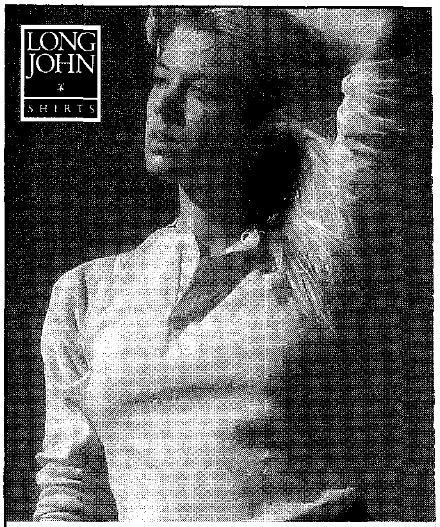

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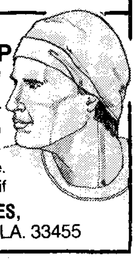

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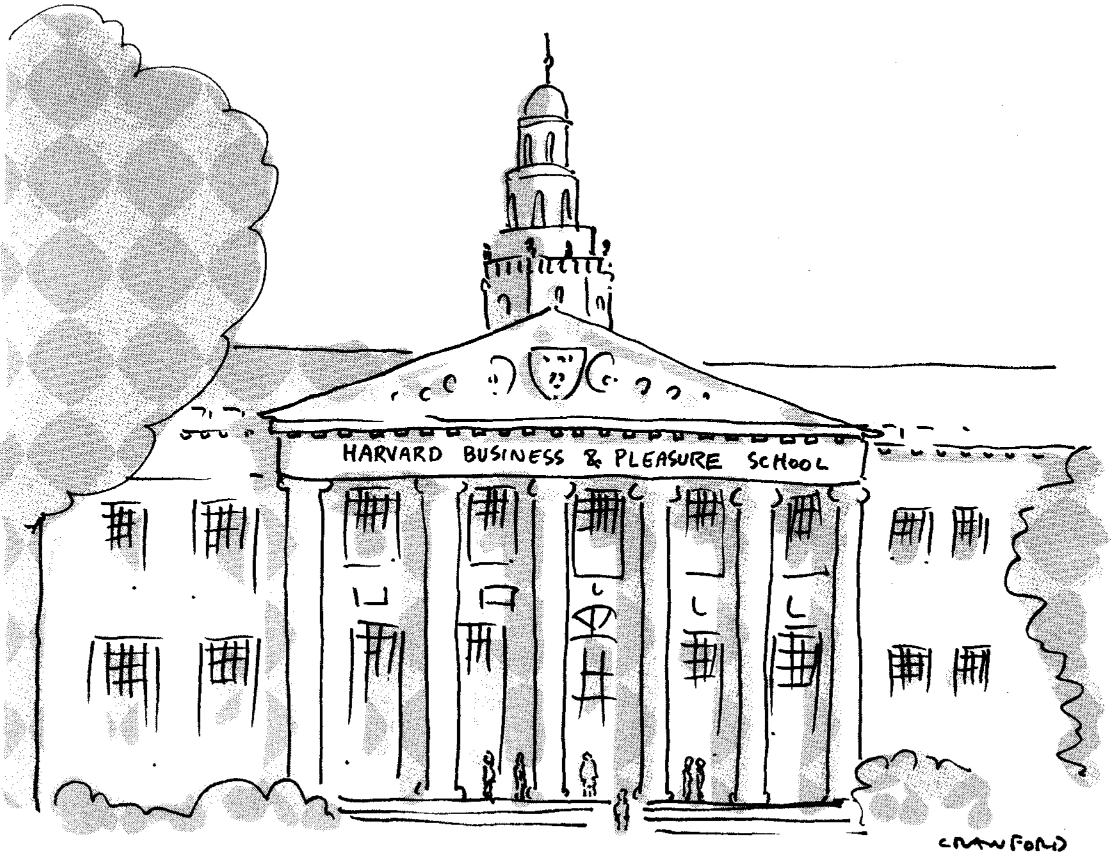
"INTO THE WOODS," the new fairy tale musical with songs by Stephen Sondheim and a book by ames Lapine, is a weaving together of "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beantalk," and "Little Red Ridinghood" with elements of "Rapunzel" and a fifth tale, of Mr. Lapine's own invenion. The premise of Mr. Lapine's book is that Cinderella, Jack, Red Ridinghood, and Rapunzel all live in he vicinity of an enchanted wood. Binding their stories together is an original story about a baker and his wife whose desire for a child requires hem to procure for a witch a slipper, a tape, a cow, and a strand of yellow hair.

At its best, "Into the Woods," which opened last week at the Martin Beck, offers a chance to see Sondheim performers—like Bernadette Peters, Barbara Bryne, and Danielle Ferland—doing what they do best, which is o say doing and singing Sondheim hings in a Sondheim way. It gives us a chance to see Miss Peters do her cute, funny bit as a witch (in "Sunday n the Park with George" she did her cute, funny bit as Seurat's mistress) and to see Miss Ferland and Miss Bryne do their respective cute, funny bits as a ditsy mother and a bratty child. Miss Bryne, who played a ditsy mother in "Sunday in the Park with George," here plays Jack's mother, and Miss Ferland, who played the child in "Sunday," here plays Little Red Ridinghood. There are some welcome additions to the Sondheim Repertory Company, some whose faces are familiar on the Broadway circuit, like Chip Zien and Joanna Gleason, who play the Baker and his wife, and several of them newcomers: Kim Crosby, who plays Cinderella; Ben Wright, who plays Jack; and Robert Westenberg, who isn't completely new to Sondheim shows—he followed Mandy Patinkin into the title role of "Sunday in the Park with George"—but who here creates the role of Cinderella's Prince. Beyond the enjoyment to be derived from the performances of its individual stars, though, "Into the Woods" is a disappointment.

The first act takes us from the beginning of each tale to its traditional close, showing us, in most cases, not the climactic moments (Cinderella dancing with the Prince or Jack slaying the giant) but the little offstage ones. It's the approach Tom Stoppard applied to "Hamlet" in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead": guessing at what might have been going on behind the scenes. Thus, we see Cinderella leaving the palace. We hear the Wolf (Robert Westenberg) sing Red Ridinghood a seductive little song ("Hello, Little Girl"); we hear Cinderella express her ambivalence to the Baker's Wife in "A Very Nice Prince;" and we learn of the Witch's possessive love for Rapunzel in "Stay With Me." All this is pleasant to sit through, if you like Sondheim's music and lyrical pyrotechnics (and I do). What it adds up to, though, is little more than a hodge-podge of clichés.

From the beginning, the question about "Into the Woods" was what it was going to tell us about fairy tales that was new. Sondheim has always been good at showing us what might conceivably lurk below the surface of a Plautine plot or a contemporary marriage or a nineteenth-century French painting. But the subtext of fairy tales has been pretty fully explored. It's been analyzed by Bruno Bettelheim, in his "The Uses of Enchantment." It's been documented by children's folklorists like Iona and Peter Opie. It's even been dramatized, humorously, by Shelley Duvall in her "Faerie Tale Theatre" series on cable television. The meanings of fairy tales have been probed quite often and quite well. We don't need to be told that "Cinderella" is a story about ambivalence or that "Little Red Ridinghood" has a sexual subtext. We don't need to be told that going "into the woods" or "up the beanstalk" or being-in-the-belly-of-the-wolf are metaphors for experience and independence. These things are commonplace. We know about the mother-as-witch/father-as-ogre motif. We've seen "Little Red Ridinghood" rewritten with an imperturbable heroine: it's one of Thurber's "Fables For Our Time." The cold, shallow Princes played by Mr. Westenberg and Chuck Wagner are faint echoes of earlier, wittier Sondheim creations—the miles gloriosus in "A



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Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" or the asinine hussar in "A Little Night Music." Even the show's moral—"Be careful what you wish for; you may get it"—is a cliché, the sort of thing you find in fortune cookies. What we have come to expect from Sondheim is the *un*expected—musicals about subjects we didn't think of ourselves or would never have thought of thinking about, like the history of Japan or a tale from an old penny dreadful.

The problem isn't Sondheim so much as Lapine and his book. Give a *child an old tale and he will make of it* something wonderful and mysterious; give it to a grownup and he will reduce it to platitudes. In Act II of "Into the Woods" we find that the victories of Act I have given rise to a legacy of guilt. No one is happy being happy. What's more, a new danger has presented itself in the form of a second giant, the wife of the giant Jack killed in Act I. As the giantess stalks the forest, hungry for revenge, "Into the Woods" becomes a kind of misogynist "Starlight Express." Finally, after most of the women have been murdered and most of the men have wandered off into the woods looking sensitive and bewildered, there is no one left onstage but the Baker, his baby, Cinderella, Jack, and Red Ridinghood, and from that nucleus a new family is created. In a trunk song to end all trunk songs—a tearjerking ballad called "No One Is Alone"—we find the Baker and Cinderella counselling the two children not to do or regret, or hold themselves responsible for, anything at all. "Into the Woods" carries with it Sondheim's same old message about the emptiness and futility of life—but this time with the advice "don't worry about it" tacked on in the form of a you'll-never-walk-alone song.

THIS is a big month for Sondheim. In addition to "Into the Woods," the York Theatre is giving a revival of "Company," the 1970 musical about contemporary marriage and the emptiness of upper-middle-class New York life. Meanwhile, Julie Wilson is singing her heart out at the Kaufman Theatre in a show called "From Weill to Sondheim (A Concert)," and New York eagerly awaits the likely arrival of the London "Follies."

The York Theatre revival of "Company" is a spirited production but ill-conceived—the central part, Bobby, has been miscast with an act who seems far too young—and poin less, in that it tells us nothing eith about the moment that produced th show or about our own. Even a perio piece, presumably, can have somethin to say. For the most part, the performances come right off the cast albur Liz Larsen's as Marta (the woma who sings "Another Hundred People"), Barbara Andres's as Joann (the one who sings "The Ladies Wh Lunch"), Judith Blazer's as Amy (th one who sings "Getting Married Today"). As April (the one who sing "*Barcelona*" *with Bobby after a one* night stand), Donna English demonstrates that it's possible to be miscas and still give a good performance; an Jeanne Lehman is amusing as th middle-aged housewife whom we see in Act I, getting high for the firs time. But the director, Susan H Schulman, has elicited school-pla caricatures from the actors, and—since the characters in "Company" ar caricatures to begin with—this make for a tedious evening of theatre.

What strikes one most about "Company," seventeen years on, is that i isn't about contemporary life or contemporary marriage at all: it's abou hating women. Its affectless hero—who can feel tenderly toward a woma only when she's on her way out th door—is constantly having wome thrust at him. The men are pushin hot little numbers on him; the wome are pushing possible wives. Bobb claims to envy the married men h knows, but his descriptions of thei wives bear no relation to Georg Furth's book: Joanne isn't "warm," Susan isn't "loving," Sarah isn't "tender and foolish." They're all threatening and disappointing. Dumb April, loud, predatory Joanne: they're nothing, no one—they're the songs they sing. April is "Barcelona," Joanne is "The Ladies Who Lunch"—a song that comes out of nowhere, by the way, and (far from being addressed to a particular sort of woman) is a savage attack on the entire sex. In the world of "Company," *all* women are "the ladies who lunch." —MIMI KRAMER

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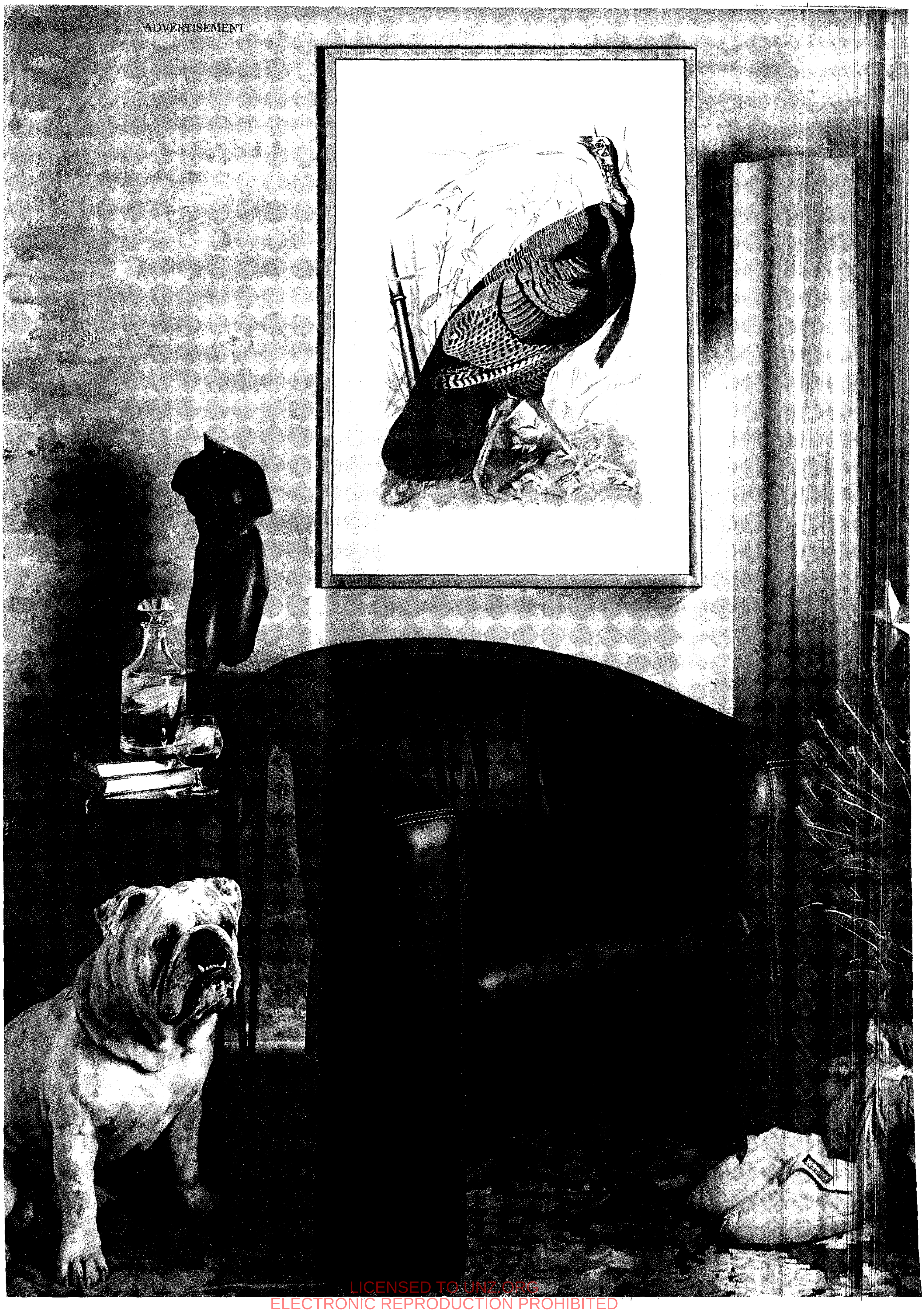

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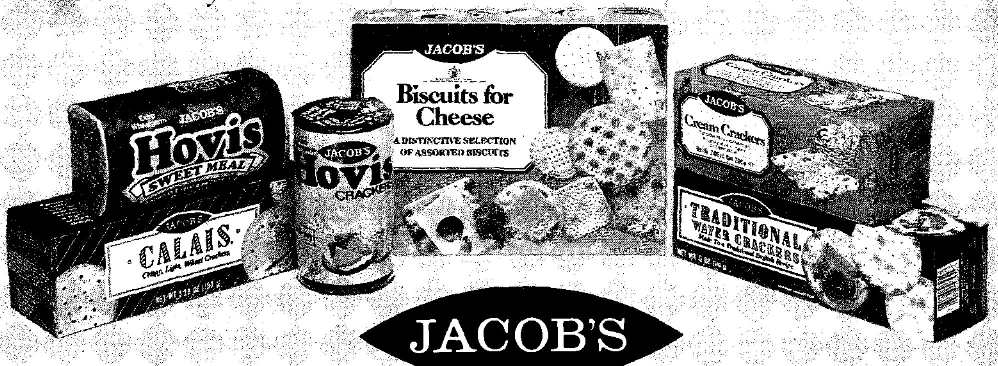
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BOOKS

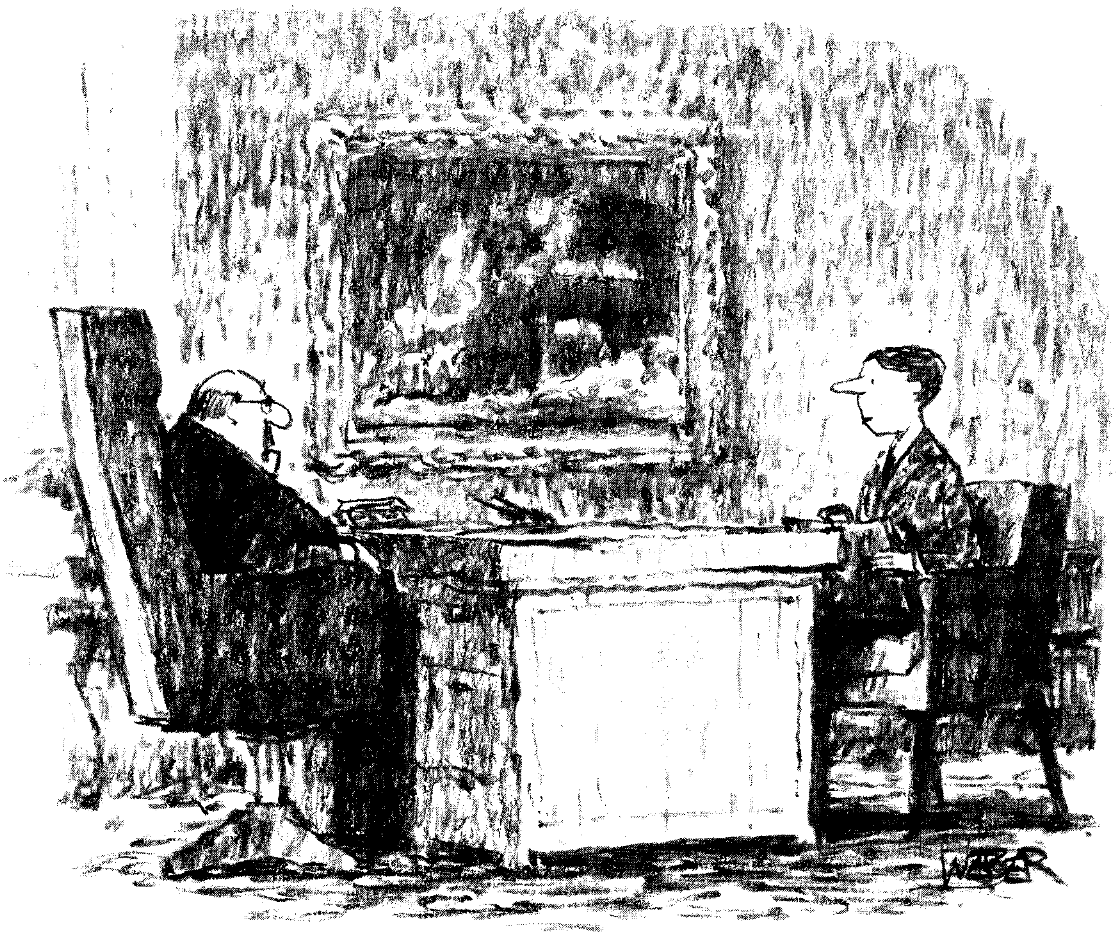
Seeking Connections in an Insecure Country

"THE RADIANT WAY" (Knopf; $18.95), Margaret Drabble's new novel, forms a panorama, ı its glancing way, of life in England :om 1980 to 1985. Beneath its many ersonal incidents we feel not so much ıe triumph of Thatcherism as that ubious triumph's underside, the decline of the Labour Party—the ebb nd fall of an idealistic socialism that or generations of British intellec- ıals and workers served as a quasi- eligious faith. "The Radiant Way" itles not only this novel but a televi- ion series produced by one of its haracters, Charles Headleand, way ack in 1965—a "series on educa- ion . . . that demonstrated, eloquent- y, movingly, the evils that flow from divisive class system, from early election, from Britain's unfortunate eritage of public schools and philis- inism. *The Radiant Way* was its iron- : title, taken from the primer from hich Charles had learned at the age f four to read at his ıother's knee." At the ovel's revelatory cli- ıax, there materializes n actual copy of the rimer "The Radiant Vay," discovered by Charles's ex-wife, Liz, n her mother's shelves: She had no recollec- ion of it, at first sight. he gazed intently at s jacket: two children, boy and a girl, run- ing gaily down (not p) a hill, against a ackground of radiant hirties sunburst." The hildren running down he hill, while "behind hem burned forever hat great dark dull un," symbolize not nly the mortality of ach individual life but ome innocent educa- ional hope left behind y the nation. Educa- ion, both enforcer and urmounter of the En- lish class system, lies t the novel's heart: the ovel's three heroines—Liz Headleand, Alix Bowen, Esther Breuer—all met at Cambridge, as bright scholarship girls, and in adult life Alix teaches English to young women in prison, Esther lectures on Italian art, and Liz is a psychiatrist, dispensing self-knowledge.

Though Liz, of the three, bulks largest, in her complicated vitality and in the closeness with which the author renders her thoughts and tears and panic and lust, Alix most plainly bears the novel's political burden, moving from an undoubting socialist activism to a political despair that finds comfort in sifting through the papers of an old avant-garde poet, a friend of Joyce and Pound, Duchamp and Man Ray. "It is, like all her jobs, a dead-end job, but at least it is not socially useful; in that, at least, it is a new departure, and she takes some pleasure in this. She has had enough, for the time being, of trying to serve the community. . . . There is no hope, in the present social system, of putting anything right." She is the child of old-fashioned socialists—"not left-wing political extremists, not loony vegetarians (though they were vegetarians), but harmless, mild, Labour-voting, CND-supporting, Fabian-pamphlet-reading intellectuals." Her father, called Dotty Doddridge, taught French at a Yorkshire boarding school whose history traces a revolution in reverse:

> It had offered a liberal, secularized, healthy coeducation, and had on its foundation in the 1860s set out to attract the children of vegetarians, Quakers, freethinkers, pacifists, Unitarians, reformers. Its academic success had been such that it had become progressively less progressive, its original zeal swamped by the fee-paying prosperous solid northern conservatism of parents and offspring: it had become a bastion of respectability, its one-time principles upheld by stray survivors like Doddridge, who appeared blithely not to notice that at election time the entire school, with one or two flamboyant exceptions, howled its enthusiasm for the Tory party.

Alix's first husband died young, and in her widowhood, in Islington, she got



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to know the London poor: "She discovered the art of sinking. She sank. Not very deep, but she sank." She began to teach, moving from private tutorials to courses at a College for Further Education and a prison called the Garfield Centre. Her second husband, Brian, is from the industrial city of Northam, "that figurative northern city," where his father worked as a circular-saw polisher and his grandfather as a furnaceman in the mills. Brian once apprenticed at the plant and would have followed his father into saw-polishing but for the Army, which discovered his intellectual aptitude and sponsored his education; now he teaches English literature at an Adult Education College in London. "Alix Bowen is a sentimentalist about class, it has been alleged. . . . Lying in your arms, Alix said once, not very seriously, to Brian, I am in the process of healing the wounds in my own body and in the body politic." His working-class solidity and "firm grasp of the material world" warm her body; she thinks she is happy. But as the union strikes of the early eighties grow more savage and desperate Brian's hard Labour line and emotional attachment to the bygone machine age begin to alienate Alix; a friend, the émigré Otto Werner, becomes a founding member of the new, middle-of-the-road political party, the Social Democrats, and Alix finds herself drawn to Otto's thinking, and to Otto as a man. Coming back on the bus from a romantic lunch with Otto, she sees her husband on a corner of Oxford and Bond Streets soliciting money, holding a yellow plastic bucket and a handwritten sign reading "HELP THE WIVES AND FAMILIES OF THE MINERS":

> He stood stolidly, cheerfully, smiling when anyone threw in a coin. The brotherhood of man. Most people smiled at Brian, even the hardbitten shoppers of Bond Street and Oxford Street smiled. But Alix did not smile. Brian and his bucket were more than she could bear. She bowed her head and took out her handkerchief, and all the way to Wandsworth Bridge she wept.

But England—the boy and girl running downhill, the reduction of Fabian visions to a yellow begging bucket on a hardbitten shopping street—is the site and background of "The Radiant Way," and not its essential theme. Miss Drabble is ever less a political theorist than an anthropologist, and the sprawling, dazzling pluralism of her novel is meant to illustrate the glimmering interconnected-

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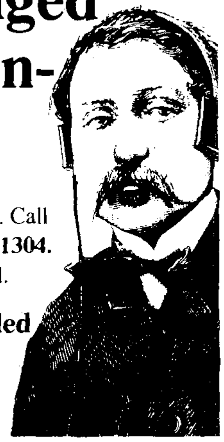

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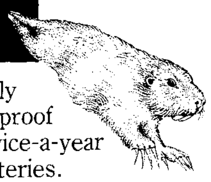
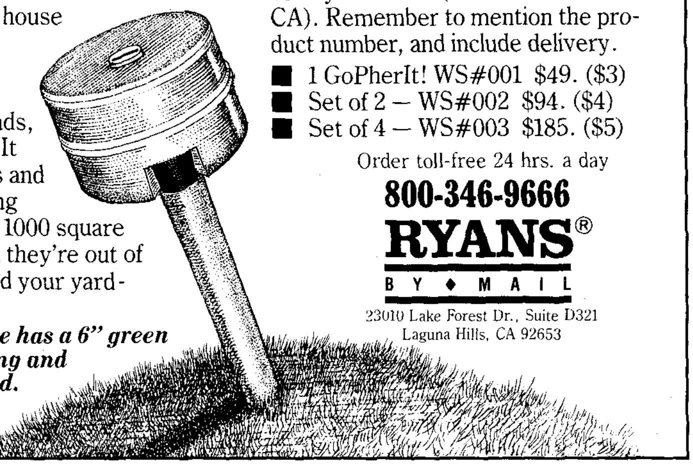
ess of all humanity. Alix "had been ncouraged (in theory at least) by her ducation and by her reading to believe ı the individual self, the individual ɔul, but as she grew older she increasıgly questioned these concepts—seeıg people perhaps more as flickering npermanent points of light irraditing stretches, intersections, threads, f a vast web, a vast network, which /as humanity itself; a web of which ıuch remained dark, apparently but ot necessarily unpeopled; peopled by he dark, the unlit, the dim spirits, as et unknown, the past and the future, ne dead, the unborn. . . . We are all ut a part of a whole which has its wn, its distinct, its other meaning; we re not ourselves, we are crossroads, ıeeting places, points on a curve, we annot exist independently for we are othing but signs, conjunctions, aggregations." The novel abounds with ubtle connections—with names that ecur after many pages, with coincidental meetings after many years, with emi-hidden threads between the outh of England and the North, beween the upper and the lower classes, etween the public and the private ealms, between individual lives and ıe great archaic rhythm of the naonal holidays. On New Year's Eve, all over Northam, all over Britain, l-remembered, confused, shadowy estigial rites were performed, rites /ith origins lost in antiquity; Celtic, 'ict, Roman, Norse, Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, Hanoverian, udaic rites." An old custom in Northam calls for a lump of coal to be rought into the house at midnight, so teve Harper, a haulage contractor nd Liz's sister Shirley's brother-inaw, "taking with him a jar of Marmite in a garden trowel as a substitute for coal in a shovel . . . stood utside alone for a grateful crisp mokeless moment of silence, and /hen they opened the door to him a trange shadow of the night sidled in /ith him from prehistory. . . . Someıing was absent, yet something was resent. The shadow filled the corners f the broad bright hallway."

Esther Breuer, petite and Jewish nd Berlin-born, is the least English f the three central women, and the ne about whom the most mystical ights glimmer in the vast human web. Her scholarship consists of flipping ack and forth between books pursuing tray connections—e.g., "a connection etween the nature of quattrocento igmentation, and lichenology as a nethod of dating the antiquity of





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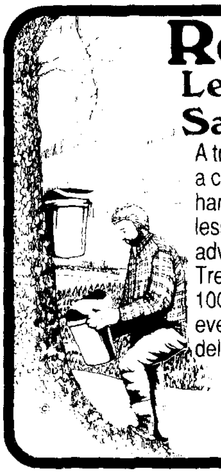

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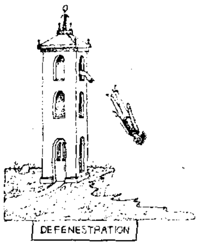

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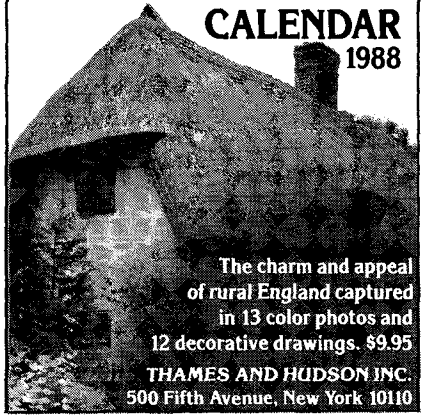

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landscape"—and her lectures are known for "making startling, brilliant connections, for illuminating odd corners, for introducing implausible snippets of erudition." Esther claims that "all knowledge must always be omnipresent in all things." Her life as it develops bears witness to a connection between the Harrow Road Murders and the quiet young man above her flat in Ladbroke Grove, and to a link between her long-standing love for a married Italian anthropologist, Claudio Volpe, and the faltering vitality of a potted palm he has entrusted to her. Claudio, too, believes in a web, in an overarching world of spirit, in a hidden league of demonic powers: "He spoke . . . of the *spiritus mundi*, the *anima*, the *stella marina*, the *deus absconditus* . . . of Gorgon and the Medusa and Géricault and Demogorgon and Salome and the Bessi of Thrace." He believes that Esther has powers she does not recognize, and, uncannily, on an airplane, she meets and befriends a handsome wild Dutchman with whom Liz, long ago, had sexual intercourse on a North Sea crossing in a Force 9 gale. Esther is the spookiest of the three heroines, the most detached and exotic and the least heterosexual and, to this reader, real. She is a lovingly assembled bundle of bohemian costumes and odd facts about Italian painting, but her charm is more ascribed than conveyed.

It is not easy to dramatize the comforting fascination that some women have for each other. The increasingly frequent novels about the friendship among three or four or five women (for instance, this year's "Hot Flashes," by Barbara Raskin) tend to be thin where thickness is alleged; the women, and the female author, keep *saying* how intense and meaningful the companionship is, but few actions actually illustrate it. The contacts are intermittent, giddy, and chatty, and leave each woman, in the end, alone with her life—her love life and her family life. Novelists presenting a multiple heroine commit themselves to a strenuous program of keeping a number of independent life stories going, and of summing up the high moments of mutuality and community with word pictures like "They [Liz, Alix, and Esther] would eat, drink, and talk. They exchanged ideas" and "They eat, drink, talk, lie there in the sunshine."

Another triangle of women exists in "The Radiant Way": Liz Headleand;

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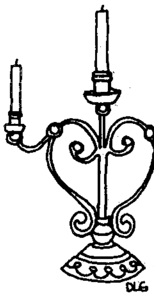
COSTA MESA

sister, Shirley Harper; and their ther, Rita Ablewhite. Interest, psylogical and narrative, so naturally hers about this blood-related threene that one suspects that Miss abble's youthful instinct in her joy-, prattling first novel, "A Summer rd-Cage," was sound when she ced her sisters in the center of the rrative and let the female friendips be peripheral. In "The Radiant ay," the unbreakable kinship been Liz and Shirley serves to connect the two Englands—the riving, entrepreneurial uth and the depressed, rking-class North. Liz, e older sister, slaved at her hoolbooks, got a scholarip to Cambridge, and esped to London and her raant big house on Harley reet; Shirley, the more rellious as a girl, "trusted x," seduced a boy and mared him, and stayed in Northam, beming "a middle-aged housewife, other of three . . . with nothing bere her but old age." Yet Shirley, in e very constriction of her life, is mehow more vivid and sympathetic an Liz, who is half lost in her larger t more amorphous and shallow orld; the London scenes are full of atter asserted to be delightful, while e scenes of Northam have that rong authenticity of something loved spite of itself. To Shirley, the rellious child, has entirely fallen the sk of caring for their peculiar moth, who for as long as the girls can reember almost never ventured out of er house in Northam, fed her daughrs on stale bread and fish paste, and rpetrated a fictitious tale about their sent father. This father, of whom iz has no conscious memory, and e strange round silver object in e front room, engraved with the onogram SHO, are mysteries—conections not yet uncovered. They ake Rita Ablewhite, lying in her bed nd listening to the radio and cutting p her newspapers, the most fascinatng character in the book, the keeper f its secret.



The initials SHO, we slowly disover, are those of three intertwined ristocratic families, the Oxenholmes, he Hestercombes, and the Stockinches, members of which are dotted hroughout the book. This glint of silver in the lowly, gloomy house, together with the many brisk socioeconomic biographies offered in these pages, sparks the novel's noblest attempt at interconnection: the attempt to show, in the manner of, say, "Bleak House," that no Englishman is an island, that the classes and regions are so woven together that manor house and palace impinge on rural hovel and urban slum, and the fates of a junkman like Krook and an orphaned street-sweeper like Jo can touch and alter those of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock. Alix Bowen gropes after such a democratic unity when she reflects, "Sometimes she had a sense . . . that there was a pattern, if only one could discern it, a pattern that linked these semi-detached houses of Wanley with those in Leeds and Northam, a pattern that linked Liz's vast house in Harley Street with the Garfield Centre towards which she herself now drove." But in the grand attempt to illustrate the pattern Miss Drabble is handicapped by her relatively small canvas and by the artistic embarrassment, which has set in since Dickens, about melodramatic coincidence and two-dimensional psychologies. For all the talk of connection, her novel portrays disconnection—between husbands and wives, parents and children, government and governed.

"The Radiant Way" is exasperatingly diffuse. Scores of characters are named and never recur; dozens of scenes we would like to witness are relayed secondhand or tersely alluded to; a modernist jumpiness and diffidence undermine the panoramic ambition. The novel feels both scattered and boiled-down—as if an editor had stepped in to speed things up when its first twenty-four hours took over eighty pages. The marriage of Charles and the woman he leaves Liz for, the aristocratic Henrietta, is left almost entirely to our imagination. The Headleands' adult children are evoked but not, as it were, set in motion. Charming, lively apparitions like the bosomy Irish cook Deirdre Kavanagh are not followed into any more adventures. A number of London characters seem to exist for no more urgent reason than that Miss Drabble knows people like them. Liz and Alix have suitors who are carefully groomed for leaps that never come; Alix's marriage heads for a crisis and veers away. Even Liz's cunningly foreshadowed confrontation with her mother's secret, when it occurs, seems, at least to this

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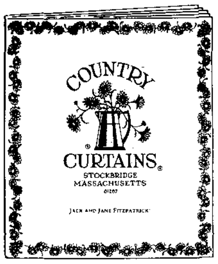

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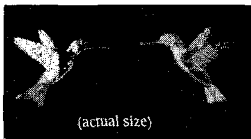

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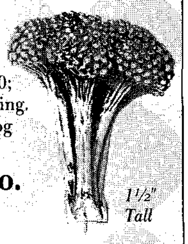

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reader, cursory, ambiguous, and sour: the long agony of Rita Ablewhite is laughed off as the bad smell from a jar of old pickles, while her daughters clean her house.

> Shirley laughed. "I must say," said Shirley, "I do think you behaved appallingly to Mother." She opened a jar of pickles, sniffed.
> "She behaved appallingly to us," said Liz.
> "Smell that," said Shirley, handing over the jar.
> Liz sniffed. "Jesus," said Liz.

More than once in the novel, the banality of the human adventure, its every crisis so repeatedly charted and analyzed, dulls passion: "And as Liz spoke and listened she was aware of a simultaneous conviction that this was the most shocking, the most painful hour of her entire life, and also that it was profoundly dull, profoundly trivial, profoundly irrelevant, a mere routine."

Well, a writer must be true to her bent, and Miss Drabble's is for the deft hint, the impulsive surge, the shrugging surrender to shapeless life. Her novel has a luxurious texture and wears a thousand beauties of expression and insight. Charles's relation to the British establishment is thus encapsulated: "First he had mocked it, then he had exposed it, then he had joined it, and now he represented it. A normal progression." Progression of another sort afflicts the British soil:

> No one had lived on that hillside for nineteen centuries. The Brigantes had held it once, against the Romans, but they had retreated to the mountains and left it to gorse and the bracken. And so it had remained until the scoops and cranes and bulldozers of 1970s Post-Industrial Man had moved in to uproot the scrub and to build the suburb known as Greystone Edge.

Liz's reaction to Charles's desertion warrants the novel's most extended and exploratory treatment; the interplay of her psychic and social and physical selves elicits details of a startling intimacy. "Ivan [the bearer of bad tidings] at last cornered her, and even before he opened his mouth she felt the smell of fear from herself: her pores broke open, she stood there panting slightly, her hair rising on the back of her neck in terror, her heated skin covered in icy sweat." Miss Drabble is formidably knowledgeable: she received a double first at Cambridge and, in the five years coincidental with the era of this novel, edited and revised "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." "The Radiant Way" makes self-conscious bows to-

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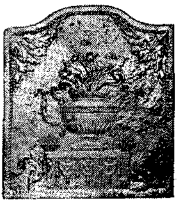

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ard “Great Expectations” and the
vels of Jane Austen (“three or four
milies in a country village,” “a few
milies in a small, densely populated,
rochial, insecure country”). Miss
rabble can be as chummy as Trollope
ith the reader: “But that is another
rt of this story, and not to be
rsued here, for Brian is not a
oman and reflections on his pros-
ects . . . would at this juncture muddy
e narrative tendency. Forget I men-
oned him. Let us return to Liz, Alix,
d Esther.” One of the pleasures of
er fiction is the companionship, on
ery page, of a lively mind showing
s incidental erudition, its epigram-
atic flair, its quick-witted impatience
nd impudence. But all this would be
rittle were it not for her earthiness—
er love of our species and its habitat—
nd her ability to focus on the small,
weaty intersections of mind and body,
ast and present. This latter gift is so
uch hers she takes it a touch too
asually. The maze of human interac-
on she creates has many paths she
eclines to explore, or explores with a
lance. “The Radiant Way” is a rare
hing—a long novel we would wish
nger.

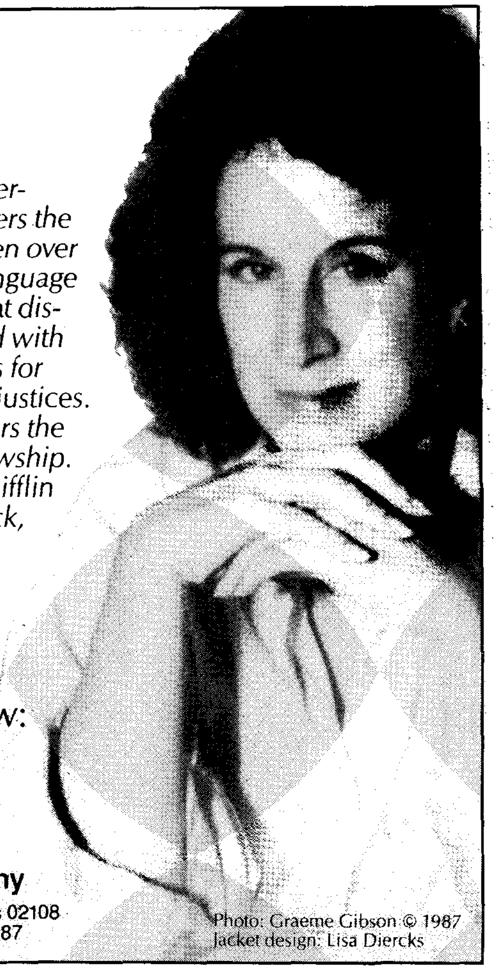
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ORLD'S END, by T. Coraghessan Boyle (Viking; $19.95). A smart, cruel semi-comic saga about property and possession, set on and off the shores of the Hudson River near the Tappan Zee Bridge. The cast of characters ranges from a seventeenth-century Dutch patroon named Van Wart and his Dutch, English, Indian, and Dutch-Indian nemeses, named (mostly) Van Brunt, Crane, and Mohonk, to their twentieth-century descendants, who perform a variation on the landlord-peasant theme. At the heart of the story are a Van Brunt in search of his father and a Van Wart in need of a son; complicating matters are a Van Wart in love with a Mohonk, a Mohonk thirsting for revenge, and a Crane who gets along with almost everyone. T. Coraghessan Boyle, a Peekskill native, whose third novel this is, has a fine eye for the ephemera that define an era (pantaloons and a sugar-loaf hat, say, or bell-bottoms and beads) or a season (fireflies, say, or frost).

MISS UNDINE'S LIVING ROOM, by James Wilcox (Harper & Row; $16.95). Like its predecessors,



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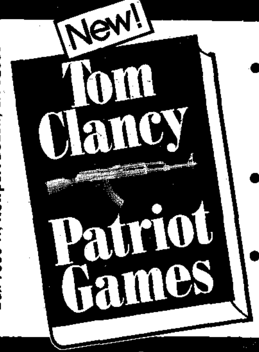

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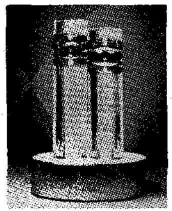

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"Modern Baptists" and "North Gladiola," James Wilcox's new novel is set in a Louisiana town called Tula Springs. In Mr. Wilcox's world, the elaborate constructions of comic fate reveal themselves gradually to his characters (and his readers), as if they had been plotted by nature, not artifice. This time, his baffled cast includes Olive Mackie, of Tula Springs' Department of Streets, Parks, and Garbage, whose attitude toward work is so cavalier it outrages even her fellow-bureaucrats; her senile uncle L.D., who can't quite remember whether or not he pushed his home-care attendant out the window; and Dr. Martin Bates, an appallingly inept dentist, whom Olive finds irresistible. These people are as complex as the plot that slowly tangles itself around them, and their humanity gives Mr. Wilcox's humor unusual conviction. Unobtrusively, he persuades us that all the bizarre coincidences, narrow escapes, bungled courtships, and endlessly ramifying misapprehensions are more than the clockwork of a comic machine—that farce is the way of the world.

NOTE: "Hard to Be Good," a collection of stories by Bill Barich, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($15.95). Nearly all the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

CHAOS, by James Gleick (Viking; $19.95). There are scientific revolutions that sneak up on one without a great deal of public notice; such a revolution is the theory of chaos. Chaos, or complex dynamics, is a kind of mathematics which makes extensive use of computers to describe and study phenomena—such as flowing water and the formation of snowflakes—that were once considered hopelessly complicated. The computers have provided amazing pictures of patterns within apparently wild, disordered systems, and scientific disciplines from biology to physics to economics have found uses for these analyses. A reader in pursuit of details will have to look elsewhere, but Mr. Gleick has done a commendable job of ferreting out the principal practitioners and giving lively portraits of them. He is at his best in conveying a sense of what it's like to create a new science.

EAST ALONG THE EQUATOR: A JOURNEY UP THE CONGO AND INT ZAIRE, by Helen Winternitz (A lantic Monthly Press; paper, $7.95 An absorbing, sometimes shockin and wonderfully well-written a count of a trip into the interior Zaire, the former Belgian Cong now the domain of the America backed dictator Mobutu Sese Sek The author, a reporter for the Ba timore *Sun*, travelled with a co league by riverboat, truck, an Land-Rover two thousand miles u the Congo River and through th rain forests as far as the Mountai of the Moon. The book gives us a immediate sense of the place—th vast open spaces, the hush of th rain forests, the decay of the forme colonial cities, the patience an poverty of the people. There is bit terness in it, too: Ms. Winternit tells us that Mobutu has system atically stolen the wealth of th country, and runs a vicious polic state, yet is warmly received at th White House.

LIVING WITH WAR: A BELFAS YEAR, by Sally Belfrage (Viking $19.95). For a year, the autho shuttled monthly between Londo where she lives, and Belfast, wher she sought out and interviewe Catholics and Protestants of seem ingly every stripe. (The boo abounds in initials—I.R.A. I.N.L.A., U.D.A., U.D.R., and s on—but, fortunately, a glossary there to help you keep it all straight. Ms. Belfrage's evocation of a broken-down Belfast is vivid, but th book's power and interest deriv mainly from the residents' discourse What emerges is a clutter of sentiments, beliefs, and aspirations tha tend more to highlight the complexities and inconsistencies of the wa than to point to solutions—which the book disquietingly suggests, ma not be what people are interested i after all. As one former Unionis Member of Parliament put it, "Partition is now institutionalized. I suits people."

NOTE: "The Tenth Justice: The Solicitor General and the Rule of Law," by Lincoln Caplan, has been published by Knopf ($19.95). Some of the contents first appeared here.

•

Belliveau said yesterday he had not pinpointed the exact time of Landry's death, but that it was "sometime between the last time he was seen and the time he was found."—*Peabody (Mass.) Times.*

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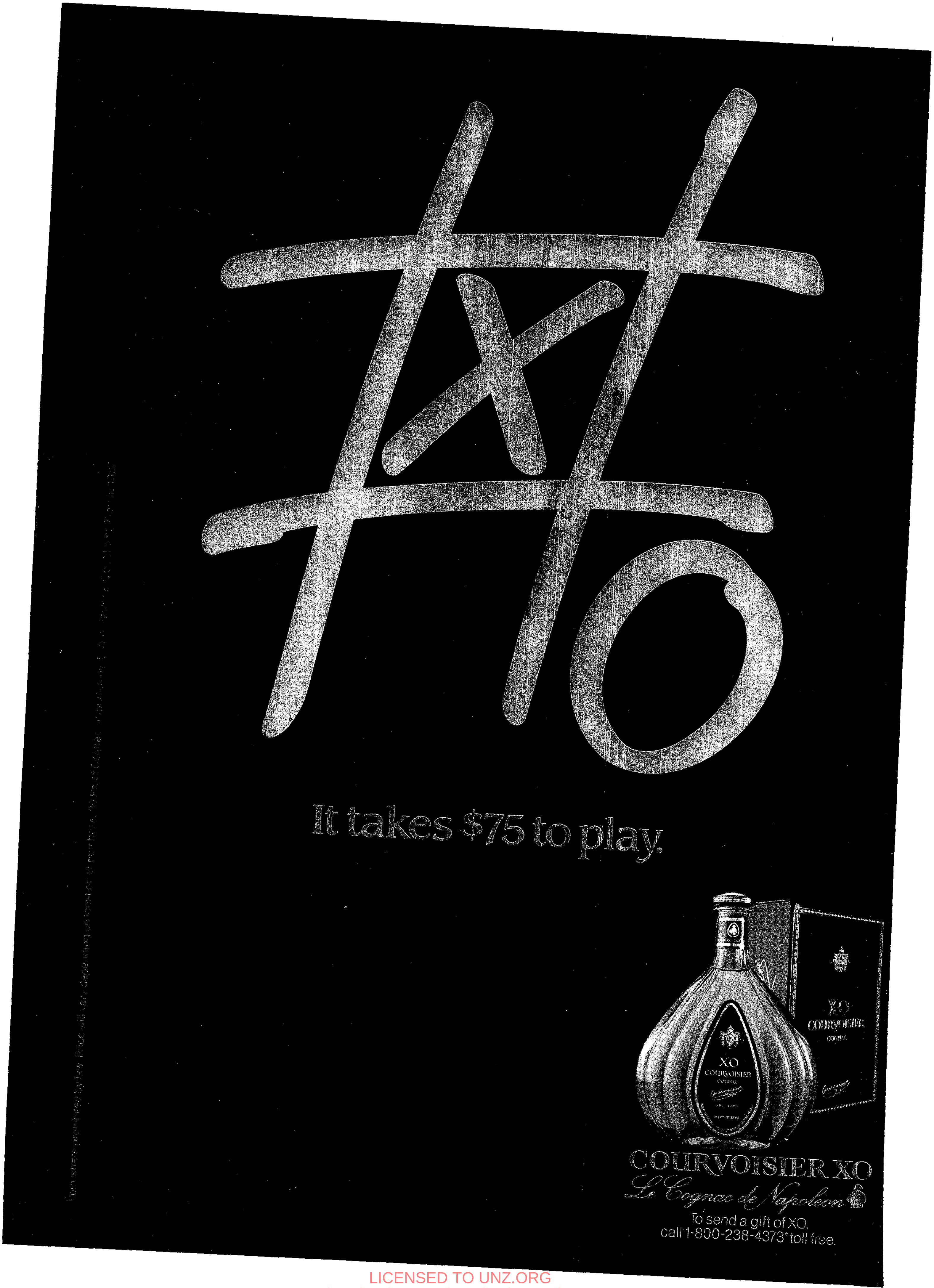

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